

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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George S. Viereck

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A Review of the World

GEORGE V. acceded to the throne of Great Britain late in the evening on the sixth of this closing month of May. He is a Tory, wedded to the paternal theory of government, of simple and fervent religious faith, strongly disposed to assert the royal prerogative with vigor, committed to a policy of benevolent feudalism regarding the welfare of the working classes, opposed on principle to any modification of the House of Lords, and the husband of an aggressively Protestant Queen. To this extent all estimates of the new sovereign, so far as they may be gleaned from careful study of those European newspapers most competent to form an accurate opinion, are in substantial agreement. The crucial significance of the sudden dynastic change in the house of Hanover is to be found in the circumstance that the British throne, in spite of every effort to prevent it, has become involved in that fierce feud between Lords and Commons which portends a social revolution in the United Kingdom. Whatever be the next step in London politics, as the Paris *Figaro* puts it, the new King, acting upon his own initiative, and not the old Prime Minister, must take that step. George V. was no sooner upon his throne than Arthur James Balfour for the Conservatives, and Herbert Henry Asquith for the Liberals agreed upon a political truce deferring the expected general election and the plan to modify the House of Lords until next year. This pact was at once rendered nugatory by the refusal of the Home Rulers and the labor group to be bound by it. The sensation of these developments was eclipsed in turn by a seemingly well founded assertion that George V., in dissolving parliament, will be guided henceforth not by his ministers, but by his own personal judgment.

EDWARD VII. died in Buckingham Palace in the tenth year of his reign from an inflammation of the bronchial tubes which,

owing to the extreme shortness of his neck and the advanced age he had attained—nearly sixty-nine—brought on a suffocating paroxysm of coughing. His physical condition had for weeks been a declining one from worry at the gravity of a political crisis that threw its shadow athwart the throne. He had caught a heavy cold in Biarritz some weeks ago, the *Figaro* says, and upon returning to England he walked about his Norfolk estate of Sandringham for a whole day in the rain. Three days before the end he was granting audiences. Suspicions of a malignant growth in the King's throat, similar to that said to annoy Emperor William, have not been allayed by the unexpected and swift conclusion of the royal illness. "Cardiac failure following upon bronchitis," says the London *Lancet*, caused the King's death, while *The British Medical Journal* ascribes to him "a smoker's throat," which, "with the congestion and thickening due to this cause," made it increasingly difficult for him "to clear his chest." Had the King taken better care of himself he might have lived for years.

IN Edward VII., as the keen French journalists who study him in the Paris *Figaro* and *Temps* appraise him, England and all Europe may be said to have lost the first diplomatist of the age. "He made world politics." Thus the former daily. In the circumstance that the world of European diplomacy sought always to guess his thoughts and to penetrate his designs is the best evidence of his towering personality, says the anonymous writer in the *Revue de Paris* whose initials are known to be those of one thoroly posted in international affairs and well known in the political world of France. Without ostentation and after reigning but a short time, the imposing figure of the late monarch had impressed itself upon the attention of all. The old world saw that "almost unknown to his country," he had attained a commanding po-



Photo by M. E. Berner

THE BROKEN TRIO

Edward VII., the departed monarch, George V., the reigning one, and Edward, soon to be Prince of Wales, are shown here in the uniforms of their respective ranks in that navy which the new sovereign has just addressed in his royal manifesto.

sition in Europe. At his death he was recognized not only as the ablest diplomatist of his country, but as a great constitutional sovereign, respected by his people and listened to by his ministers. Side by side with the German Emperor and at his expense, Edward had "conquered" a great place in world politics.

AT THE accession of Edward VII. the supreme figure in world politics was William II. The British sovereign ousted the German Emperor from that dignity in the opinion of the French, to whom the rivalry between these potentates was of crucial importance. Rightly or wrongly, the great Parisian dailies have satisfied themselves and their readers that but for the influence of King Edward there never would have been a "cordial understanding" between London and Paris. At the time of his grandmother's death, William II. had the appearance of taking his uncle under his wing. "Indeed, after the state funeral, a foreign ambassador de-

clared openly to a group of princes and diplomats that the Emperor William alone had the appearance of being at home and that he might be mistaken for the heir." The history of Edward's reign was one of the reversal of this relative importance of these two men. It was effected by the late King's "perfect tact." Quietness was his "note." Edward neither wrote nor spoke much. He never yielded to the temptation of uttering oracles. He preached no sermons, delivered no lectures on history and indulged in no theological definitions. "He never spoke either of Hammurabi or of Baruch. His sense of existing realities prevented him from invoking the memory of the Hohenstaufens. If he had thought it right to refer to Waterloo, he would have been careful not to attribute all the merit of victory to the heroic resistance of Wellington." For the very reason that, unlike William II., Edward VII. never posed as "an intellectual," modern France, in the opinion of the French dailies, may be said to have lost her best friend.

A WONDERFUL tact, distinguishing Edward VII. in every sphere of action, is made out by the French, who knew him so well, to have been his "salvation." Thus, speaking to the Portuguese of the confraternity of arms at Torres Vedras, where the English and the Portuguese fought shoulder to shoulder in defense of Portugal, but remembering that he was shortly to go to France, he said: "Happily, that state of things has changed and our two nations have the good fortune to be on the most friendly terms with the former enemy." Edward had the very rare quality—so the French journals declare—of being able, "altho he was an Englishman," to understand the susceptibilities of foreign nations. He owed that advantage to his thoro acquaintance not only with the court circles of Europe, but also with the humbler inhabitants of the various nations. He undoubtedly had a foreign policy of his own; but he knew very well that in a parliamentary monarchy he could not be at the same time a great admiral, a great general, a great financier, a great economist. He had "no ambition to play the part of those Fregoli sovereigns who every day, in a new costume, utter a new idea with the apparent desire of dazzling the eyes of the world with a cinematographic display. To shape and to control the sovereign policy of his country appeared to him a sufficient occupation."



"THE GREATEST AMBASSADOR OF HIS DAY"

This is the universal verdict of Europe upon the late British King, who, when he came to the throne, found William II. guiding world politics, but who, when he died, has, as the French think, made London the sole arbiter of destiny (in the diplomatic sense) now recognized in the chancelleries. This is too strong a way to put it, according to the *Geraar* dailies, but they agree that Edward VII. was the commanding figure in European policy.



THE QUEEN MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER

Her Majesty, Alexandra, is an expert angler, a sport in which she has long indulged with the Princess Victoria, her favorite child.

IT HAS not escaped the notice of the *Neueste Nachrichten* and of its Berlin contemporaries that every French journalistic eulogy of Edward VII. "takes the form of a subtle disparagement of the conspicuous traits of the German Emperor." Publications in the fatherland saw in Edward VII. no such paragon of the tactful qualities in man as the Parisian press loved to dwell upon. Every German comic sheet from *Simplicissimus*, devoted to politics, to *Jugend*, which makes a specialty of art and literature, saw in the late King of Great Britain a model of all the unmanly qualities and he was caricatured cruelly. It always seemed odd to London dailies that in a land where the censor is still so powerful as he has ever been in Germany, there was a toleration of pictorial delineations of Edward VII. as a poltroon, a sensualist and a pious fraud. One might search the columns of the German dailies for some years past without finding in the more conspicuous of them any such tributes to the personality of the late king as have appeared so regularly and so frequently in the *Figaro* and the *Débats*. Edward

was to Berlin the creator of the "cordial understanding." German papers never forget that.

PERHAPS the difference between the German attitude to the late Edward and the French attitude to that monarch is explained by the assertion in the *Paris Matin* that he was "half a Frenchman." The point has been brought out in the *Aurore* more precisely. "He understood us. He knew his Paris. He was at home here. He paid us the compliment to be one of ourselves." No other Englishman could speak French so fluently. He wandered about Biarritz with absolute informality. He affected the domestic manners of the French—breakfast in bed, a midday meal at noon, dinner elaborately served at seven or eight. He read the French newspapers and attended the French theaters. He loved to run over incognito and lounge in a favorite café, nodding easily to the politicians, the journalists, the actors and the men of affairs. He loved a good story and he could tell one. He kept track of everything new in Paris—the new novels, the new plays, the new sensations. He was not intellectual, not brilliant; but he was French in a subtle sense realized, the *Aurore* says, only by the French themselves. "To put it in a phrase, he was one of us."

HAPPIEST of all the late King Edward's faculties, in the opinion of London papers, was what *The Spectator* calls "his capacity of acquiring knowledge of men and things with ease and quickness." The word tact was invariably and inevitably applied to him by all the London organs which in the past nine years have striven to supply some clue to his character. "Wise, prudent and experienced"—these words summed up the estimate of the London weekly just named, a periodical which professed its emancipation from the courtly standard. "If in an emergency a man were wanted to fill some specially difficult post, the King would be far more likely to name the right person at a moment's notice than anyone else in his dominions." He would not only know what the man could do and what was his special gift, but would know also the man's personal equation. "Next to knowledge, detachment and independence of judgment, the sovereign in our constitutional system requires tact, and tact the King possessed in a supreme degree." He knew how to speak to each man he addressed so as to win that man's regard and respect. He always wanted to know about things and people,

and he was always in a position to acquire such information. "He never gave the slightest encouragement to the dangerous theory that one party in the state was more inclined to support the monarchy than the other, or that a man would not be personally acceptable to royalty because he held this or that political opinion." And the late King had always a wonderful perception of the temper of the British people. Never once did he offend their susceptibilities or affront their instincts.

NO OTHER European sovereign was so much a man of the open air as was the late Edward VII. He never played golf, says W. E. Grey, who knew the King's habits well and who writes in the *London Mail*, but he indulged in croquet occasionally. He never had the Londoner's dislike of rain, and to this fact may be due his sudden taking off. Mr. Grey's observation leads him to the belief that King Edward reveled in the briskness of a heavy shower. His late Majesty hardly ever used an umbrella. "Clad in a long cape coat, which completely hid his other clothes, he scorned to take shelter from even a tropical downpour." It was never possible to persuade him that wet clothes should be speedily changed for dry ones. He would not take care of himself in any therapeutic sense. The cold that led to his death seems to have been caught in Paris, but it racked his frame while he was in Sandringham, the Norfolk home, where, as a simple country gentleman, the King of England led his most characteristic life. There he was one of the Norfolk farmers, and the people of King's Lynn delighted to refer to him "as the Squire of Sandringham." "Those of us who most highly appreciated his Majesty for his great gifts of statesmanship, for his illustrious position among European rulers, for his power, as M. Delcassé put it, of doing the right thing in the right way at the right time in the right place, had only a slight idea of the deep affection entertained for the King as squire." He was the best of landlords, albeit one of the strictest.

IN THE enjoyment of his splendid estate of Sandringham in Norfolk, the late King Edward was no monopolist. He never insisted upon those property rights which many of the English nobility make oppressive. "Even on days when big shoots are toward, with perhaps the famous horse-shoe covert to wind up the day, there are few restrictions imposed. Not only is Sandringham one of the most per-



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Victoria Mary, daughter of the Duke of Teck, is admitted to take a rigidly Puritan view of all questions, including family prayers, the subjection of the wife to her husband, the need of a well organized church authority and the limitation of divorce. The Queen is affirmed in a French weekly to have "a nervous horror of the new woman."

fectly managed properties in England, but it is one of the most open. Wide highways intersect it. On the broad main road, which sweeps round by the beautiful gates presented on their marriage to the then Prince and Princess of Wales by the city of Norwich—gates from which the King has not removed the arms of the many titles he bore when Prince—the graceful pheasants strut or leisurely lift themselves over the fences into the wood. Never a keeper is in sight." King Edward made no effort to become a crack shot, like his successor or like the young monarchs of Spain and Portugal. Edward liked shooting not for its own sake, but because it took him out into the woods and fields. He shot grouse and deer in Scotland from the same motive.

WITH the death of King Edward passed one of the glories of the British turf. As the best and most generous sportsman of the age, his late Majesty will long be mourned sincerely by the betting men and the jockeys of England. The purple, the gold braid, the scarlet sleeves and the black velvet cap with

gold fringe that formed his colors have seemingly faded forever. It need not be told here how he thrice won the Derby. "Much of the prosperity of the turf is, and for years past has been," says *The Badminton*, "due to the honor of his patronage and his active participation in the sport." It would be a work of supererogation, says the London *Telegraph*, to repeat the oft-told story of *Perdita II.* and how she virtually founded the fortunes of the stud at Sandringham. "Her illustrious sons have made an ineffaceable impression on the history of the British turf and than Persimmon no more magnificent animal has ever been seen." To visit Sandringham for the first time, adds this daily, is to be deeply and profoundly impressed with its enchanting beauties. Apart from the sentiment which attaches to its association with the late sovereign, the almost incredible glory of the woods and the charm of the rolling landscape of covert and plow stretching away to the sea presents a scene of remarkable splendor. When the place was originally acquired by his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, for a shooting box, few could have dreamed that a model estate would be developed out of land which to a large extent had been allowed for centuries to remain in a state of wild and undisturbed solitude. Life and color are now imparted by nestling and pretty villages, with red tiled cottages and farms and happy, healthy chil-

dren whose parents seem to be sensible of the advantages of the conditions under which they live. "These things bear witness to the kindness and philanthropy of his Majesty."

TORY as are all the proclivities of George V., it by no means follows that he will not be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the term. It has become a popular theory of late, as the London *Times* notes, that the British king is, from the standpoint of the constitution of his realm, a mere figure-head. There could not be, in the light of London newspaper comment, a grosser delusion. Within his own well defined sphere, a King of England is supreme. He exercises a species of control over the diplomacy of his government as well defined in its way as that of the German Emperor. Nor is domestic policy emancipated from his royal will. The prerogative, as the London *Saturday Review* puts it, is a vital thing, and not a moribund survival from a meaningless past. This is a point of view to which the new King is wedded. Never will he permit himself to be relegated to the function of a mere fantom of an extinct order of things. He will not reign merely. He will rule, and the law as well as the constitution recognizes that right. No controversy is likely to ensue on this score, for even the liberal and democratic organs realize the delusion of the "figurehead" idea.



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE NEW BRITISH SOVEREIGN AT HIS FAVORITE RECREATION

George V. is one of the best shots in the United Kingdom. As Prince of Wales he shot over the covers at his Norfolk home and many a day's sport has brought him a large bag.

GEORGE V. will not hesitate to make himself the permanent adviser-in-chief to his ministers. He will not strain the constitution in doing so. His late father and his illustrious grandmother did not live up to the figurehead theory of their function, and England will acquiesce in the Tory attitude of the new King. For no error could be so egregious as that which, disseminated in this country ever since Edward died, inspires the average American with the notion that a British sovereign is without power. The English themselves, taking their cue from the leading London dailies, have lost whatever wish they may have had for a fantom potentate. It was only by degrees, as Professor J. H. B. Masterman, of St. John's College, Cambridge, points out, that Englishmen learned how very strongly the influence of the late Queen Victoria affected the course of English politics. The accession of the late Edward VII. might be said to mark the revival of the political importance of the British monarch. During the nine years that the late sovereign sat upon the throne, everything tended to demonstrate the right of the King to assert his authority and influence far more strongly than had been the case when Victoria was newly come to the crown. George V. was reared by his father in no such theory of the royal authority as makes it out a shadow. In this sense is he a Tory—in the sense that the constitution bestows upon him many definite political functions. Some weeks before the death of the late Edward, the Paris *Figaro* predicted that his successor would "assert himself" and of the truth of the prediction there is little doubt in Europe.

A VERY real constitutional right of dismissing ministers and of determining the composition of cabinets is vested in George V. Everything depends upon the spontaneity of his tact, as the *Figaro* phrases it. Liberal organs have of late inclined to controversy with conservative organs regarding the limits to be set upon the kingly influence. The old-time anxiety to keep the crown out of politics, complains *The Nation* (London), has very much declined in the past generation. "There has been a general tendency to encourage the idea of the King's activities in politics, to applaud the suggestion that he should intervene, to state that this or that is his work, and generally to behave as if the King had far more active and positive functions in politics than those which the development of parliamentary



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THE PRESENT GLASS OF FASHION

Great Britain's present sovereign is not a careful dresser and he is unlikely to be more successful in popularizing white hats for men than was his late father, altho he is disposed to affect them. George V., however, has no extremes in sartorial taste—no desire for purple dress suits or pink shoes. He wears a scarlet hunting coat when pursuing the fox and he has a naval uniform. Otherwise he displays no predilections.



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE LATE KING OF ENGLAND WITH THE GUN

Edward VII. never cared for shooting, good or bad. His object in spending a day or more with the grouse was to get the benefit of the open-air exercise.

government has left to the crown." The late Edward VII. had more than once to repudiate the use made of his name at elections by one party, while men of the other party have discussed freely the advantage it would be if the King would dismiss ministers they disliked. This kind of language and sentiment does injury, in the opinion of the Liberal authority we follow on this point, "to the real and proper influence of the crown." If statesmen acquiesce in the policy of "energizing the prerogative," to assign to the King an active direction of public affairs, "they are leading the country back into a very dangerous predicament." The effects may not be seen for some years, but they are bound to be disastrous. Thus our Liberal contemporary, which raises an almost solitary protest in the general voice of approval of the Tory idea.

HOW little disposed to question his Tory proclivities George V. will find large and influential sections of his subjects to be may be inferred from the plea for the extension of the kingly authority which the *London Mail* has made. "We are beginning to comprehend the wisdom of Peel's remark that a king, after a reign of ten years ought to know much more of the working of the machine of government than any other man in the country." There was not a cabinet minister, the *London conservative* and popular daily added, who knew the diplomacy of foreign nations so intimately as did the late father of George V. Nor was there a member of

the ministry who understood the wishes of the English people so thoroly as Edward VII. knew them. "Bound to the wheel of party governments, the puppet of the rules of the House of Commons, the obedient servant of the vested interests which support his party's funds, the average minister is powerless to detach himself sufficiently to realize as human facts the greater aspects of national and international politics." But free from all this, mingling with monarchs and diplomats, acquainted with the chief bankers and merchants of his realm, the friend of the proconsuls, the natural guardian of the working classes, the King of England enjoys a clear and lucid view of the world's affairs and knows surely how and when to take occasion by the forelock and "make the bounds of freedom wider yet." Thus does the conservative organ most widely read by the masses contend for the further extension of that royal prerogative which has become in the past generation more potent than any other single official factor in the political destiny of Great Britain. The Tory King breathes a Tory atmosphere.

IF THE new King of England were not so popular with the working classes, and if at the same time his relations with the great peers of his realm were not somewhat strained, his Tory proclivities would embarrass the inauguration of his reign. For the first time in centuries England has upon the throne a sovereign identified with what has come to be known as the working-class movement. George

V. is one of the most persistent readers of the books of the late Charles Kingsley this generation has produced. They are to him a sort of social gospel. He said as much a few years ago to an audience of workingmen—the one class among his subjects who know him well by sight. George V., at least until he ascended the throne, was personally a stranger to the dignitaries of his realm. Only one member of the Asquith ministry, said last month's despatches, had ever spoken much to him while he was Prince of Wales. But he has for several years been on cordial terms of personal friendship with the officers of workingmen's guilds. Many of them have dined with him at Marlborough House. He once professed his entire agreement with Charles Kingsley's assertion that Frederick Denison Maurice was "the most beautiful human soul" on earth in the nineteenth century. The hobby of George V. is what he calls "the liberalizing of the culture of the working classes." With many workingmen to whom he has spoken, the new King in the old days as Prince of Wales formed friendships.

NOTHING would be more difficult, therefore, than the inauguration of a popular movement against the new King's Toryism. George V. is known by sight to the poorer classes of his subjects far more completely than is his Prime Minister. That is the impression of the *London Times*. "A sovereign's first duty, whether he be an autocrat or the most strictly limited of constitutional monarchs, is to know his subjects; and he can not really know them unless he has met them face to face and seen them in their own surroundings. For that knowledge the Prince of Wales has qualified himself more thoroly than any of his predecessors." Thus the *London Times* shortly before the accession of the new King. But it is the working classes to whom George V. has manifested himself. It has been noted of him that he has a peculiar eagerness to show himself to the crowd. His grandmother was made nervous by the presence of masses of human beings. She shrank from contact with the public. George V. enjoys a mob. He loves to address an audience. He speaks simply, never ascending the empyrean of eloquence, using no dazzling figures of speech. But he is intensely human in his talk.

TIME alone can prove the discretion of George V. in the task of Toryism now devolved upon him. Should he prove as tact-



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THE PRIMATE OF ENGLAND WHO DISLIKES THE KING'S OATH

His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Right Reverend Randall T. Davidson, agrees with the Roman Catholics that the accession oath of the British King is gratuitously offensive to the faith of the Pope, and he urges that it be modified.

less as the third monarch of his name—he who lost America—the result might be serious. The general expectation is that he will be guided by the precedents his late father set. Edward VII. loved his prerogative. Yet to an inquiry addressed to his late Majesty by a Liberal politician requesting to know whether his sovereign was a Conservative or a Liberal, an answer was returned by Lord Knollys stating that the King was of no politics, and

believed that all parties were equally loyal and constitutional. "No other answer could have been given to a question that should never have been asked," comments the London *Standard*, a profoundly Conservative sheet. "His Majesty's well known attachment to the constitutional principles which have regulated the relations between the crown and political parties for the last seventy years should have saved him from an application which we can not but think somewhat impudent." George V. would do as his father did in a like contingency. But his ambition, opines the Paris *Figaro*, will be that of Charles I.—to become a King indeed. The attitude of George V. is of vital importance to the French, for the "cordial understanding" between Paris and London can be terminated by his Majesty with a word. Hence French organs deem the change of rulers a portent.

ONE effect of the transfer of the sovereignty to George V. will unquestionably be a more direct injection of the prerogative into parliamentary life. This would have been inevitable, according to the London *Spectator*, had Edward lived. A Tory monarch, with a Tory environment, will not necessarily lay himself open to the imputation of unconstitutional excesses. Parliament will be dissolved and ministers dismissed with less regard than formerly for the susceptibilities of political leaders. To this extent there is practical agreement among London dailies. Nor is the doctrine a novel one. "The King possesses a power, according to theory, for extreme use on a critical occasion, but which he can in law use on any occasion. He can dissolve, he can say to his ministers in effect, if not in words: 'This parliament sent you here, but I will see if I can not get another parliament to send someone else here.'" These words have been quoted with approval by the conservative London *Post* as one mode of solving the existing crisis. The power of George V. to insist upon a dissolution of parliament is included in the more comprehensive prerogative vested in him of dismissing his ministers at will which Gladstone himself admitted to exist. Gladstone, writing "with the ripe experience of a Prime Minister," said: "There is one great and critical act, responsibility for which falls momentarily or provisionally on the sovereign—it is the dismissal of an existing ministry and the appointment of a new one. Unconditionally entitled to dismiss the ministers, the sovereign

can, of course, choose his own opportunity. He may defy the parliament if he can count upon the people." And it is the peculiar feature of the new reign that George V. is strong with the people—especially the masses of them. So careful a student of the limitations and extent of the royal prerogative as J. G. Swift MacNeil wrote in the London *Post* lately with the editorial approval of this Conservative organ that the King may rightly refuse to "be made a puppet in his ministers' hands or to let his name be used by men whom he despised for purposes of which he disapproved." In short, a Tory King succeeds to the throne in what the London *News* calls "a Tory national mood."

AN IMMEDIATE consequence of the accession of George V. is the revival of the controversy over "the royal declaration." This formula compels the monarch to say, in effect, that the sacrifice of the mass, as offered up on the altars of the Roman Catholic Church, is superstitious and idolatrous. The spiritual subjects of Pius X. in the dominions of George V. have already begun a heated discussion of this theme. The position of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose function it is to administer the oath in question, has been stated by his Grace in the House of Lords, and it meets with the approval of the Liberal organs in London. The Archbishop's position is that a declaration by the sovereign is necessary in regard to the relation his Majesty holds towards the great branches of the Christian faith. "It does not follow that the declaration should give unnecessary pain and offense to those whose position and opinions are therein repudiated." The language of the "royal declaration" as it stands is quite needlessly offensive to those who hold the repudiated doctrines "with all their hearts," concedes his Grace of Canterbury.

SO EXTREME is the Protestantism of the new Queen of England, if popular impressions in London be accurate, that the "royal declaration" will not seem to her Majesty to err on the score of precision. She was hailed on the first day of her appearance in her sovereign position as the royal consort with the appellation of "Protestant Queen Mary." Whether it be true or the reverse to state that her antipathy to certain dogmas of the Roman Catholic faith be pronounced, the fact seems to be that her influence will be used to prevent any modification of the oath

now the occasion of such controversy. The Archbishop of Canterbury is not with her Majesty in this. He has said in the House of Lords that it is possible to draw up a declaration which would not only be inoffensive, but would not be denunciatory at all. "He believed he was speaking in the name of every Bishop on the Episcopal bench when he said that it would be their earnest desire to co-operate to the utmost of their power in removing from the declaration everything which would give pain to those who differed from its sentiment." Prime Minister Asquith has, says the *London Mail*, taken this matter in hand.

HOW keen this controversy may become is evident from the position of Lord Rosebery and the numerous anti-Papal societies flourishing in England. "If the Protestant faith, which, as its name implies, is a protest against certain portions of the Roman Catholic doctrine," according to Rosebery, "is to be satisfactorily defined in a sense which will be understood by the mass of the people, there must be some such repudiation as the King's oath of accession contains." It is affirmed in the despatches of the month that the oath, as administered in private to his Majesty, involves far more offensive allegations of superstition and idolatry than are the immediate occasion of this fresh dispute. The Duke of Norfolk, England's great Roman Catholic peer, insists that he is but expressing what every believer in his faith feels when he says it is "most painful to them that the most sacred tenets of their religion should be singled out for repudiation by their beloved and revered sovereign on his accession, to whom they are most devoted and loyal." Some years ago it was felt that the declaration ought to be modified, and a committee of Parliament was appointed to draft a less uncompromising formula. Nothing came of this action. The royal declaration, by the way, must not be confused with the coronation oath. The Roman Catholics of Great Britain, says the Duke of Norfolk, fully accept the principle—tho they could not be held to agree with it—that the British sovereign be a Protestant.

PROTESTANT agitators in London now profess the greatest apprehension at what they deem a weakening or a removal of a declaration by King George which, in their opinion, is a most essential security for the maintenance of the Protestant succession to the

throne. The policy of the Prime Minister is said to be, while retaining the royal declaration in its substance and in its essential features, to eliminate from it all words and expressions held to be of an offensive character or of a nature calculated to wound the feelings of a great many loyal subjects of his Majesty. The committee which was in the first instance appointed to examine this declaration recommended another form. This, in turn, was embodied in a bill presented to the House of Lords and never since heard of until the somewhat unexpected accession of the reigning King. It is now contended in the more virulent anti-Catholic organs in London that under this bill as it stands and under the others soon to be presented it would be perfectly possible for a Roman Catholic to hold the crown for one or two years or even for several years before his coronation, without being called upon to make any declaration whatever regarding the sacrifice of the mass. The security of the coronation oath is not deemed sufficient, first because of its general terms, and secondly owing to the circumstance that the King of England can postpone his coronation for an almost indefinite period if he wishes. George V. is understood to have put off his own coronation until next year.

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AS CONGRESS nears the time for closing, the whir of the wheels begins to grow louder, the motion of the big and rather unwieldy machine becomes more rapid, the directions of the leaders, the cheers and protests, the expostulations and gesticulations, all take on a new degree of intensity. The real work of Congress is done more and more, as the years go by, under cover, so to speak; that is to say, in the committee-rooms. It is only in the last few weeks of a session, after the committee-work has been done, that we get a forensic struggle that excites general attention. There is a time of uncertainty and impatience in the life of every Congress, when the administration is fuming over the delay in passing its pet bills, and the press is calling for somebody to do something, and the opposition begins to grow jubilant, and the note of derision is heard everywhere. Then a lever is pulled here and there, buttons are pressed, orders are given, the big bills are reported out, the majority gets together and with a great spurt of night and day sessions important work is rushed through at a surprising speed.



HOW THE SPEAKER MAY INSURE A QUORUM
—Hy Mayer in *N. Y. Times*

ONLY one thing has enlivened the sessions of the present Congress, and that is the struggle of the insurgent Republicans. So far as the country at large is concerned, none of the measures up for consideration has excited much interest since the tariff bill was disposed of in the extra session. One might have supposed that the bills absolutely necessary to insure the permanence of the policy in regard to conservation of our natural resources would have aroused a keen interest. They have not. The row between Pinchot and Ballinger, being largely personal and dramatic, has caused much more excitement than that caused by all the conservation bills put together. When we remember with what intensity the country followed the fate of the railway rate-regulation bill and Senator Foraker's fight against it, two years ago, we might have expected some show of animation regarding the still more comprehensive rate-regulation bill of the Taft administration. On the contrary, the interest has seemed to be very perfunctory. It remains true to-day as it was in the days of Domitian that a gladiatorial combat is the quickest way to ensure tremendous public interest. Roosevelt knew this by instinct. Under his skilful hand, politics had all the successive thrills of a series of bull-fights, in which he was always the matador. Taft, pursuing the same political policy and doing even more real constructive work, excites a popular criticism that merges at times into derision. He does not know how to take the part of the matador, and he is too good-natured and patient to enact the rôle of the angry bull, as Cleveland used

to enact it, and as Cannon has been enacting it. If it had not been for Cannon and the insurgent matadors, the gladiatorial season at Washington this year would have been almost a complete failure.

GETTING away from the gladiatorial point of view, it is not unlikely that historians may take a very considerable interest in the present session of Congress. It seems to mark the end of one political era and the



CHASING HIS TAIL
And when he comes up with it, that member will be amputated.
—Thorndike in *Baltimore American*

dawn of another. "The old order changeth, giving place to new," seems to sum up the comment of the country on the announcements by Senators Aldrich and Hale of their intention to retire from the Senate at the close of their present terms. Eight years ago, at the beginning of the first Roosevelt term, there were twenty-one Senators, as the Philadelphia *Press* points out, who had served more than twelve years. These were the Senators who controlled the action of the upper house. The number included Allison, Jones of Nebraska, Jones of Nevada, Stewart, Platt of Connecticut, Hawley, Teller, Vest, Cockerell, Hoar, McMillan, Quay, Blackburn, Morgan. To-day only five of the twenty-one—and when Aldrich and Hale retire only three—remain.

The rest have died or retired. Hanna, Platt of New York, Foraker and Spooner have also retired. Of the men of the older régime, Frye, Cullom and Daniels alone will remain after the present year. There are but three others — Gallinger, Perkins, Lodge — whose service antedates 1895. Only twenty-seven members of the present Senate date their membership back farther than 1900. Thirty-six have entered that body since 1905. The majority are serving their first term.

THE 'Old Guard' does not surrender," remarks the Springfield *Republican*; "it resigns, which comes to about the same thing." The new Republican leadership, the same paper remarks, will not be like the departing leadership. "It will have to bend more to the influences of insurgency within the party, or it will be engulfed. The old order has

parliamentary history that is dying," says the New York *Times*, referring to the past ascendancy of Aldrich, "and one which will be a favorite topic with political historians in years to come, as it becomes more and more sharply differentiated from the conditions of those years. It is an epoch that will become stranger all the time, and may end by becoming incredible to future readers."

* * *

MOST important of the measures to which Mr. Taft has linked his hopes this year is the railway bill.

This bill was formulated by Mr. Wickersham, the attorney general, and after a succession of revisions was placed before Congress with the President's "O. K." upon it. It has come nearer than has any other measure this session to securing popular attention, for the magnitude of the interests affected is, of course, tremendous. Yet even on this bill, as it took its perilous way through Congress last month, the interest of the country is described as "alarmingly little," and even the Congressmen are said to have been surprisingly listless. "How happens it," asks the New York *Times*, "that the country is paying so little attention that representatives are careless how they vote, and are



THE TIDE'S STILL RISING!
McKee Barclay in Baltimore Sun

changed, and in the changing New England's great and long-continued prestige in the Senate will suffer." It may even fall to the "insurgents," says the Boston *Herald*, to reorganize the next Senate. The special correspondent of *Harper's Weekly* thinks Mr. Aldrich retires because "he felt the structure on which his power is reared in the Senate crumbling under his feet, and he has merely anticipated the crash." "It is an epoch in



LAST STAND OF THE OLD GUARD
—Robert Carter in Nashville Tennessean

indifferent whether they are on the record or not, and hardly care whether they are on one side or the other, except for the 'whipping' into line?" The same indifference has been noted by the New York *Tribune*, not only on this railway bill but on the conservation bills as well. It considers this listless attitude a reflection upon the capacity of the American people for self-government. If the present administration lacks popular support, says the *Tribune*, "it is because the people have not the power of sustained interest in the great projects that only a few months ago filled their imagination. . . . Is it to be conceded that the nation exhausts its capacity for interest in and attention to a great problem in a burst of enthusiastic acclaim at the initiation of a new policy?"

BY A vote of 200 to 126, the railway bill passed the lower house on May 10. The "insurgents" had succeeded in making many amendments and they (together with fourteen Democrats) voted with the Republican regulars for the final passage of the amended bill. Two entire sections of the bill had first been eliminated. These were the sections allowing

railroads to make rate agreements subject to the consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission and allowing a merger of two roads in cases where fifty per cent. of the stock of one of the roads is owned by the other. On these two sections the principal fight of the insurgents was made in both houses, and with success in each case. Four other changes were made in the bill before it passed the lower house. One includes interstate telegraph and telephone lines, as common carriers, in the measure. Another adds to the bill a long and short haul clause which is much more drastic than that in the present law. A third amendment provides for a "physical valuation" of the railroads, on which the rates are to be based. To the railroad officials themselves this is probably the most objectionable provision in the bill. A fourth amendment eliminates the attorney general from any discretionary power in cases appealed from the Interstate Commerce Commission to the Court constituted to hear such appeals. All four of these amendments are "insurgent" or "progressive" amendments. To all of them a majority of the Senate is understood to be hostile.



THE POLITICAL MARATHON
No telling when he'll stop.

—Donahey in Cleveland *Plain Dealer*

THE main feature of the bill, in President Taft's opinion, is that which establishes a new Court of Commerce, to review all appeals from the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Appeals from this new court are to go directly to the U. S. Supreme Court. This feature of the bill remains. Its chief purpose is to do away with the delays in final adjudication on railroad cases. Another important feature is one giving the Commission jurisdiction over the issuance of railway stocks and bonds. With this provision in, as a check to the watering of stock and over-issues of bonds, and with the "physical valuation" clause in, by which the reasonableness or unreasonableness of rates is to be determined by the actual cost of a road, not by its amount of capital stock, the bill becomes one for which the railway corporations, according to the correspondent of the Indianapolis *News*, have no use and which they are confidentially informing their friends they would prefer to see killed entirely rather than passed in its present shape. The Philadelphia *Press* charges the insurgents with "undiscriminating hostility to railroads" and a desire to make the bill unfairly anti-railroad. It admits that "the insurgents are in the saddle and are exercising control" in the lower house. The New York *Tribune* thinks, however, that they are merely playing for points for the coming campaign, and that, "after establishing a record in the sight of all men" by "stuffing the railroad bill with all sorts of fantastic nonsense," they "will be in a position to get down to business and pass a measure that represents the consensus of Republican opinion in both houses and will be acceptable to a Republican President." Another forecast of results is that the bill will finally be passed with the merger sections eliminated and also without the insurgent amendments; and that the eliminated sections will then be cast into the form of a separate bill and referred in the Senate to a special committee which will give hearings and make a report after the election next November. As the Senators do not have to be re-elected this fall, while the members of the House all have to go before the people, it is reasonable to suppose that the latter will "play to the galleries" a little, throwing upon the Senate the responsibility for killing any too radical measures the House may adopt, for campaign purposes, in this or any other bill. That is the clue to the interpretation of the action of both houses during the coming weeks.



BALLAST
—Hy Mayer in New York Times

WITH predictions of Democratic success in the coming congressional elections rapidly accumulating; with Republican conventions in Indiana and Iowa vociferously repudiating the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill; with special congressional elections in Massachusetts and Ohio showing serious reverses for the Republican party, the leaders in Washington have begun the construction of a life-raft. It is to be called the Tariff Commission and its cost will be \$250,000. The way in which the com-

mission idea has been developing in the last few months is amazing to those who know with what scanty favor it met in Congress a year or two ago. Not Republicans alone but Democrats as well scouted the idea whenever it was seriously proposed. Now it is not only tolerated, but apparently hailed with such joy as the shipwrecked mariner exhibits when he sights a friendly sail and sees it grow larger and larger. The President has all along been urging the commission idea and calling for an ample appropriation to make it amount to something. Now the light has dawned on the mind of Congressman Tawney, who returned from a visit to his constituents a few days ago and promptly drafted an amendment to the sundry civil bill which will not only give Mr. Taft the appropriation he wants, but will confer on his tariff board full power to send for persons and papers and make a real investigation. In the Senate, it is said, additional powers will be conferred upon the board by Senator Aldrich and the other leaders. Presumably this will cause a great chuckling on the part of Senator Beveridge, who was the sponsor for the board in the first place and whose wrath accumulated as he saw its powers whittled away to a minimum. The restoration of those powers will presumably disgust Senator Hale, but Beveridge, Dolliver, Cummins and most of the other insurgents will doubtless welcome it with open arms and open grins.



BEYOND HIS REACH
—Morris in Spokane Spokesman-Review

OPPOSITION to the plan comes from some of the ultra-protectionists, who fear such a board will mean another tariff revision in two or three years, and from the Democrats, who see in the board a means of Republican defense against the general assault they have been intending to make in the campaign this fall upon the Payne-Aldrich bill. Already the edge seems to be taken off the wrath of such anti-protection papers as the *New York Evening Post*, the *New York Times*, and other journals from which the Democrats were expecting yeoman assistance. By this rehabilitation of the tariff board, says *The Evening Post*, Congress has builded better than it knew. It continues:

"We are thus brought measurably nearer to that essential factor in any real revision of the tariff—a tariff commission to supply the groundwork of knowledge and fact upon which Congress might base its action. It means a terrible wrench with the past, a momentous departure from the time-honored system of tariff-making by co-operative plunder. Yet in that direction point the signs of the times."

The *New York Times* is equally jubilant. We have never before, it says, had anything of the sort. All our tariff legislation "has been framed in a haphazard, confused fashion amid infinite intrigue and wire-pulling." But it perceives in this tariff board the dawn of real tariff reform. Politically, it regards the plan as a shrewd one which "may well save the House in the elections of this year." But whatever the motives of the Republicans in advancing the plan or of the Democrats in opposing it, *The Times* goes on to say, "the plan is clearly and beyond all question an excellent one, a very great step in the direction of practical and substantial tariff reform."

IT is quite possible, indeed, that this plan for an adequate tariff board and the promise which it seems to carry of an adjustment of the tariff schedule from time to time in the future on an instalment plan and in accord with a clearly defined principle, may yet change the whole situation, so far as Mr. Taft is concerned and so far as the attitude of the insurgents is concerned during the coming weeks. The *Ohio State Journal*, one of the Republican papers that have been expressing its dissatisfaction with the present schedule, regards the tariff board as "the quickest and surest way to get rid of the



THE COMING LAVA

Appeals to a Patron Saint to stop its flow.

—L. M. Glackens in *Puck*

present faulty tariff and to prevent another faulty one from taking its place." It adds:

"There is no other way to settle this tariff question. Every tariff bill that was ever enacted was the source of dissension and dissatisfaction. An arrangement of duties to satisfy this section or that, this interest or that, is bound to dissatisfaction everybody; and this will be the result until the country resorts to some scientific method that provides a sort of automatic play for the adjustment of duties. That sort of device can be produced, and that is what President Taft proposes shall be done. It will be a great advantage to this country when that purpose is accomplished. Politics will become more serene, and legislation will lose a great part of its selfishness. The periodic disturbances of business will not occur, and trade and commerce will be no more annoyed than they are by a standard of weights and measures."

THE Democratic opposition to the tariff board is based on the fact that it will be a body subject not to the direction of Congress, but of the President. It is appointed by him, works under his orders and makes its reports to him. Such information as Congress will receive will be, as Congressman Underwood terms it, "information filtered through the Executive." The *Philadelphia Telegraph* regards the provision for an investi-

gation as "simply an evasion," designed to consume time and accomplish no actual results. The *Duluth Herald* admits that the country needs a tariff commission plan that will "take the tariff out of politics"; but the present move seems to it "nothing but a pretty scheme to give Tawney something to play with for the beguilement of his constituents." The *New York World* opposes the board on more fundamental grounds. It voices the Democratic view as follows:

"To provide the Tariff Commission with a quarter of a million dollars or any other considerable sum that it may gather information solely for the use of the President would be another dangerous move in the direction of one-man power. It would open the way to serious abuses.

"When Congress last year authorized the President to suppress or to make public such official information as he sees fit in regard to the corporations subject to the new Federal tax it was infatuated with the policy of centralization. It is now meditating a similar move of even greater significance.

"The reports of the Tariff Commission should be open to the President, to Congress and to the public alike. In no circumstances should they be kept at the exclusive disposal of any one man or any one party. In the hands of an unscrupulous President the power of control over this secret

information would create the constant temptation to use it for improper purposes. The Government was never designed to serve as a partisan political agency, nor the President as a collector of campaign funds."

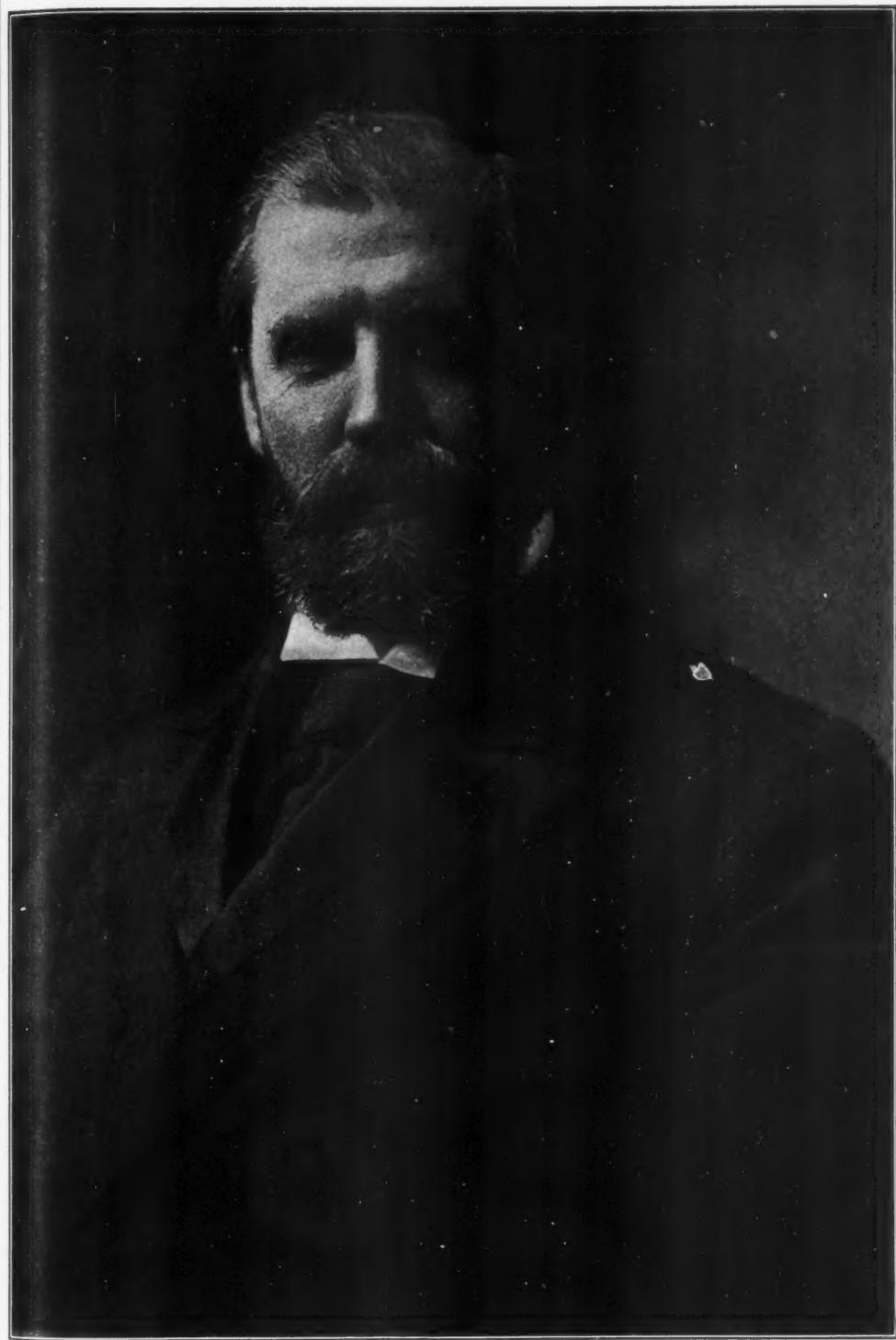
* * *

THE appointment of Governor Hughes to the position on the Supreme Court left vacant by the death of Justice Brewer arouses mixed feelings. There is almost unanimous agreement on the fitness of Mr. Hughes for the office. Those few who question his fitness make themselves conspicuous by their lonesomeness. But the political effect of Mr. Hughes's retirement to the bench is deplored by many and a political motive for his appointment is suspected by some. Henry Watterson, for instance, who sees Roosevelt's features wherever he looks—gleaming in the clouds, reflected in the brooks, outlined by the hills—calls this appointment "the opening gun for Third Termism." It is a master stroke, he thinks, and "clears the field for the returning Roosevelt," by getting Hughes out of the way in New York and making it necessary for the returning wanderer to become the savior of his party in the Empire State. Mr. Watterson is not to be caught napping, and he is already inventing slogans for the battle that is to come when the attempt "to Diazify our government" has fully developed. "Back to the Constitution and the Law" is his slogan, and if it does not prevail "no man can divine" what will befall us after 1912. Mr. Watterson does not criticize Mr. Hughes. He doesn't even seem to see him, in fact, in the intensity of his feelings over the threatened Mexicanization of our Republic. Nor is he alone in discerning a close relation between the appointment of Mr. Hughes and the opportunity for Mr. Roosevelt. "With the elimination of Hughes," says the Albany correspondent of the *New York Press*, "the general cry is Roosevelt, and nothing is more certain than that he holds in the hollow of his hand the shaping of the next State ticket and the election of the next United States Senator. President Taft has made all this possible by taking Governor Hughes out of politics."

MMR. BRYAN'S return from South America has been signalized by his direct and unflinching challenge of the fitness of this appointment. The reputation of Mr. Hughes as a reformer, says Mr. Bryan in *The Com-*

moner, rests upon a few official acts in opposition to grafting and to the individual vices; but "no one who will examine his record can doubt that he is in close sympathy with the exploiting corporations." His veto of the bill fixing railway fares in New York state at a maximum of two cents a mile was "conclusive proof that he obeys the dictates of the railway managers instead of listening to the voice of the public." The trust magnates contributed liberally to his campaign against Hearst, and "he is understood to be a close personal friend of Rockefeller." Moreover he was the first prominent man to oppose the income tax "and his opposition came after Mr. Rockefeller had announced hostility to the income tax amendment." Mr. Bryan's criticism concludes as follows: "Governor Hughes exemplifies the individual virtues and naturally demands honesty in the public service; but he is a shining illustration of that peculiar type of citizen developed in this country during the present generation, the citizen who, personally pious, opposes vice and is a punisher of small crimes, but shows no indignation at the larger form of legalized robbery." Mr. Bryan's forthright criticism at a time when other Democratic leaders—Champ Clark, Senator Bailey, Governor Marshall and Norman E. Mack among them—are commanding the President's choice, is attributed by the *New York Press*, itself a radical opponent of the exploiting corporations, as due to the fact that it was Mr. Hughes who "riddled the Bryan program of 1908" and contributed so largely to Mr. Bryan's defeat.

A SIMILAR reason is found by the same paper for the criticism of Mr. Hughes by Mr. Hearst's papers. The appointment of Hughes, the *New York American* thinks, is one that "will excite more than ordinary interest and fully as much concern." It points to his opposition to the income-tax amendment, and to his vetoes of the two-cent railroad fare bill and the bill compelling a five-cent fare to Coney Island as "amply justifying the apprehension that the natural bias and trend of his mind is all in favor of the corporate view." Criticism from a different side is made by William Barnes, Jr., the Republican "boss" of Albany and for some time past the most bitter of Governor Hughes's foes. He deprecated the appointment because "Governor Hughes is an advocate, not a judge; a fighter, not an interpreter." Even those who are loudest in their



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BENCHED

Charles E. Hughes, whose meteoric flight across the political heavens has affrighted the bosses and dazzled all beholders, has accepted President Taft's appointment to the Supreme Court. The Senate confirmed the appointment by immediate and unanimous action—a compliment seldom paid. He will put on his official robes next October.

applause of him as a public character, Mr. Barnes assures us, "do not in their hearts believe that he is judicially minded." The same sort of criticisms that are advanced by Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst were formulated into a memorial to the judiciary committee of the United States Senate by an organization called "The American Anti-Trust League," with the request that the appointment be not confirmed. The Senate proceeded at once, by unanimous action, to confirm the appointment—"an expression," says the *New York Times*, "of instinctive recognition of the purity of the President's motives and the soundness of his discretion," and an incident which, coming in the midst of the hubbub of political passion, it finds "refreshing and encouraging."

WE DO not recall another case in which the elevation of a man in active political life has elicited from the press, irrespective of partisan differences, such a general chorus of hearty acclaim. The praise is in many cases couched in superlative terms. "No man in American public life," says the independent and conservative Boston *Herald*, "barring none, so commands the confidence of the disinterested, intellectual, ethical and historically-minded element of the population." The President has in this appointment, says the Chicago *Evening Post*, "strengthened his administration more than by any other act since his induction to office. He has rekindled the faith which Aldrich and Cannon have weakened." The Pittsburg *Dispatch* comments as follows: "He [Hughes] has shown himself to be a man of unflinching devotion to principle, dispassionately analytical in the examination of each question that came before him, yet going straight to the root of the matter with the admirable disregard of technicality, and, while yielding to none in his defense of popular rights, courageous enough to ignore public clamor when he thought it demanded injustice." The country, so the Baltimore *Sun* (Dem.) laments, will miss him from the great game of politics. "No man who shows his precise combination of worldly shrewdness and lofty idealism is ready, at the moment, to take his place." But, the same paper admits, "it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, for President Taft to have appointed a man better suited for the bench than Governor Hughes." The Richmond *Dispatch* (Dem.) sees in the appointment a fulfilment of the

President's promise to appoint men to judicial office regardless of political considerations. Had he been influenced by politics, Hughes would have been the last man to be appointed, in view of his value to the Republican party just now in New York state. Every man who looks to the Supreme Court for the best and highest in American ideals of government, says the *Dispatch*, will hail the appointment with satisfaction. The President's choice, says the *New York World* (Dem.), will go far toward restoring popular confidence in his administration. It adds: "For his distinguished and conspicuous service and success in securing better control of 'great trust conspiracies' Governor Hughes need not fear comparison with any man of his time, however exalted in place or however heavily armed with political power."

* * *

FLYING in a Farman aeroplane the distance of 185 miles between London and Manchester, in a period of twelve hours, making but one stop on the way, Louis Paulhan, the French aviator, won a fifty thousand dollar prize against his English competitor, Claude Grahame-White, whose dash through the air was by far the most spectacular feature of the struggle. Never before Claude Grahame-White has any aviator gone up in the night. "Never before," to quote the *London Mail*, "has a cross-country flight, over a district unknown to the flier, been accomplished during the hours of darkness." In affirming that the whole world has been stirred by what it pronounces "the greatest event of modern times," our London contemporary finds enthusiastic support from the entire Paris press, where Louis Paulhan has become the national hero. "The greater experience of the French aviator," to quote the *London Times*, "in cross-country flying, and the skill acquired by long and varied practice, which enabled him to start on a difficult journey without a trial flight nine and a half hours after his machine arrived at London from France, triumphed over the daring and intrepid enthusiasm which Mr. Grahame-White displayed from the outset." The latter attributes his defeat—a somewhat narrow one—to "that arch enemy of aviation, the wind," which veered just at the moment victory seemed within his grasp. "Just as Latham was awakened from sleep to learn that Bleriot had already started across the Channel to win the prize for which he had so long striven in vain, so Grahame-



Photo by Underwood and Underwood

PAULHAN FLYING FROM LONDON TO MANCHESTER

Throng in every village over which the biplane passed hailed the aviator with cheers which he at times acknowledged by a wave of the hand. There were many automobiles in the roads and even the lateness of the hour or its early matutinal mist failed to damp any enthusiasm.

White awoke from a much needed rest, after days of effort and tension, to find Paulhan in full flight." He flew after in a Farman aeroplane and lost.

PAULHAN had decided upon what aviation experts in London agreed to be the foolish policy of starting without any trial flights. He mounted his seat—we condense the account in the *London Times*—the propeller began to revolve at a terrific rate and the journey commenced at a little after five in the evening. "Within a distance of about a hundred yards the wheels were free from the ground. By the time Paulhan had got to the end of the grounds he was seemingly forty feet above the soil. Wheeling right about from the northerly course on which he had begun, he sailed back gracefully over the heads of the crowd, which gave vent to enthusiastic cheers." He was now making moderate speed, the aeroplane swaying slightly when the wind came in puffs and blew the craft out of its course. The speed increased, the machine steadied, and Paulhan careered gracefully into the true line, being last visible from London as a speck above the trees in the distance. Whole battalions of motor cars followed on the ground, keeping to the railroad line that was a guide for the aviator himself. He landed at Litchfield in three hours—nearly two-thirds of his whole route—because it was too dark to go on.

VAST crowds along the roads and in every village throbbed with excitement. "Every coign of vantage had its throng of spectators, many of whom had been waiting since the break of day. When the aeroplane appeared, hundreds raced madly along as if to follow it, leaping ditches and climbing hedges." The descent at Litchfield was made with perfect ease, the machine coming to the ground with a wide sweep clear of all obstacles and without the slightest injury. Paulhan got out in the pink of condition. Meanwhile Grahame-White had heard of Paulhan's departure. Without loss of time he made an exciting ascent in the high wind that was still blowing. The prospects were most unfavorable. The wind was tearing along in gusts. The sky was filled with threatening clouds. "So determined was he to get as far as his rival the same night that he began his long journey without waiting for anything to eat." Paulhan had stolen a march upon his rival, who thought

the Frenchman would not be in the air until the morning. Expert opinion was against a flight just then, but the Englishman soared at half-past six. He went but a third of his way when darkness forced him down.

GRAHAME-WHITE'S intention was to start on the second stage of his aerial flight to Manchester at dawn, but news of Paulhan's landing at Litchfield caused the Englishman to resume his trip as soon as the moon rose. Lanterns were requisitioned in the hottest haste, for clouds obscured the sky in patches. Even at that odd hour crowds poured into the field. Grahame-White took his seat and the engine was started. "It was a sight which will remain fixed forever in the memories of those who saw it. The frail machine, its diaphanous planes faintly luminous above the stable ground, speeding, as it seemed, to almost certain destruction; the closely packed spectators, their cheering silenced in a common anxiety as they watched the aeroplane draw nearer and nearer the ominous belt of trees at the far end of the field and then the sudden roar: 'He's up!'" For the briefest space the machine was silhouetted against the moon-lit rifts of cloud and sky. It swept on into the night towards Manchester. The one chance of winning was to pass Litchfield before Paulhan resumed his interrupted flight. The ground below was alive with racing automobiles.

PAULHAN, keenly alive to the possibility upon which his competitor reckoned, got up in the air again at about four o'clock in the morning. Thousands of people thronged the roads in the dark. "The owner of the field from which the Frenchman started charged twopence for admission and cleared a large sum." Many had come great distances in motor cars. The breeze was light. Daybreak was streaking the heavens. News that Grahame-White was "up" electrified all, Paulhan not least. "His assistant swung the propellers around, but the craft did not respond. The machine was moving down the field. There was dead silence among the crowds which lined the hedge rows until the aeroplane, after traveling forty yards, was seen to be gently rising in the air. Then there went up a tremendous cheer." All at once there came a breathless pause. The biplane rocked back and forth and nearly hit the telegraph wires. Paulhan made a circle and wheeled through the mist. He reached a height of about a thousand feet and maintained an even, regular flight. All Man-



Photo by Paul Thompson

PAULHAN STARTS FROM LITCHFIELD IN A MIST

"Owing to the position in which it had descended over night," says the *London Times* in its report, "it became necessary for the aviator to make a detour before picking up the railway track which he was to follow to Manchester. The spectators thought at first that he had mistaken his course, but it was soon seen that he was making a graceful half circle."

chester was now in the streets, for it seemed to be neck and neck between Paulhan and Grahame-White.

EVERY eye in Manchester at five o'clock on this cold and misty morning seemed fixed on the sky line. "Over the tops of the trees appeared, small and faint at first, the now familiar outline of an aeroplane." Cheer after cheer split the ear. Paulhan—his coming was revealed by the pair of vertical planes visible at the tail of his machine—flew "straight as an arrow," at a height of a thousand feet, for his goal. He touched earth at just half-past five. He was half frozen. Grahame-White had long since been forced to descend owing to the wind. "It turned me around completely three times," he said, "and I could make no headway." It was pointed out to him that the Frenchman flew at a much loftier altitude than himself. "Paulhan was an experienced aviator before I had begun to think of aeroplanes," retorted the Englishman. Then came the news of his rival's triumph at Manchester. "He is the finest aviator the world has ever seen," said Grahame-White, calling for three cheers, which were given for the Frenchman with right good will. The Briton tried to make Manchester once more, but had to give up in despair. The wind was too fickle.

AS A sporting event, nothing finer has been seen in our time, says the *London Mail*, and dailies all over Europe agree. But the triumph of Paulhan involves other and more crucially historical consideration. "Who can remember a contest so charged with vast possibilities for mankind, so dramatic in its circumstances, so instinct with incident that stirs the imagination and kindles enthusiasm?" The *London Mail* asks these questions, and in replying to them the German dailies, influenced by the tragic accident to that most famous of flying craft, the powerful and huge Zeppelin II., reduced to wreckage by a gust of wind, pronounce France the home of aviation. The episodes of the flying tournament at Monaco, where prodigies of valor were accomplished in the sky, grow tame by contrast with the "epic struggle" between Grahame-White and Paulhan. So much the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* concedes. "The imagination is simply unable to keep pace with the development of the new art," asserts the *London Post*. "The ability to be astonished is exhausted. These amazing exploits follow one another too fast. The aviators hardly respect the decencies of science."

IN THE merry month of May the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land; that is to say, the dove of Peace. That voice has come to us during the last few weeks in three important utterances, one through the lips of President Taft, one through those of Secretary Knox, the third through the lips of ex-President Roosevelt. Mr. Carnegie and ex-Secretary Foster have also, as usual, been heard cheering on the cohorts of international arbitration, and Dr. Trueblood's résumé of the year's gains has, as usual, fired the hearts of the peace-lovers who gather above the rippling waters of Lake Mohonk. As usual, also, Congressman Bartholdt comes forward with some legislative measure to advance the snowy standards a little farther. In fact the millennium always seems to draw visibly nearer in May and the Brotherhood of Man gleams like an aurora borealis, far off, alas! but radiant and electrifying. The arbitration movement, however, is not in the hands of dreamers and sentimentalists. Statesmen of high rank, men of large affairs and large means, publicists of wide influence, have converted the cause into a real world-movement and there is developing a distinct international rivalry in its behalf that may yet supplant the fierce competition in the building of navies and the inventions of engines of destruction.

WHAT Mr. Carnegie terms the most momentous declaration ever made on this subject by the "chief of a nation" came from President Taft a few weeks ago in a speech in New York City. He took the position that all international disputes could and should be settled by arbitration. He could see no reason why "questions of honor" should be excepted. A court of honor, not the nation itself, should determine whether or not a dispute involves a nation's "honor." The independence of existing territorial limits should be regarded as beyond dispute, but aside from that Mr. Taft does not concede that there are any international quarrels which may not be settled more justly and more advantageously to all concerned by an international court than by the arbitrament of arms. "He has," says Mr. Carnegie, "given us the true solution of peace against war and placed our republic in the van; and he is to rank in history with the greatest benefactors of his race." In another and later address, in Washington, at the dedication of the million-dollar home of the Bureau of American Republics, President Taft declared that the "greatest object" in the foreign policy of

the United States is "peace among the American Republics." Said the President: "We twenty-one republics cannot afford to have any two or three of us quarreling. We must stop. The organization and work of this Bureau of the Republics is doing much in that direction. But Mr. Carnegie and I will never be satisfied until nineteen of us can intervene by proper measures to suppress a quarrel between any two of us."

THE cherubic Secretary of State had also a cheering message on this subject for the Peace Congress recently in session in Hartford. Mr. Knox, some time since, sent to all the civilized nations a proposal to maintain at the Hague a permanent tribunal of arbitration. The Hague court is now called into existence for special occasions and dissolves as the occasion passes. But the Secretary thinks that "the court should wait for the litigant, not the litigant for the court." His suggestion is that the International Prize Court, which has not yet been formally organized, but which has been assented to by the nations, should be developed into a permanent court of arbitration. The proposed court will, by its decisions, create in time a body of international law, which will accumulate force as the years go by and prove a step toward the removal of the vast military burdens now carried, until at last they will become as obsolete as the revolvers once carried as a matter of course in the pockets of the forty-niners. Mr. Knox's cheering word to the Peace Conference was that his proposal has been assented to "in principle" by a majority of the nations and that the outlook for the ultimate creation of such a court seems bright. It may spring into existence before the next meeting of the nations in 1915, and it is not improbable that even within a year something may be done to establish such a court, which will have nations as its litigants and will top the judicial structure of the world!

THE address by Mr. Roosevelt before the Nobel Prize Committee, in Christiania, May 5, was, of course, far from being the speech of a peace-at-any-price man. He believes that "no man is worth calling a man who will not fight rather than submit to infamy or see those that are dear to him suffer wrong," and he believes the same principle extends to nations. Peace that "serves merely as a mask for cowardice and sloth or as an instrument to further the ends of despotism or

anarchy" is a very evil thing. But advances in the direction of a righteous peace can be made by treaties covering "almost all questions liable to arise between nations"; by an extension of the plan of the Hague tribunals, especially the completion of the Court of Arbitral Justice; and by an agreement which would "put an end to the present costly and growing extravagance of expenditure on naval armaments." Then comes the following startling suggestion:

"Finally, it would be a master stroke if those great powers honestly bent on peace would form a League of Peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others. . . . Each nation must keep well prepared to defend itself until the establishment of some form of international police power, competent and willing to prevent violence as between nations. As things are now, such power to command peace throughout the world could best be assured by some combination between those great nations which sincerely desire peace and have no thought themselves of committing aggressions. The combination might at first be only to secure peace within certain definite limits and certain definite conditions; but the ruler or statesman who should bring about such a combination would have earned his place in history for all time and his title to the gratitude of all mankind."

* * *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT had reached Berlin and was in intimate personal communion with the Emperor William at the moment of his appointment by President Taft as special ambassador to represent this republic during the obsequies of Edward VII. Mr. Roosevelt, accordingly, went to London to figure in ceremonies quite different from that state banquet in the Guildhall at which his health was to have been proposed by the Lord Mayor. An entertainment planned along the lines of the great reception given to General Grant by the city of London thirty-three years ago gives way to the most imposing funeral this generation will probably witness. The keenness of the interest the English have for years felt in his personality can lose nothing from the dramatic transformation of the circumstances they expected to welcome him in, opines the Paris *Figaro*, an impression altogether confirmed by such London comment as has reached this side of the Atlantic. It did not escape the attention of the British newspapers that for once William II. was reticent after lionizing an illustrious guest. The Emperor departed from his invariable custom of author-



HOW ROOSEVELT EXPERIENCED VENICE

If the United States is the third naval power and if Theodore Roosevelt made it so, says the Vienna *Floh*, it is appropriate enough that he should be seen in a gondola.

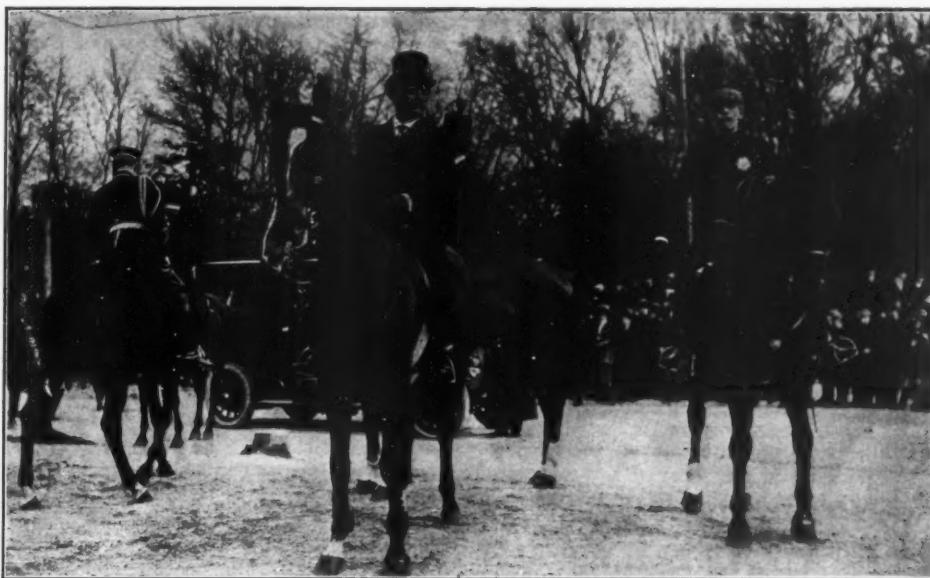
izing, for the benefit of the press, a version of what passed between himself and a renowned visitor to his capital. These two rulers of men passed hours together. What they said and how they exchanged impressions are themes upon which the European dailies have had to expatiate without anything in the nature of an

official clue. Mr. Roosevelt witnessed the manuevers of a whole army corps, but he was kept jealously out of range of the most eager journalist in the Prussian monarchy. His lecture on the future of western civilization was reported in full, but his talks with the Emperor are unreported.



"WE DESPISE AND ABHOR THE BULLY"

It is needless to indicate the source of this quotation, says the London *Standard*. The passage is from a speech by Theodore Roosevelt before the Academy of Moral and Political Science, which this picture permits us to form an idea of at the supreme moment when Theodore Roosevelt rounded out his thought, quoted above, by declaring: "We despise no less the coward and the voluptuary."

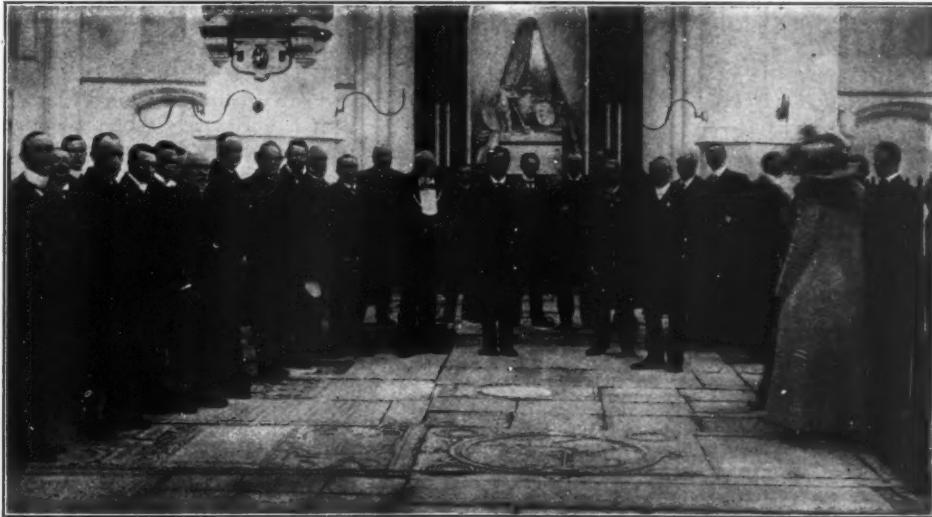


THE COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS AT A MILITARY REVIEW

One of the criticisms made by Theodore Roosevelt on this occasion—he was asked to make some comments—was that the men in the ranks had been put through their paces too swiftly for efficiency. Soldiers had been expected to do in a few hours what ought to be spread over days if the full benefit of the maneuvers was to be gained.

LITTLE doubt exists in the French and English journalistic mind that between Mr. Roosevelt and the German Emperor passed many mutual confidences on such topics as the Monroe Doctrine, naval power, and the next

great war. Not an authorized syllable validates such inferences, but the Paris *Temps* can not escape them. The Berlin press is too discreet on the whole subject to render its reflections piquant. On the subject of the lecture



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN THE CHURCH OF HIS FOREFATHERS

As a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, which he joined on confession of faith when a boy, the former President was "delighted" to be seen in the new church at Delft, in Holland, where his presence was one of the ceremonial occasions in the life of the congregation.

delivered by the illustrious American at the University of Berlin in the presence of the rector and faculty—to say nothing of the Emperor and Empress and four of their children—there is only enthusiasm. What is the lesson for us to-day? Are we to go the way of the older civilizations? These questions formed Mr. Roosevelt's cue in discussing the world movement, as he styled it. "I do not believe that our civilization will fall," he said. Yet it must do so if man, civilized man, loses his "fighting edge." "One of the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of the virile fighting virtues, of the fighting edge." The discourse was in large part an amplification of this thought.

NOTHING more palatable to Emperor William, in the form of a thesis, could be imagined, the Paris *Figaro* thinks. For once in its existence, too, the Bismarckian *Hamburger Nachrichten* can be fervent on the Rooseveltian theme. It hopes, in its capacity as a militarist organ, that the agitation against officers' duels will subside. That has been the aspiration of the Bismarckian daily for years. However, in winning militarist and capitalist applause, Mr. Roosevelt has compromised himself more and more with the Socialist press. The Berlin *Vorwärts*, for instance, always sarcastic at the Colonel's expense, has just arrayed itself frankly with the Rome *Avanti*, the Paris *Humanité* and the London *New Age* in finding him too Gothic, too barbarous, too bellicose. The Socialist organ last named has relieved its feelings by finding space for quite the most diabolistic interpretation of Theodore Roosevelt that has ever seen the light. Professor G. D. Herron—he who amazed so many over here by reorganizing his life on a basis inconsistent with traditional monogamy—writes in *The New Age*, organ of the intellectuals among England's Socialists, in this wise:

"He is the embodiment of man's return to the brute—the living announcement that man will again seek relief from the sickness of society in the bonds of an imposing savagery. He is a sign, and one of the makers, of universal decay. He is the glorification of what is rotten and reactionary in our civilization. To speak calmly of one whose life and achievements are a threat and an insult to the holiest spirit of mankind—this is not easy for anyone who cares about mankind or carries within himself the heart ache of the generations. About other men one may write judicially, and leave something for inference. But one can only write about Mr. Roosevelt by tell-

ing the truth about him; and that means the use of plain and terrible words. That is the tragedy and terror of having to speak of him at all.

"We are all afraid of him; we are afraid of him just as we are afraid of the plotted revenge, of the bludgeon from behind, of the knife in the back, of the thief in the dark. No one knows what this man will do if one enters the lists against him; but whatever he does it will be to avoid the question at issue and to come at you unawares; to seize an advantage that only the dishonorable and the shameless accept. Whatever he does, he will never fight you fair; he will never strike a blow that is not foul. . . .

"Mr. Roosevelt stands for a life that belongs to the lower barbarian and to the jungle. He has set before the youth of the nation the glory of the beast instead of the glory of the soul. The nation has been hypnotized and saturated with his horrible ideals as well as by his possessional and intimidating personality. Of course, the nation is itself to blame, and in this reveals its own decadence, for the heroes we worship and the ideals we cherish are the revelations of ourselves. Yet it is this one man more than all others who has awakened the instinct to kill and to conquer and all the sleeping savagery of the people. It is he who has put the blood cup to the lips of the nation and who bids the nation drink. And one of the strangest ironies that ever issued from academic ignorance and what will prove to be one of the historic stupidities, is the endowment of this naked militarist with the Nobel Peace Prize; and this because, in the interests of the great bankers and his own military policy, he was instrumental in depriving Japan of the full fruits of her victory."

NOR has Mr. Roosevelt reached what Professor Herron calls "the high noon of his day." It will be a long day and a dark day. He will return to the United States and rule it. "It is not merely that the nation is obsessed with Theodore Roosevelt; it is that a situation is arriving in which he will be the psychological necessity." Mr. Roosevelt foresaw this necessity and he rendered it inevitable by having Taft elected to the presidential dignity. "He knew that Taft would be a failure; that he would further confound the confusion toward which the nation was drifting." So Professor Herron ventures his prophecy. "Roosevelt will return to America and he will rule it. He carries the nation in the hollow of his hand. He will be elected president. There will be war with Japan for the market of China. . . . When he returns to Washington, he will return to stay as he means to stay. He is by nature a man utterly lawless." Theodore Roosevelt's past has, Professor Herron feels, been only his dawn.

Theodore Roosevelt's future will be his day. "It will be one of the harshest and bitterest days in the still-continuing pilgrimage of mankind through the wilderness." Nor can it be affirmed that, in making these statements, Professor Herron finds no support in the Socialist organs of Europe generally. They were always sarcastic at the expense of the great American. They begin now to manifest a downright hostility of which professor Herron, writing from the Socialist standpoint, makes himself the leading exponent.

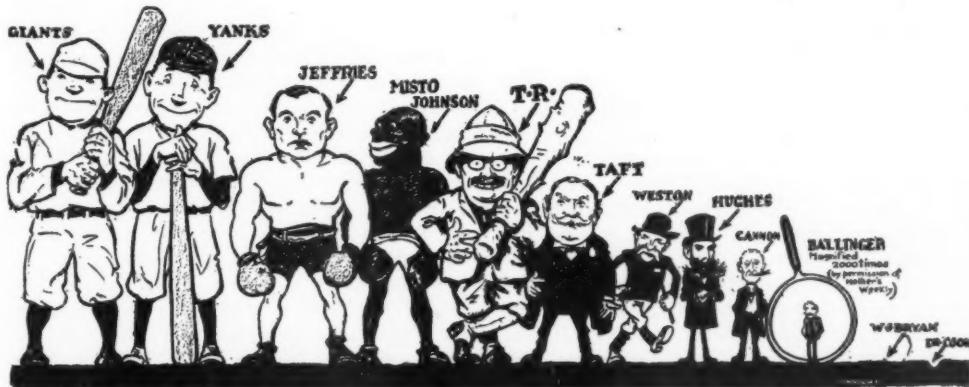
BY WAY of contrast with this spirit of criticism manifested in Socialist sheets should be cited the enthusiasm of such conservative organs as the London *Times*. "Mr. Roosevelt," it says, "has won for himself a position of privilege in the world." In his rapid tour of Europe he commands the honors reserved ordinarily for crowned heads alone:

"He enjoys a freedom of speech which no crowned head could exercise without provoking commotions among his foreign hearers and among his own people at home. Straight from his reception at what is the most conservative of the Imperial Courts of Europe, he delighted the Hungarians by a stirring harangue at Budapest. His welcome in Paris has been such as was fitting for the first private citizen of the great Republic of the New World to meet in the great Republic of the Old. . . . He lectured his French hearers upon 'the duties of a citizen,' as he conceives them, in the same direct and downright fashion in which he has so often spoken to his fellow-citizens at home. The theme, too, was the same—so simple and so manifest when expressed in general propositions, and so difficult and perplexing in its practical applications. He did not flatter his hearers or seek to avoid delicate topics, or strive to tickle their ears

by telling them some new thing. If that was what any of them came to hear, they went away disappointed; for, broadly speaking, the moral basis of citizenship as laid down by Mr. Roosevelt is as old as Christianity, and a good deal of it much older. Speaking, as he was, to an intellectual audience in the *Ville Lumière*, he did not hesitate to denounce intellectual isolation and cynicism as the signs of weakness and not of strength. The gospel of work is as dear to Mr. Roosevelt as ever it was to the sternest of medieval moralists, and so, too, is the gospel of the family. To him, as to them, the promise 'Thy seed shall inherit the earth' is among the first of benedictions. In a country whose native population has been stationary for generations—and lately shows less signs of increase than ever—Mr. Roosevelt preached the duties of paternity and of maternity with a wholesome zeal."

* * *

OH, COME! let us leave such secondary topics as the new King of Great Britain, Roosevelt's tour and Taft's struggles and consider something of real importance. Already the great event that is to take place in Emeryville, California, on July 4, is casting its shadows over a palpitating world. England and France, China and Japan, Australia and Hawaii, are even now starting their delegations toward the Golden Gate. Already are the press correspondents gathering in force in San Francisco hopeful of picking up a few crumbs of news each day for yearning millions of readers. The clicking of cameras assumes a likeness to that famous British drum-beat which, we are told, is one continuous performance day and night. Special excursion trains by the score are being organized to take care of the coming multitudinous rush across the continent. The moving-picture-show managers



RELATIVE NEWS VALUES

—Enright in New York *Globe*



THE FAMOUS CROUCH

Mr. James Jeffries, who retired from the ring as the world's champion, is declared by James Corbett to be the greatest fighter that ever lived. He has a knock-out blow in his left as well as his right hand and he needs to advance it but seven inches to make it effective.

are making their bookings for all parts of the country. The telegraph and telephone companies are stringing new wires, the hotel men in San Francisco have already orders for reservations of thousands of rooms, and in Emeryville a great Coliseum is being constructed, to measure 260 feet from side to side, to have twenty-four exits, and to have in the center a twenty-four foot postless "ring" which will be the focus for 60,000 staring eyes when the great event begins. That is to say, if the Rev. Dr. John Wesley Hill and other preachers do not first succeed in converting all the pugilists and thus "queering" the game.

THE laws of California forbid prize-fights, but allow boxing matches. Therefore is the contest between Mr. James Jeffries, known as "the Hope of the White Race," and Mr. Jack Johnson, known as "the Negroes' Deliverer," to be a simple little boxing match. Governor Gillett has been told so by the managers themselves. Everything is to be legal. Mr. Jeffries's huge fists will be encased in five-ounce gloves that he may not hurt his opponent too much when he caresses his dusky features. Both men will be solemnly examined by physicians before they are allowed to enter the ring, in order to see that they are fit for the physical strain of a boxing match. The athletic club of Emeryville has been duly incorporated and \$2,500 has been paid for a license duly signed, sealed and delivered. "So far as I can see," says the Governor, "it is not up to me to do anything . . . since the law of California, which represents the deliberately expressed will of the people of the state, permits such a contest, why should I even consider putting a stop to it?" But the preachers of San Francisco, Berkeley, Oakland and other places in the state are sermonizing against the great fight and holding earnest consultations on the subject of how to prevent it from taking place. And hundreds of preachers from other states, so it is reported, are organizing for a series of evangelistic meetings to be held in San Francisco for several weeks before the event, with street processions and tent meetings and earnest exhortations on the plan pursued by "Gypsy" Smith last winter in Chicago.

WHAT is by many regarded as a real social peril likely to grow out of this bout in California is a quickening of race antagonism. For the first time, the championship of the world is to be contested for by a white man and a black man. The projected contest is "even now increasing a tension already stretched to the snapping-point," writes E. L. Blackshear, negro principal of the State Normal and Industrial College in Prairie View, Texas. Incalculable harm, he thinks, will ensue if the fight goes on. Johnson's return from Australia as the world's champion has already had, we are told, a distinctly bad effect. For him to defend the championship in this country successfully will be a still more dangerous thing. "If Johnson wins," says Mr. Blackshear, "the anti-negro sentiment will quickly and dangerously collect itself ready to strike back at any undue exhibition of rejoicing on the part of negroes. Race prejudice is al-

ready sufficiently acute in the United States. This fight ought to be called off." This, in the opinion of the *New York Times*, is undoubtedly the most important aspect of the fight. No matter which way the fight turns out, anxiety in regard to the effects is well justified. "If the black man wins, thousands and thousands of his ignorant brothers will misinterpret his victory as justifying claims to much more than mere physical equality with their white neighbors. If the negro loses, the members of his race will be taunted and irritated because of their champion's downfall." This aspect of the fight gives it an importance never before attaching to a prize-fight, and gives to a discussion of the relative "merits" of the two men something beside a sporting interest.

IN SPITE of the legislative checks that have been put upon the fighting game in this country of late years, prize-fighting has developed, as never before, into a well-organized "profession." The capable boxer, says a writer in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, can make a good living and can look forward to large financial returns if he can get close to the championship class. In addition to the prices paid him for the fights in which he engages, and for theatrical exhibitions, there is now added the profits that come to him from the moving-picture shows. Edward B. Moss, in an article in *Harper's Weekly*, estimates the sum that Jeffries will receive if he wins this fight with Johnson. Before he went into training, he made a vaudeville tour which netted him \$62,000. The stakes of this fight amount to \$101,000, of which the winner gets seventy-five per cent, or \$75,750. He will get also one-third of the receipts of the moving-picture shows afterward, and this, it is calculated, will amount to \$330,000, as the net receipts, it is presumed, will amount to at least one million dollars. Then a tentative contract has already been made by Jeffries for a round-the-world tour if he wrests the championship from Johnson. He is guaranteed \$150,000 for this tour. It will probably net him \$200,000. These items will give him a grand total of \$667,750! Johnson will get less, if he is the winner, as the moving pictures in that event will be far less popular. But his grand total is likely to go pretty close to \$400,000. "These horny-fisted survivals of the Stone Age," remarks Mr. Moss, "are, after all, the real money-makers. Primitive nature seems to reward her followers handsomely despite civilization's boasted triumphs."



ON GUARD

Jack Johnson, whose possession of the championship of the world has brought Jeffries back into the ring, is described as almost as clever in boxing as Corbett himself, and he never loses his temper. Sociologists are worrying over the possible racial results of his fight with Jeffries, no matter which wins.

INTO the Ballinger investigation, dribbling along week after week with inconclusive testimony, suddenly entered, about the middle of the month, a sensational affidavit. It was made by Frederick M. Kerby, a stenographer in Secretary Ballinger's office, and for a while it seemed to be a shattering blow to the defense of the Secretary's course and an impeachment of good faith on the part not only of the Attorney-General, but of the President himself. It will be remembered that the Glavis charges were reviewed by the President last September and declared false and misleading, Glavis being dismissed from the serv-

ice and Ballinger exonerated. When Congress called for the documents in the case later on, a review of the charges by Attorney-General Wickersham was included, dated prior to the President's review, and upon which, apparently, the President largely based his own review. The allegation has from time to time been irresponsibly made since that Mr. Wickersham's review was actually written after the President's and was dated back in order to make it appear to be the basis of the President's own conclusions; but that, as a matter of fact, the President's review was based, not on his own examination of the documents nor on Mr. Wickersham's examination, but on a brief prepared by Oscar Lawler, an assistant attorney-general assigned to duty in the Interior Department as legal adviser to Secretary Ballinger. Lawler's brief was asked for by the attorney representing Glavis before the investigating committee. It was not forthcoming. It could not be found. Mr. Wickersham, however, appeared and admitted that his documentary review of the Glavis charges had been written after the President's review, but had been dated back because he had made a verbal report to the same effect before the President had acted.

THEN came Kerby's affidavit, stating that Lawler had dictated to him the statement which had been used by the President as the basis of his review. Says Kerby: "The general arrangement of facts—the order in which they come—in the President's letter is practically identical with the arrangement of facts in the final Lawler draft, or so-called memorandum. In general, Taft softened Lawler's draft, and doubtless very materially changed the wording, in that he substituted for certain Lawler phrases phrases of his own meaning the same thing." According to Kerby, Lawler's review was couched in such form that it was obviously designed for the President to adopt and sign as his own. Half an hour after Kerby's affidavit was published, the Attorney-General sent the Lawler brief to the investigating committee, saying it had been previously overlooked. In the meantime an "official denial" was issued from the White House (in the absence of Mr. Taft), saying "there is absolutely no foundation" for the assertion that the President's review had been "substantially prepared" for him to sign by Mr. Lawler. Comparisons between the rediscovered Lawler brief and the President's review showed, how-

ever, that the President had obviously made some use of the brief, whole sentences and even several entire paragraphs being quoted from it. Then the President returned, and, after conference with Mr. Wickersham and Secretaries Nagel and Dickinson, did what somebody ought to have done long before, namely, made a frank and full statement of the whole case, in a letter to the investigating committee.

IT APPEARS that when he first received the Glavis charges, the President turned them over to the Attorney-General, who made notes regarding them. Then he and the President and two others of the Cabinet discussed the charges "fully." Copies were made and sent to Ballinger, who submitted an answer. The President sat up until 3 o'clock A. M., reading the answer, and had two conferences with Ballinger. On the second conference, Mr. Lawler being also present, the President asked him to draw up a full statement such as he, Lawler, thought the President ought to make. The President had already, by this time, made up his mind that there was nothing in the charges. While Lawler was preparing his brief, the President gave further personal consideration to the case, and summoned Mr. Wickersham for another conference. The latter brought with him the Lawler brief. This was September 12, in the morning. In the evening Mr. Wickersham returned with his notes on the whole case and another conference was held. In the meantime the President had prepared his own opinion, using "only a few paragraphs" from the Lawler document, and these "containing merely general statements." For lack of time, the President was not able to embody in his own opinion Mr. Wickersham's oral analysis and written notes, but he made changes in his own review as a result of this analysis, and "directed" the Attorney-General to make a written statement of his analysis, file it with the record and date it prior to the date of the President's opinion, "so as to show that my decision was fortified by his summary and his conclusions therefrom." In these words the President takes upon himself the whole responsibility for antedating the document, and reasserts that his opinion was based upon his own reading of the record, as well as upon the Attorney-General's opinion, and the incident temporarily terminated, after a rather distressing twenty-four hours for the country, in the summary dismissal of Mr. Kerby.

Persons in the Foreground

THE NEW KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AS A FAMILY MAN

ONE characteristic of the new occupant of the throne of Great Britain, and only one, has been made much of by the innumerable writers who have sketched his personality for some years past—his fondness for domestic life. The late king of England was not what would be deemed a typically devoted husband and father. His successor is little known in any other capacity. George V., in this forty-fifth year of his age, finds himself the parent of six children, the oldest a lad well along in his teens and the youngest a boy still in short dresses except on the ceremonial occasions when he is rigged out in kilts or in a sailor's uniform. The new Queen has always been as fond of the conventional family life as is her consort. Between them, they have reared their offspring. This, observes a recent writer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, is the whole story of the pair, and it has been varied only by the occasional long tours to distant parts of the British Empire which devolved upon the new monarch when he held the rank and title of Prince of Wales.

The countless studies of the character of George V., published in London dailies any time these past five years, assume accordingly a somewhat monotonous form as the record of the highly respectable pursuits of a rural resident with a large family who makes occasional visits to the metropolis for purely social purposes—accompanied, of course, by his wife. It is an open secret that the new King of England is by no means such a master in his own house as in legal theory one must assume that he is. On the other hand, few husbands and fathers enjoy such absolute domestic bliss. "The outside world," to quote a recent sketch in the London *News*, "knows but little of the daily life of the royal couple, but those within the charmed circle understand that there are few families in the kingdom more affectionate or united." This is no conventional utterance, based upon platitude. It seems to correspond to the realities, as the London *Post* expresses it, "of a rarely perfect mating."

To the members of his immediate family, to the Queen as well as to his children, the new sovereign is simply "Daddy." The new Queen

is known to her little ones and to her husband as "Mammy." In his public speeches, the King refers not to any titled personage when he speaks of his consort, but to "my wife." The Queen uses the words "my husband." The King, in the course of his visits to hospitals and to children's shelters, has been known to discourse at length upon such themes as the rearing of children and the proper way of feeding them. "A most homely couple," is the verdict of the London *News*, and the facts seem to bear out the characterization.

Even the most devoted admirer of the new ruler of the British Empire will admit the truth of the assertion in the Paris *Figaro* that he is inferior to his late father in what are known as the polite accomplishments. The superiority of the father to the son was pointed out in a study of their respective characters in the French daily not long before the sudden demise of Edward VII. The new King is made out to be sadly deficient in "culture"—that is, in his acquaintance with the literature of Europe, in his ability to appreciate pictures and statues and in his knowledge of the etiquette of court life. Assertions that he is a born orator, a finished artist and the like may reflect a courtier's opinion, but not that of an expert. Edward VII. had courtly things at the tips of his fingers. He regulated for himself every detail of that punctilious code of deportment prevailing during the eight years of his reign. King George has absolutely no sense of such things. His knowledge of English history is also impeached in the French daily to the extent, at least, of having it seem that he did not know precisely who Aspasia was.

It is in the character of a husband and father that the new occupant of the throne of Great Britain has endeared himself to the people of the realm. His six children have been from their infancy his playmates. Only a little while before the death of the late sovereign, the new king had been on a visit with the present Queen to their eldest son at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. This son, soon to be Prince of Wales, was christened Edward, but he is known in the family as "Davie." Prince Edward would have been called "Eddie," but that the widow of the late

King could not bear to hear the name of the late Duke of Clarence used in her hearing. Hence the next Prince of Wales is known in the royal family by the diminutive of his last name. The next Prince of Wales, by the way, was baptized with water brought from the River Jordan. All the children of the new King are of the fair Saxon type—blue eyes, clear complexions and golden hair. All six seem to be robust and active. Five are boys and one is a girl, and each has a little savings bank account at the post office, where Princess Mary repairs with her book and stands in line like one of the plain people.

Nothing could be less like the traditional majesty of a monarch than the manner of the new King of England. He has a penchant, according to a writer in the *Paris Figaro*, for slapping his intimates on the back and hailing them by their first names. "Anything formal or what we would call stilted seems to give pain to this member of the most formal royal family in Europe." Nor is the language of the King in the least suggestive of his rank, if what is said regarding his tendency to slangy speech be true. He picks up all the catch phrases of the street or of the music halls and retails them in ordinary discourse with the readiness of a street urchin. The new sovereign has not the full voice of his late father. King Edward could easily fill a vast hall and his speeches from the throne were audible to every occupant of the House of Lords on the great ceremonial occasions of the opening of Parliament. King George lacks this oratorical grandeur, and he is equally destitute of what may be called a royal vocabulary.

Shooting is the favorite recreation out doors of this informal sovereign. The new King of England would, in private life, be deemed a great lover of Nature. For one thing he is an early riser. The *London News* has dwelt much upon this trait in its various accounts of the bucolic propensities of one whose personality is known well to but a few. While Prince of Wales his favorite place of residence was York Cottage, where he led the life of a country gentleman, interesting himself in the state of his crops, in the condition of his stables and above all in the shooting. It might be suspected that the general agreement among the new King's friends that he is an excellent shot is but a form of flattery. In reality the evidence on the subject is too substantial to be ignored. The King has loved to shoot all his life. His singular accuracy of eye, his expert knowledge of the merits of rifles and of

guns, his bags when he spends a morning with the guns in Scotland and his readiness to give an exhibition of his skill to the skeptical are circumstances establishing his prowess in the hunting field or on the moors beyond all cavil. The *London News* can cite chapter and verse in support of its statement that he is the best shot in England.

In personal accomplishments the new King is admittedly the inferior of his wife. Her Majesty has long been known as one of the most graceful dancers in Europe. The King dances very awkwardly. The Queen is celebrated for the perfection of her taste in dressing. The King is decidedly informal in his sartorial effects. When they visit a foreign court it is remarked that the Queen attends the balls while the King goes off for a day's shooting. It has been remarked that the King is infinitely fonder of the open air than is the Queen, who during the reign of the late Edward displayed such a languid interest in the meets at Ascot that her presence had to be enforced by an express command from Windsor. Sport has never been a passion with the Queen, whereas the one recreation of His Majesty takes that form. In another respect the pair are more in harmony, for they both make a point of regular attendance at church. The piety of the King is, like the piety of the Queen, so marked that any failure on the part of a member of the suite to appear in his place promptly when the royal couple reach the church is a cause of embarrassment to the delinquent.

Another distinction between the new King and the new Queen is drawn in European dailies with reference to their conversational proclivities. The King, altho by no means a brilliant talker, is much disposed to chat. He enters into conversation readily upon any theme. His laugh is as loud as it is ready. His Majesty would be deemed pretty good company anywhere and his popularity is based to a great extent upon this circumstance. The Queen of England has been described even in London papers as the most reserved woman in the world. She talks little to anyone not in her suite. Her extreme reticence has often excited comment and the trait is attributed sometimes to shyness and sometimes to haughtiness. Unlike the King, too, she has a taste for ceremony and for etiquette. The social history of the new reign will be made by her, not by him. This will differentiate the new reign from the one that immediately preceded it, for Edward VII. always insisted upon making all

the rules in force at his court. In one respect, the traditional severity at Buckingham Palace will not be relaxed. The new Queen of England hates divorce and divorcees.

The children of the King are fairly well known by sight to Londoners. The two eldest often go about the main thoroughfares in the company of one of their tutors. At a charity concert in London, according to the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, there happened to be a complete model of a field gun that hit the fancy of the royal children hugely. It was finally bestowed upon them with the compliments of one of the patronesses. Not until they had possessed the weapon for quite a while did they discover that it was filled with caramels. The children at once sold these to the bystanders for a considerable sum and the proceeds went to the charity bazaar. All the children have an intense love of everything military—sabers and flags, drilling and marching, saluting and standing at guard. This reflects their natural bent, apparently, and is not the result of the determination of their parents to make soldiers of them after the fashion that prevails among German royalties. They are particular adepts at drilling, knowing the words of command by heart. They take turns at commanding. When they were drilling each other once, the new Prince of Wales was heard to say to his sister, the Princess Mary, when she raised her hand to salute: "No, don't you salute. Only men do that."

A photographer who went to Marlborough House—where the new King resided as Prince of Wales—tells a pretty story in the London *Sphere*. The details of the posing were decided for the little ones by their father, the new King. They were seemingly impressed by a sense of the solemnity of the proceedings. "Let us sing the anthem," said Princess Mary. They started "God save the King!" and sang it through. When the photograph had been taken, the new King, who had not ascended the throne then, demanded that the photographer be taken too. There was no alternative but to submit. The royal amateur set the cap, the photograph was developed by the royal hands and came out very well. It was kept by the Prince, as he then was, for exhibition to his wife, who, like the widow of King Edward, is devoted to the art of the camera. It is said to be the only camera work of which King George has ever been guilty. His children have been photographed many times, altho Prince Albert and Princess Victoria are bad subjects. They will not keep still. "I'll hold

them," said the head of the family on one occasion, whereupon he placed his arms about their necks, standing himself in the middle, and the ensuing photograph was one of the most successful ever made. The new monarch is himself a very good photographic subject. He selects his own poses.

No one need be in the least backward in recognizing the new King of England when he is encountered in the street. He rather likes this public recognition and while Prince of Wales he seldom failed to respond with a military salute. This trait likewise characterizes his eldest son, the coming Prince of Wales, who from his infancy was taught to wave his little hand at the passers by. The next Prince of Wales, by the way, will be fifteen years old this month. The Princess Mary—now Princess Royal of England—is known as the diamond jubilee baby, for she came into the world two months prior to the diamond jubilee celebration of the late Queen Victoria. She received the names of Victoria Alexandra Mary, after her great-grandmother and her two grandmothers. For some years she was called Princess Victoria, but as her aunt had the same name it became confusing and now she is referred to as "Princess Mary." Being the only girl among five boys, she has occupied a privileged position. Once asked which she preferred, her father or her mother, she answered:

"Daddy spoils us most."

During the diabolo craze, which assumed an acute form in this family, she soon proved an expertness superior to that of the King, her father. She enjoys games of cricket with her brothers and with her father. The King has not yet permitted her to take up golf, altho the Prince of Wales is allowed to experiment on the links occasionally. The royal children have two pairs of driving ponies, says Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley in the London *Girl's Realm*. Within the grounds of Frogmore she and her brothers have learned to drive like practiced whips. Another delight to the Princess Royal is the home farm and dairy, where she feeds the poultry, superintends the making of butter, and when the court is at Windsor, takes many a ride on the top of a hay wagon. Perhaps the greatest delight of all at Frogmore is the picnicking at Virginia Water, where the children invite their father to tea with them aboard a smart little craft used by the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert in supplementing their studies as naval cadets.

THE RETIRING SENATOR HALE

THREE are two ways of playing the political game. One is to do everything—or appear to—in the broad glare of publicity, talking freely to the press representatives, going to all sorts of functions and mixing with all kinds of voters. This is the Roosevelt brand of politics, also the Bryan brand, also the Blaine brand, also the brand of nearly every popular idol in our history. The other way is the pontifical way. Keep yourself enwrapped in a shroud of mystery. Speak but seldom and always with an air of finality. Take yourself very seriously and carry a heavy load of responsibility with an air of awe-inspiring gravity. That was Tilden's way. Also Cleveland's. It is also the way of Senator Eugene Hale, the "father of the Senate," who has now announced his intention to abandon his child and let it shift for itself in the days that are to come.

There is hardly a man in public life who has kept his real personality out of the lime-light more successfully. For nearly thirty years he has been in the United States Senate and for ten years he was in the House of Representatives. That takes us back to within four years of the close of the Civil War. For three of those four years he was in the Maine legislature, and for nine years before that he was a county attorney in Maine. His congressional life, therefore, began only a few years after the firing upon Fort Sumter. Yet the man Hale that is back of the Senator Hale is still obscure and unrevealed. The Maine iceberg he has been called by the newspaper men, and one of them—the correspondent of the *St. Louis Republic*—says that for years one of the Washington dailies has been accustomed to test a new reporter by sending him after an interview with Senator Hale. "If the young man returned alive and persisted in his purpose to continue in the newspaper business he was regarded as a 'find' and afterward accorded prompt promotion."

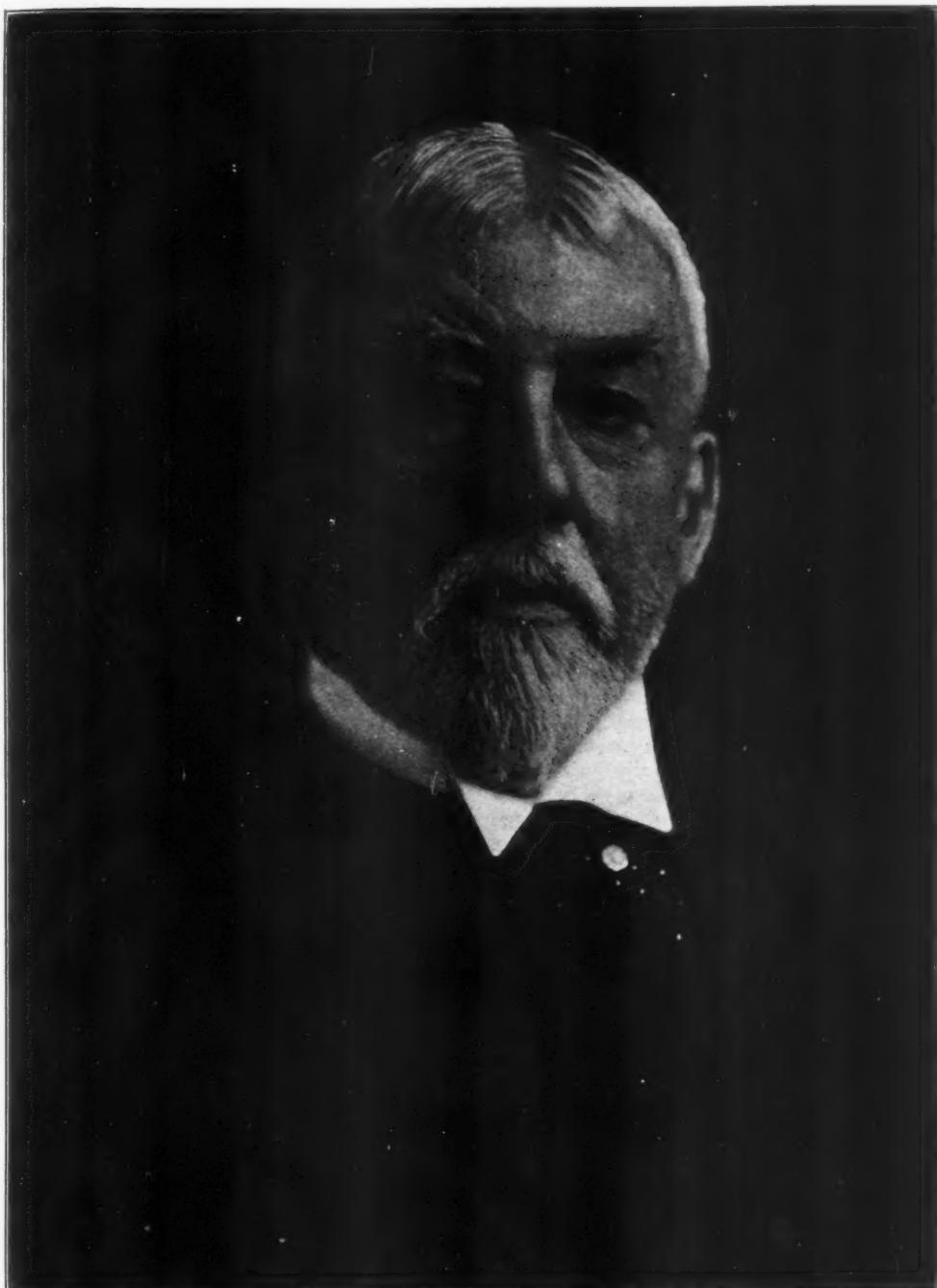
Here is a picture of Hale in the Senate which the lively but hyperbolic correspondent of the *Saturday Evening Post* has drawn for its readers:

"He has been sitting at his desk brooding over our ultimate and dark-brown destiny, and some Senator, whose heart is not bowed down with weight of woe, does something that attracts his attention. He rises, calmly and in a dignified manner, and sweeps an imperious eye around.

He takes his glasses and beats time with them to the measured cadence of his voice. 'Now, Mr. President,' he says, with that air of condescension that causes most of the other members of the body to grip the arms of their chairs to keep from getting up and butting their heads against the wall in frenzy of impotent anger—'Now, Mr. President—' and he is off. He reads his lecture slowly. The Senator he has in mind is wrong. That is natural, for he has been a Senator only sixteen years, and is not on to all the curves as yet. . . . The Senator is to be excused, for he knows no better, but it must not happen again."

"He is in continuous session," remarks the same correspondent, "as a Grand Lodge of Sorrow on the tendencies of the times, and the only place his eyes can get a focus on the republic is prostrate in the dust." The newspaper men have all, in fact, with one accord, described the Senator's personality in terms that indicate their dislike. They say that he goes to and from the Capitol in a closed carriage to avoid mixing with the throng; that he once got out of an elevator in the Senate wing because somebody stepped in who was not, in Hale's judgment, entitled to ride in that elevator; that his social life, altho he has wealth and a "palatial home" on the corner of K and Sixteenth streets, is exceedingly exclusive; and that he treats his own constituents with a cold austerity almost unexampled in Washington. In painting a picture, one must have some way of getting somber effects. Hale has been furnishing somber effects for the word-paintings of Washington correspondents for many years.

Now some of these scribes begin to relent. After all, they hasten to explain, the Senator has been a genuinely useful man. "It is true," remarks the correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, "that he has always dared to be disagreeable; he has never taken a course solely because it was popular, if indeed he has not sometimes been deterred from it on that account. He has been described as the only Senator who has told every President exactly what he thought of his policies. Hale's adverse criticism in the White House has been just as succinct and distinct as anywhere else. But the Presidents with whom Hale has differed, and the list has been long, always compliment his squareness; they say he is not two-faced; they know where to find him. This is also the testimony of his associates on the floor."



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THE MOST IMMOVABLE OF ALL THE "STANDPATTERS"

Senator Hale, who has announced his intention to retire from public life at the end of his present term, has been in the Senate a little less than thirty years, and his legislative life carries him back to the Civil War period.

When Hale first arrived in Washington in the late sixties, according to the *Transcript* writer, he was the most typical looking Reuben to be found in Congress. "A thin, wiry man of the typical Yankee type, he wore the Uncle Sam chin whiskers of a then unfashionable variety. These in the old newspaper cuts make him look older than he does today, with his closely-cut Van Dyke beard and his carefully-trimmed bangs. The credit for the change is given to Blaine, whose right-hand man Hale was, and so faithful a lieutenant did he become of the great leader that he was originally known as 'Bubby' Hale. Mr. Blaine, among other things, according to current legend, explained to Hale how much better he would look if his trousers were lowered a little and his hair and whiskers trimmed more fashionably."

He developed socially, married the daughter of Zach Chandler, Senator from Michigan, and began to plod his way upward. He dazzled no one, but he was always "on his job." Blaine coruscated like an aurora borealis. Frye was strong in forensic debate and on the platform in all national campaigns. "Tom" Reed slashed with his glittering broadsword or thrust with the rapier of his wit while the whole country applauded or cursed, as the case might be. Maine men were at the front in most of our political tourneys for a generation at least. But the undramatic Eugene Hale went along in a quiet, unobtrusive way, rarely drawing the lightning and seldom featured in a newspaper. To-day, by sheer staying qualities, he is chairman of the important committee on appropriations, acting chairman of the committee on public expenditures, and one of the weightiest members of the committees on finance and naval affairs and census. Even the Springfield *Republican*, so progressive as to be almost radical at times, and in sympathy with the "insurgents," says of him editorially that he "has not been moved by every wind of opinion, but has stood for honor, economy, and the finest patriotism as he saw it"; and he "has saved millions upon millions to the people from time to time" because of his "unsurpassed intimate knowledge of important departments of the nation's house-keeping."

Hale is one of the original "standpatters" on the protective tariff, and he was much less flexible than Aldrich in the recent revision of the tariff schedule. It was due more to him than to anyone else that the plan for a tariff commission was whittled down to such a thin

edge that the original sponsor for it, Senator Beveridge, has repudiated it with scorn. Hale objected even to the tariff concessions for the Philippines and to free raw materials for Panama. His recent letter announcing his intentions to retire at the end of his present term was an alarmist proclamation to his fellow citizens in Maine to beware of the conspiracy that is on foot to ruin the industries of that State by undermining the protection policy. His departure and Aldrich's departure, just as the insurgent movement in the Republican party is attaining such strength and just as President Taft is getting his tariff commission into shape for an extended investigation, bodes ill in the near future for the high protection policy of the past quarter of a century. The successors of these two men may be just as rigid protectionists, but their power over legislation will be but a small fraction of that exercised by the present incumbents.

Hale has also been out of touch with the present tendency to extend the regulations of the federal government over the trusts and railways. Not that he is, necessarily, in close personal sympathy with "the interests," but that he distrusts the policy of federal fraternalism almost as much as an ante-bellum Democrat. He was one of the most bitter opponents, also, of the war with Spain and of our acquisition afterward of the Philippines. Frye, who will take Hale's place as senior Senator from Maine and as "father of the Senate"—he entered the Senate only two weeks later than Hale—is a more progressive man than Hale, tho four years his senior. He and Hale have frequently differed rather conspicuously in matters of policy. Frye has been a campaigner in many States and understands how to gage the temper of the public far better than Hale ever could understand it. There has never been any such break between the two men as there was between Hale and Reed, who for years did not speak to each other.

One of the admirers of the retiring Senator is Gertrude Atherton, and it is supposed that her novel, "Senator North," is based upon his character and his career.

As Senator Hale is about to step down, his son, Colonel Hale, begins an active campaign for a congressional nomination by attempting to horsewhip an editor who accused his mother of a lack of scrupulousness in behalf of her son's ambition. Nobody was hurt except, perhaps, the Senator, whose feelings must have been ruffled by such an unwanted blaze of publicity upon affairs of the family.

THE RUSSIAN SEMIRAMIS ON TRIAL FOR MURDER IN VENICE.

IN THE extent to which she has concentrated upon herself the attention of the whole civilized world, the Countess Marie Nikolaievna Tarnovska, whose trial upon a charge of inciting one of her lovers to plot murder with another, lured crowds from every land in Europe to the Grand Canal in Venice, has no parallel among women since the execution of Marie Antoinette. The most serious journals abroad, from the London *Times* in England to the Madrid *Epoca* in Spain, have studied her personality and career either psychologically from the standpoint of Lombroso or dramatically as a series of theatrical episodes, and one and all abandon the mystery of her past and present as insoluble. Her elopement at seventeen with the wealthy Count Tarnovsky; the tragedy involving her first lover, of whose murder her husband was acquitted; the more poignant tragedy of the youth whose suicide, because she failed to appear beneath his window, was a mere episode in her sentimental Odyssey; her flight from her husband's roof with the alleged accomplice in the last murder provoked by her fascinations; the infatuation of the youth who shot a wealthy nobleman to whom she had been kind—these preliminaries to her present dilemma have lost no element of their human interest in the studies of Tarnovska's temperament with which European dailies edify their readers. The dramatic values of her personality eclipse the importance of the murder of Count Komaroffsky, the occasion of the long trial which finds in Venice its theatrical setting. The riddle of the case is to ascertain if and how she conspired with Prilukoff, in whose company she abandoned her husband's roof in Russia, to prompt Naumoff, the morbid lad so madly infatuated with herself, to slay Komaroffsky. Komaroffsky was so desperately in love with this woman that he had been spending his vast wealth prodigally to win her for his bride.

The prisoners in the case, therefore, include, beside the Russian Semiramis herself, the youth Naumoff, whose love the lady tested by burning his fingers with the tip of her cigaret. Every time he winced she proclaimed passionate doubt of his constancy. He could appease her only by having his bare arms scratched with the point of her hat-pin. She explained that she loved him more when she saw him suffering. As a supreme test, he slew her

fiancé, Count Komaroffsky, who had insured his life in her favor.

No less conspicuous, in the character of prisoner as well as lover, is the Moscow lawyer, who defended the Countess when her husband sued for a divorce. Prilukoff, having professed his passion for the Tarnovska, was made to prove its disinterestedness by copious draughts of nauseous compounds and the application of red hot iron to his neck and chin. He, too, was subjected to a supreme test—the abandonment of his wife and children and the embezzlement of a client's money. Prilukoff it was, seemingly, who instigated Naumoff to kill Komaroffsky.

The last figure in the tragedy is the maid of the Countess Tarnovska, a girl named Elise Perrier, who vainly strove to convince each of the three men—or so she says—that he was not the sole object of the adoration of her mistress. Komaroffsky's conviction of her fidelity is said to have been based upon a predilection his betrothed had for cutting her initials into his skin with a dagger. She wrote an elegy upon her murdered lover, after the opening of her trial, an elegy proving, the Paris *Figaro* says, "exquisite poetical sensibility." She is credited with knowing most of Dante by heart.

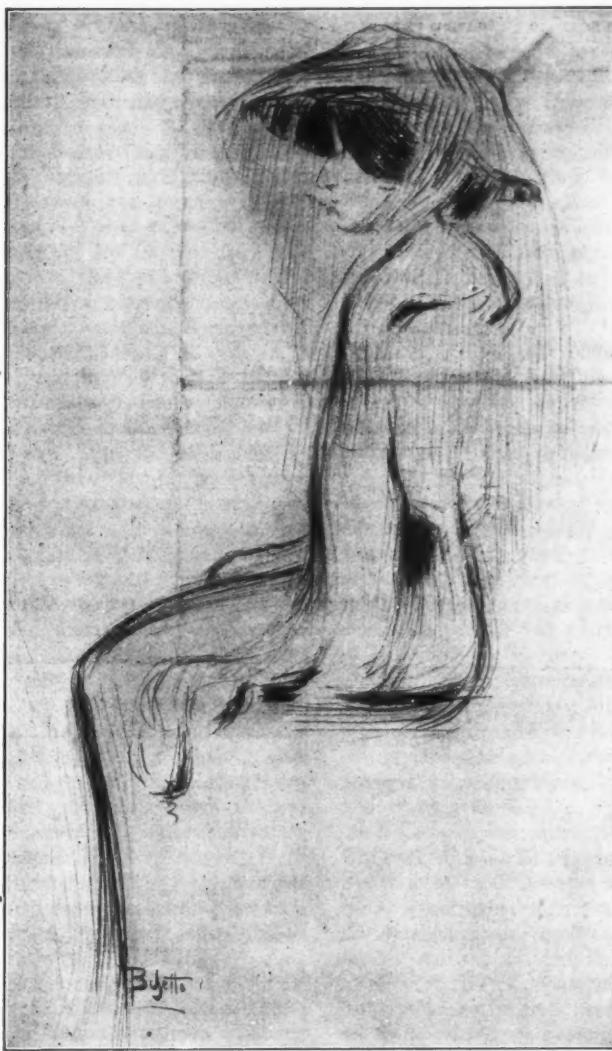
It is to the sorcery of her eyes—those wide, staring, night-like, hypnotic, black eyes—that Marie Nikolaievna, Countess Tarnovska, is chiefly indebted for a celebrity comparable only with that of Phryne among the ancients. "Amazing" is the term for those orbs in the judgment of the special correspondent in Venice of the London *Mail*. "Only Guy de Maupassant," he avers, "if he were alive, or Gabriel d'Annunzio, if he cared to, could describe the peculiar power of those weird black eyes. The wonder about the eyes of Marie Nikolaievna—and this no doubt may seem a paradox—is that they are totally expressionless. Their stare, their size and their shade never vary. I have observed her for thirty minutes while the clock of the court struck the hour and then the half hour, and I did not see those uncanny eyes blink a single time. And yet those inscrutable eyes appear to read one's very soul." Nor has this inscrutability daunted the powers of characterization and of analysis of that brilliant French woman of letters who writes for the Paris *Gaulois* under the pen name of Daniel Lesueur. She caught the overwhelming Tarnovska eyes full with her

own. "The young woman has a long, pale visage wherein at first one sees but the eyes. Are they very beautiful? Have they that captivating potency which imposes itself upon the very children, if we are to credit the mother of the murdered man himself, the Countess Komaroffsky? The son of the victim, a mere boy, seems to have declared that he felt the eye of the Tarnovska, whom he adored, fixed upon him even when he did not see her and that disobedience of the behest in those eyes was utterly impossible." That air of melancholy with which her countenance is clouded, adds the correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, himself a critic of distinction, grows poignant when tears dim the lustre of her eyes and makes one realize the perfect art of "depicting Helen in tears the first time she appears in the Iliad, where her charms extort even from the venerable fathers of Troy one of the highest encomiums that ever were pronounced on beauty." Nothing to this observer so breathes the soul of poetry as the expression of these eyes, in which "the beautiful grief" of the prisoner quite extinguishes any idea of her legal responsibilities. She still remembers in the last extremity of sorrow that she faces her judge, and yet maintains all the sweetness of feminine complaint and tender expostulation—with her eyes. Were there an epithet in the whole French language conveying an idea of perfect majesty blended with absolute beauty he would apply it to the expression of this woman's eyes and still feel the inadequacy of the term.

Nor is this potency of her eyes more than a single detail in the general effect suggesting now the somber dignity of expression immortalized in the portraits of Velasquez, again the black-haired girls whom Goya so loved to portray, or even that delight resulting from the contemplation of perfect beauty which the statues of Phidias inspire. Tarnovska would be a model for them all, opines the Paris *Figaro*. "Her figure has the pure lines of a Greek amphora." Her every movement is serpentine in its sorcery. "She has a genius for attitude. The most accidental fold of her draperies—and she drapes herself like a priestess—is miraculously exquisite in its suggestion of the eternal and inscrutable in woman. Her characteristic pose is statuesque. One's thoughts go back inevitably, as one studies the long, seated figure of the Tarnovska, outlined so exquisitely from bust to hip, to those allegorical figures of grief that have descended to us from the Egyptians. The fea-

tures of the woman in this pose reflect the sublime mystery of the soul of the world." Nevertheless—this authority concedes it with wonder—Tarnovska is not really a beauty. There is the length of the nose to complain of, a long, thin nose, aquiline, over-full in the nostril. The countenance is destitute of health, of bloom, of vigor, the complexion being a uniform and too sallow olive in tint. The facial angle in profile is exquisite to the man who writes of it in the *Figaro*, but the feminine critic in the *Gaulois* insists that it suffers cruelly from the domination of every line by the nose. Only the mouth and chin are irresistible from every standpoint. Lips never before curved to form so pensive a mouth as relieves by its redness the want of color in the rest of the countenance. It is a pouting mouth, like Carmen's, yet full and not so small as to mar the strong, round and heavy chin. The leanness of the cheeks does not rob them of sculpturally effective relations to the peculiar pensiveness of the countenance. Such is the head which, poised proudly upon a torso of classical symmetry, extorts from Paul Zifferer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* the tribute of a comparison with the Madonnas of the Siena school. It is to the type of face Ruskin admired that the London journalists refer for an idea of Tarnovska's features. She boasts the fine chiseling of the oval countenance. She has the essential fulness and redness of lip. She possesses the necessary aquiline of nose with the quivering nostril, the well but not closely set ear, and the dark, lustrous, pensive, passionate eye. The blackness of the hair has its bluish suggestion due to the amplitude of its coil upon coil, revealing, one observer suspects, a Spanish or Moorish origin. But the glory of the Countess is the queenliness of her deportment, the regality of every attitude, the divine wistfulness, as the *Figaro* calls it, with which she "dignifies the guilt and consecrates the crime of being what she is."

Is the Countess Tarnovska a beautiful woman? How are we to determine the beauty of a woman? replies Daniel Lésueur (whose masculine pseudonym veils a feminine identity in the Paris *Gaulois*), when the woman in the case emerges from an imprisonment of over two years to sit in a dock between sentries? No wonder, declares this keen observer, that Europe disputes the beauty of Tarnovska. Has she charm? "But the charm of a woman is made up of so many elements—often and above all of her unhappiness. The environment pe-



AN ITALIAN ARTIST'S STUDY OF THE VENUS OF VENICE

This drawing was made in court and is copied from the pages of the *Rome Illustrazione*. It has been pronounced exceptionally faithful in its realization of the wistful mystery of expression, imparting to the woman's whole countenance the inscrutability detected by Ruskin in the face of *Mona Lisa*.

cular to herself, the costume that becomes her, the perfume she prefers, the intoxication she experiences and communicates—these are the elements of a woman's charm. The woman on trial at Venice has this merit—she gains nothing from such artifices." This subtle feminist denies the insinuation that the Tarnovska is coqueting with the public, with her jailers, with her judge. When she weeps she conceals her emotion behind a veil. She never smiles.

The Countess Tarnovska has "dignity." She possesses what the French call "allure." "She boasts a beautifully supple line when she rises in her somber robes."

Not in her eyes, but in her voice will be found the source of her hypnotic power, contends this subtle student of a subtle personality—the voice, "sonorous, vibrant, emotional, strong with the strength of a woman, not of a man." It is when she speaks and because she

speaks that the beauty of her gesture is so arresting. "Never, except when she speaks, does the Tarnovska move those sinuous long arms. What perfect disdain they denote as they indicate in a single superb gesture the witness she would question! The gesture, of itself, is inexplicable without the voice, but accompanying that slow and solemn tone is the slow and solemn arm, tapering into a hand, oh! so exquisite." And what artist could contemplate the torso without a sentiment of precisely such enthusiasm as is evoked by the loftiest of poetical conceptions? If the delight evoked by the spectacle of Tarnovska in this dramatic mood be not the result of perfect beauty, it must, our authority argues, be the effect of perfect art. "She is mistress of the art of discovering what constitutes grace in movement and of giving it ravishing expression."

The Tarnovska is in no detail so true an artist as in that of dress. Her over drapery manipulation has been pronounced by so competent an authority as that of *Figaro* to be worthy of Paquin in his most famous period. The desirable lines of her figure are never sacrificed either above or below the waist by any excess of scarf effects, which, notwithstanding, never fail. Her black skirt—the Countess affects the extreme in mourning—depends in front with absolute correctness. She does not commit the blunder of a glove-like snugness of fit at the corsage, which flows instead through the drapery over the hips to the very end of the flare in the skirt. A gown thus worn sets off her long slender figure with absolute distinction. She has appeared of late in a large black leghorn hat with black velvet facings. Her magnificent hair is coiffured in swirl effects, the front somewhat pompadour. Latterly she has been drawing the coils somewhat tightly about her ears, which do not lie close enough to the head,—a blemish of which her mode of dressing the hair proves her, our authority suspects, quite conscious.

Subtle as is the soul of Tarnovska, it retains no mystery, argues a writer in the Paris *Temps*, in the light of what M. Jules Lemaitre has told the world of Racine's heroines. "Tarnovska is the eternal feminine as explored by the genius of our first tragedian." Her passions are not western but oriental. "It is certain that her love answers to the ideas we form of the love of a Sultana, of a woman of the harem, of a feminine nature that is sensual, gross. She is the woman of heavily lidded eyes, exhausted by experience, totally destitute

of tenderness, of softness, of ideality. It is a love fleshly and furious that consumes her, a love that danger excites and that is transformed into cruelty when the object of her desire has escaped her." She is of the type that loves a man ere ever she has spoken to him. One can feel certain, then, that she loves not the soul. She believes in her lover's love because she wants to believe in it. When she finds herself deceived she is lost in transports of rage. "Love me, or I will kill you!" How the words of Racine's Roxane fit the exquisite mouth of Tarnovska!

As it is to Racine that we must go for the key to Tarnovska's mystery, we read further, it is to Racine that we must still refer for the key to Tarnovska's destiny. "All the heroines of Racine are chaste. Not one has been the mistress of any man in the sense understood by those moderns who follow the affair in Venice. Racine has told us that he did not kill his Berenice as Dido was made to die because Berenice had gone with Titus to no such lengths as Dido did with Aeneas. Hence she was not doomed to ruin." It is because Tarnovska did not preserve her purity, because she had to confess how, in the crisis of her life, "she did not ring true beneath the blows of fate" that she misses the finest effects in destiny. "She does not belong to the supremely great heroines whom the poets have made martyrs to love." There is in her life no such admirable scene as makes Hermione so glorious. "Never will the elegies she may inspire be among the divine poems of the world." Among Corneille's heroines, too, one finds no woman who has given herself lawlessly to a lover—"and in this great circumstance one understands the trial of Tarnovska."

Yet a plea for the Countess Tarnovska is made in the Paris *Figaro* by that most gifted of French actresses, Madame Rejane, who attended the trial and had a seat beside the judge. "Altogether beautiful," is the verdict of the French tragedy queen. The moral ruin of Tarnovska was effected at seventeen, says this observer, for then they "made her over to a husband she did not love." Madame Rejane went to Venice loathing the very name of Tarnovska, and she left the Grand Canal, she avows, her warm champion. "On seeing the Countess Tarnovska, so handsome and with such a gentle expression in her face—for her mouth alone indicates wilfulness—one asks what it is that a good, loyal man could not have made out of so perfect a creature." Yet everybody, admits Madame Rejane, is against Tar-

novska. "Then it is because they have not seen her. No. Her eyes, which were fixed so long and so sorrowfully on her father, who came from afar to comfort her, are not the eyes of an obdurate criminal." They are the eyes of one inspired, insists Gabriel d'Annunzio, who, like so many other distinguished men, saw and heard the wonderful prisoner. "She is a sublime actress, an ideal heroine for one of my tragedies. What a Basiliola she would make for my 'Nave' and what a 'Mila' in my 'Daughter of Jorio'!" Not least among the admirers of this Semiramis is the Russian con-

sul at Vienna, who insists he has proved, the *Neue Freie Presse* says, her Irish origin from a family named O'Rourke, the descendants of the ancient Kings of Tara, and that her genealogy also goes back to Mary, Queen of Scots. Meanwhile the countess, who is just thirty, by the way, devotes her leisure in prison to a sonnet sequence worthy, the Rome *Avanti* insists, "of the finest efforts of the Portuguese muse." A relaxation of the rigor of prison rules permits her indulgence, it seems, in the morphine to which she is indebted for the stare in her "amazing" eyes.

WHY PARIS SAW IN ROOSEVELT THE BOURGEOIS CAESAR

HOMAGE such as the Paris press accorded Theodore Roosevelt during his progress through the capital of the French was dictated by a Latin enthusiasm for one whom the *Gaulois* hailed as "the bourgeois Caesar," whom the *Figaro* pronounced "the Napoleonic eagle of the imperialized west" and to whom the *Matin* referred as "a living sample of that Superman of whom the old world dreams." Thus did the Gallic journalists neglect the human side of the visiting foreigner for a study of his more cosmic traits—all except the writer of the character sketch for the *Liberté*. He studied Roosevelt the man from a human standpoint. "He has habitually acquired a command over his passions; is cheerful, good tempered and benevolent, but somewhat positive in his opinions, a trait which has, however, given an air of firmness to all his public attitudes. Otherwise, Theodore Roosevelt has become to the Parisians—or those of them who read the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, the *Débats*—a species of Augustus Caesar, on the way home to be crowned. Comparisons of him with the immortal characters of history and with Nietzsche's superman, are invariably to the disadvantage of the latter. "What this man needed," as the *Figaro* remarks, was "the finishing touch of contact with Latin civilization" which, having gained, Theodore Roosevelt returns to his native land "completed and consecrated." The *Gaulois* and the *Figaro* agreed in finding him aristocratic—"curiously so," the *Aurore* avers.

France, by her homage, has gilded for all time the diadem fashioned so imperially for

his brow by Theodore Roosevelt in the leisure of his Paris sojourn, opines the monarchical *Gaulois*, exponent of the gospel of kingship and guardian of the legitimist Bourbon tradition. "We are preparing," declares this organ, "the dictatorship to which he so visibly aspires. The Americans, like all democrats, love honorific distinctions and their traditions are reconcilable with difficulty with the great principle of equality." The Americans have among themselves at home, this daily adds, "closed castes wherein those whom fortune has not largely favored enter not easily," and Theodore Roosevelt is the living symbol of that truth. Mr. Roosevelt appears already to the Americans as "the man pointed out by destiny to restrain the revolutionary audacity of the democracy and to keep within due limits the excessive ambitions of the too bold men of affairs." His personality exemplifies the most complete separation that can exist between patrician and plebeian, for like Constantine he incarnates the quality of the patrician not as a hereditary but as a personal distinction.

One thing he had lacked, reflects the organ of monarchical ideas, and that was consecration, which Paris has supplied. "He lacked the consecration of this old world, which the Americans revere atavistically, the while despising her institutions. They feel for Europe the special sentiment of the parvenu confronted by the superiorities of education and of birth, and Roosevelt is touched by these." Returning from Italy, from Germany, "and above all from France," Roosevelt harks back to "his plebeian environment," with a newer and more perfect prestige than has yet con-



THE PEACE PROPOSITION

Thus does the Vienna *Floh* communicate to its peculiar public the sense it derives of the Colonel of Rough Riders as the harbinger of universal and eternal pacification.

secrated him to his countrymen. At home, "he will henceforth be not only the chief but the master." In one respect, indeed, our monarchical contemporary must revise its ideas of him whom it esteems "the bourgeois Caesar" by confessing that he seems typically American now, whereas before he reached Paris he seemed anything but that. Still there are points of difference between Theodore Roosevelt and the average citizen of this republic:

"To begin with, the Americans are somewhat simple to analyze. Roosevelt—he is made up of contrasts. And the contrast in him manifests itself from the first contact. Behold him, massive and square of shoulder. The folds which outline themselves about the nostril would impart—were it not for the eye which roves with intelligent mobility over all that surrounds him—the aspect of a being who is bored prodigiously. And the mouth? The upper lip, slightly raised, shows clearly the teeth, compressed the one row against the other like those—may we be pardoned the comparison, disrespectful as it may seem—of a raging dog getting ready to bite. Well! there is nothing that conveys of his character so false an idea as his visage.

"To begin with, he is far from being bored. The spectacle of his life is to him most interesting. He entertains no disdain whatever for those thousand and one trifling things of which the uninterrupted succession conducts us from the cradle to the tomb. With regard to his fellow beings, he is eminently open and benevolent. He loves joy and, like his countrymen, he knows how to procure it for himself easily. Does he feel that profound sentiment so admirably defined by our Montaigne and which is styled friendship? Perhaps he is in this particular a little too much a native of his country. One can ask oneself, in fact, if ever the American goes the length of showing his soul naked to another than himself. Perhaps



IT IS TO LAUGH

The fame of Theodore Roosevelt's teeth has preceded him to the Old World, and dental traits superimpose themselves effectively upon the cartoonists and the countenance they caricature. This is from the Roosevelt number of the Vienna *Kladderadatsch*.

friendship, such as we Frenchmen understand it, makes upon Mr. Roosevelt the impression of a sort of impudicity. But as for comradeship, no one practices it with more of simplicity, of satisfaction, of joviality, than Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt—he is the model of comrades. He cannot exist without comradeship. He introduces it even into diplomacy.

Against a too prevalent European notion that Theodore Roosevelt is an American Superman, Guglielmo Ferrero, the illustrious historian of Rome, enters his protest in the Paris *Figaro*. Roosevelt, contends the Italian, is neither a careless polytheist nor a complicated imperialist. Neither would he emulate in the capitol of the modern republic of the west the barbarities of the effete autocrats in the ancient empire of the east. He is neither Byzantine nor Constantinopolitan, neither royal nor imperial, the efforts of a certain Parisian press to make Roosevelt out indelicately athletic being especially condemned by this admirer of the American hero. Those who know America a little, observes Guglielmo Ferrero, will not have much difficulty in understanding the personality of the true Roosevelt. "Roosevelt is still an American of the old block, issued from one of those families, relatively ancient, which form there a veritable aristocracy, even if they have not titles and colossal fortunes, and which continue to the utmost extent possible the traditions of the America of Franklin and of Washington." He has all the qualities which imposed the America of former days upon the admiration of Europe's grandfathers: idealism, optimism, the democratic spirit, healthy simplicity of manners and ideas, a strong will regulated by definite and clear convictions. To which Guglielmo Ferrero adds this key to what he deems the real Roosevelt:

"I should not be surprised if the real Roosevelt were, to many of those who will have the opportunity of approaching him, a surprise. Mr. Roosevelt is, for many Europeans, nothing less than the incarnation in America of the 'Superman' who has disappeared in the old world, a species of dictator, arrived at an opportune moment to show exhausted Europe that the cult of force is the only serious thing in life. He is supposed to represent to the enfeebled old world that new America, which aspires to the domination of the universe, with fire and sword, and who dreams likewise, perhaps, of the conquest of the planet Mars.

"Those who are enabled to meet Mr. Roosevelt will merely find, on the contrary, instead of

the 'Superman,' a charming and gentle fellow being of an extreme simplicity who will afford them at once the agreeable sensation of a perfect honesty and loyalty, of a man as overflowing with gayety, good humor, health and physical vigor as he is moderate and reasonable in all his ideas, in whom the force of his convictions is accompanied by a lively repugnance to extreme opinions. If there be a man who has never meant to assert his personality beyond the average tendencies of humanity, it is he."

Not what Paris thinks of Roosevelt, but what Roosevelt must think of Paris affords the theme of the *Aurore's* musings. The immortal proconsul from the new world will feel his intellectual inches in the capital of the French, reflects this daily. How he will meditate upon the fate of the Bourbon kings and with what consciousness of imperial greatness will he reflect that here, among the countrymen of St. Louis and Philip the Bold, his lot should have been cast. "To a Roosevelt, as to a Poe, America can prove but one tremendous prison. From the horrid dream of the United States as his kingdom, will he not long to wake up to the reality of Paris as the capital of his rightly destined Empire?" Yes, for Roosevelt is Latin, gloriously Latin through the intellect and through the soul. "Superman—that is Roosevelt, striding the world like the colossus he is, prisoned in the mean limits of a bourgeois republic devoted to the dollar and the trust." As a Frenchman, Roosevelt would be intelligible. "As an American—my God!" Moreover:

"Can he be studied without admiration of his dramatic possibilities? Never! He is the playwright's theme—nothing less. Think of a Sardou sitting down to a Rooseveltian tragedy. Act the first. Scene: American Republic. Enter Roosevelt. What magnificent lines roll from that mouth. He thinks aloud of the world he is to conquer—for it is the young Roosevelt of the first act who speaks. Then the woman he loves and the women who adore him. See, they are placing the diadem upon his brow in the third act. How superbly he struts in those robes so glittering with gold! Last scene of all—but no. The last scene of all for Roosevelt is unthinkable—yet. The dramatist of the twenty-first century will live to know that. Climb, man of destiny, ascend the steps of the throne of the Superman, scale the empyrean. Paris has seen you, Paris is ready to perish."

But the most wonderful thing about Roosevelt's trip to Paris, as the *Temps* opines, is that he tore himself away.

Science and Discovery

THE WORLD'S FIRST FLYING FLEET

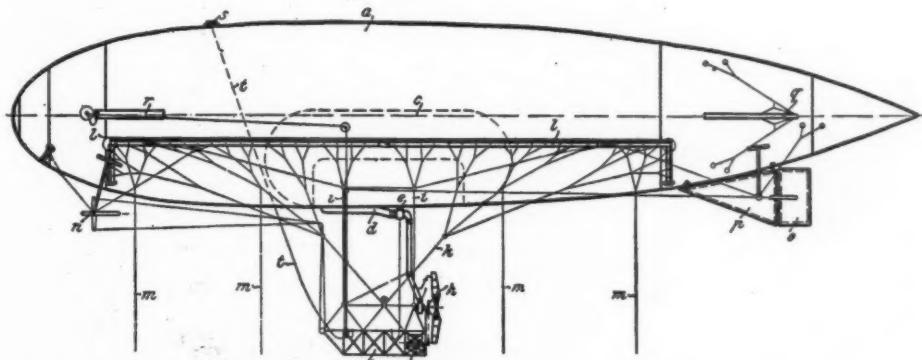
GERMANY leads the world in the size and strength of her flying fleet!" This declaration, uttered by the spokesman of the War Office, during the recent Reichstag debate on the army estimates, is pronounced by Mr. F. W. Wile, in *The Army and Navy Journal* (London), a well substantiated claim. It is based, this student of the subject says, on proved facts and figures. A fleet of fourteen vessels of varying degrees of proved efficiency is in actual commission, "the greatest demonstration of the triumph of applied science history can show." Nine other airships of the military type are under commission. Ten or a dozen factories or dockyards where ships are manufactured to sail on air display a constant activity. Twelve or fifteen permanent garages—several of them elaborately equipped stations—dot the landscape at various strategic points along frontiers in the proximity of the sea and at inland centers. A special battalion of nearly a thousand officers, engineers and men trained in all the exigencies of aerial navigation is ready to "take the atmosphere." Germany's great ordnance-makers, the Krupps and Ehrhardts, are perfecting airship-destroying artillery and experimenting with guns and explosives for offensive operations from a vast height. Airship maneuvers have become a regular feature of the army's work.

The following completed airships are in the first flying fleet the world has ever witnessed in operation:

Name and Type.	Length (Feet.)	Diameter (Feet.)	Volume (Cubic Mtrs.)	Horse Power	Speed (Miles)
Zeppelein I.....	453	37	12,000	170	25
Zeppelein II.....	453	43	15,000	230	28
Zeppelein III.....	453	43	15,000	270	30
Semi-Rigid					
Gross Training-Ship	140	30	1,800	30	21
Gross I.....	250	40	5,200	150	28
Gross II.....	250	40	5,200	150	30
Gross III.....	277	41	6,500	300	37½
Ruthenberg I.....	139	21½	1,200	24	22½
Non-Rigid					
Parseval I.....	193	34	4,000	100	31½
Parseval III.....	237	40½	6,700	200	34
Parseval IV.....	200	31	3,200	130	27½
Parseval V.....	133	25	1,200	25	22½
Clouth I.....	140	28	1,700	42	23
Erbisloh I.....	176	33	2,900	126	28½

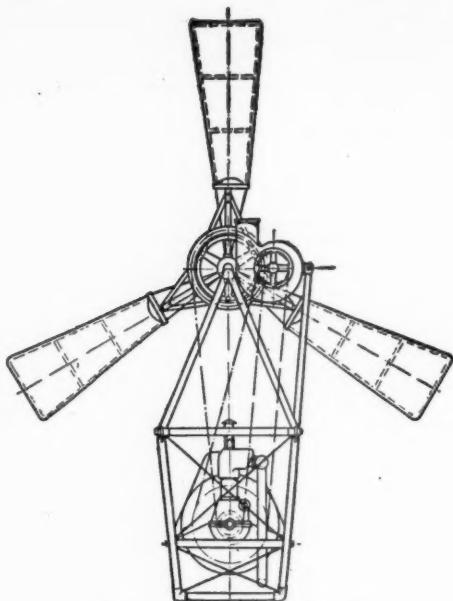
Each of the vessels in this list, according to our expert authority, is of demonstrated capacity. The Zeppelins have traversed great areas of German territory, or rather air, have remained aloft for continuous periods of from one day to forty-eight hours, and have developed a radius of action equivalent to a flight from Berlin to London. The Gross and Parseval vessels have executed continuous cruises lasting from seventeen to twenty-four hours and with a radius of action between three hundred and five hundred miles.

German airships are building of an even more powerful type than the flying fleet already in commission. There is a trend of



DIAGRAMMATIC EXPOSITION OF THE NEW TYPE OF GERMAN AIRSHIP

(a) Body of balloon.	(e) Ballonetvent.	(i) Parallel.	(n) Rudder.	(r) Escape.
(b) Car.	(f) Ventilator.	(k) Sliding.	(o) Side gear.	(s) Gas vent.
(c) Ballonet.	(g) Motor.	(l) Support.	(p) Vertical plane.	(t) Valve line.
(d) Air bag.	(h) Screw-gear.	(m) Ropes.	(q) Horizontal plane.	



MOTOR AND STEERING GEAR

The use of a lately invented apparatus permits perfect control by two men in the event of an accident to the main body of the airship.

opinion among German experts in the direction of smaller vessels and against the huge Zeppelin "Dreadnought" type. Nevertheless, at least three ships are approaching completion which are to be of larger dimensions

than any of the Zeppelins yet launched. The building list, with such details as are available, includes these:

Name and Type.	Length (Feet.)	Diameter (Feet.)	Volume (Cubic Mtrs.)	Horse Power	Speed (Miles.)
Zepelin IV.....	493	47	19,000	345	35
Schutte	433	60	19,500	500	—
Treves	410	40	—	480	45/50
Semi-Rigid					
Gross IV.....	380	41	12,000	400	50
Non-Rigid					
Siemens-Schuckert.	383	43	13,000	480	—
Parseval VI.....	237	40½	6,700	200	33
Parseval VII.....	237	40½	6,700	200	33
Parseval VIII.....	133	25	1,200	25	22½
Parseval IX.....	237	37	5,000	240	40

The greatest novelty among the vessels now building is provided by the Schutte vessel, under construction at the famous Lanz works, in Mannheim. The designer, Professor Schutte, of Danzig, has discarded aluminum as a framework and has employed wood. The other new types are varying forms of the well-known rigid, semi-rigid and non-rigid systems. The Zeppelin vessels have carried, inclusive of crews, as many as twenty-six men. From eight to twelve persons have been transported in the army airships of the Gross and Parseval patterns. The distinguishing feature of the Treves vessel, designed by Herr Anton Border, is that it will be made of iron as opposed to the aluminum, wood and steel of the other patterns.

"The Army's scheme of 'aerial defense' contemplates a chain of permanent stations which will eventually extend in a sweeping semicircle from



TRAINING THE AVIATORS OF THE FUTURE

This scene in a New York city public school is characteristic of the procedure in an aviation class in which the latest results of the Wright Brothers and the Zeppelins are discussed and mastered.

the extreme western corner of the empire through the north and east. The idea is that Germany shall be fortified in the air along her entire French and Russian frontiers, and in the area flanking the sea. Every fortress within this arc is to be provided with one or more vessels. At present military airship stations are standing at Metz, Cologne, Frankfort, Berlin, Friedrichshafen, and Mannheim. The larger ones, at Metz, Berlin, and Friedrichshafen, can accommodate two or more vessels of the largest type. Gas-generating plants are attached to the military airship stations, which are to be duplicated gradually at all strategic points as the 'fleet' grows. The latest and most ambitious private airship station project is that just launched at Hamburg under the auspices of Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia. His Royal Highness has appealed for a public fund of \$250,000 for a great revolving airship garage, to serve primarily the purposes of Count Zeppelin's Polar exploration scheme, but eventually to become the chief 'base' of the German aerial fleet in the North Sea region."

The Krupps have perfected three different weapons for attacking aerial craft as follows:

"A 6.5-cm. field-gun, for mounting on a carriage, hurling an 8.8-lb. projectile to a height of 6,730 yards and with a maximum range of 9,460 yards.

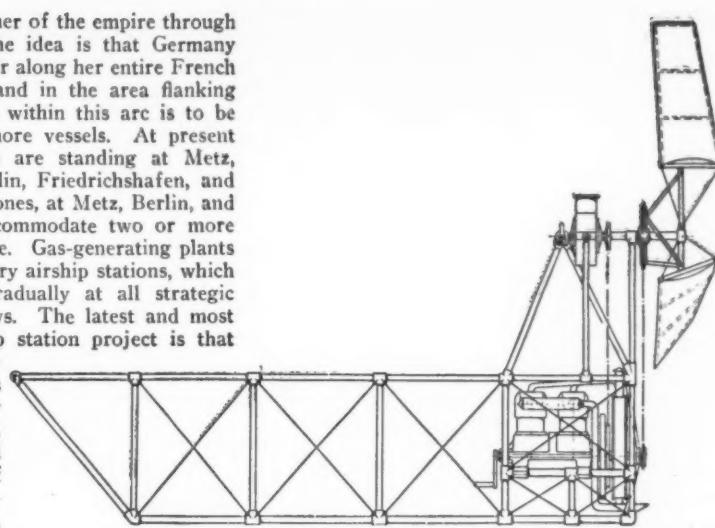
"A 7.5-cm. gun for attachment to an armored motor-car, hurling a 12.1-lb. projectile to a height of 6,890 yards, with a range of 9,950 yards. Without the gun the armored motor-car weighs 7,170 pounds, has an average speed of 28 miles an hour, and has accommodation for 62 cartridges.

"A 10.5-cm. gun for mounting aboard ship, hurling a 39.7-lb. projectile to an altitude of 12,600 yards, with a range of 14,750 yards.

"For all the Krupp guns a time-fuse is used. It is claimed that the fuse is perfectly safe to handle, yet so delicately adjusted that it will detonate the shell immediately on piercing the hull of an airship or balloon. The Krupp airship-destroying guns are also provided with tracers whereby the trajectory can be followed by day or night.

"The Ehrhardt airship-destroyer is designed for mounting on a motor-car. It is a 5-cm. rapid-fire gun, which discharges a 3.3-lb. shell by means of a time-fuse over a range of 8,800 yards, or, at an elevation of 43 degrees, to a height of 4,750 yards. The weight of the motor-car, with full equipment, is 7,040 pounds. Accommodations are provided for 100 rounds, and a 50-60-horsepower motor develops a speed of 23 miles an hour."

This latest specimen of what Germany can do in the way of an aerial craft is now undergoing further modification for military purposes.



SIDE ELEVATION OF PARSIVAL TYPE

There are vague rumors that at the coming maneuvers of three army airships in the vicinity of Cologne trials will be made with a light machine gun for mounting on the decks of airships. German experts, however, are more convinced than ever that aerial craft are destined to be of value in war chiefly, if not exclusively, for reconnoitering. In the forthcoming maneuvers officers and men will be given fresh training in day and night observations, cruising in all sorts of atmospheric conditions and in the employment of wireless telegraphy between individual vessels and between airships and fortresses. During the past six months all obstacles connected with aerial wireless signaling have been overcome.

There has been much discussion in the technical press of Europe regarding the practical utility of the German flying fleet—whether, that is, it may not prove a source of embarrassment rather than of safety to an army in the field. It is observed that no flying fleet would be out of range of an enemy's artillery. Nevertheless, the German army is already experimenting with a new type of flying machine for military purposes, indicating no uneasiness in the official mind on this score.

The French army has likewise wedded itself to the aeroplane theory of strategy and tactics, and one of the possibilities of the future is a competition between Paris and Berlin for possession of the first fleet of aerial effectives.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF COMETS

DESPITE all that has been written of late on the subject of Halley's comet, that famous astronomer, Dr. Andrew C. D. Crommelin, of the Royal Observatory, doubts if the time has yet arrived for a complete solution of the problem of comets generally. The investigations into the subject have not been digested. For example, it is fully fifteen years since the meaning of the shape of a comet's orbit was studied by the gifted Fabry in an essay concerning the true significance of the parabolic form in cometary orbits; but the study is little known. Indeed, astronomers still argue that the prevalence of cometary orbits of the shape known as "parabolic" shows that the majority of comets come to the solar system from outside. In reality, asserts Dr. Crommelin—following the distinguished Fabry—if comets really came to our system from outside, quite a large number would have orbits of the shape known as "hyperbolic."

It is easy to see the force of this point, adds Dr. Crommelin, when we reflect that the velocity of a comet at any point of a "parabolic" orbit is the same as that due to a fall from an infinite distance (or practically from any distance that is very great compared with the actual distance of the body from the sun) under the influence of the sun's attraction. For a so-called "hyperbolic" orbit the speed is greater than this. For an elliptical orbit the speed is less than this. Hence to assert that a comet moving in an apparently parabolic orbit has come to our system from outside is equivalent to saying that it entered the sun's sphere of influence (by which is meant the region where the sun's influence is paramount and to which we may assign an arbitrary radius such as a thousand times the radius of Neptune's orbit) with zero relative velocity. In other words, it was previously moving through space with exactly the same motion as the translational drift of the solar system. "The chances are slight of this being the case in a single instance, and it is out of the question that any considerable number of the comets whose orbits are sensibly parabolic should have reached our system from outside. The relative velocities of the stars are of the order of many kilometers per second, which would suffice to produce an orbit of most markedly hyperbolic character in a comet reaching us from another system."

It is to our own system, then, that we must

look for the origin of the comets with apparently parabolic paths, and still more those of elliptical character. Within this system there are three different modes of origin that have been suggested: (1) that they are the products of eruptions from the sun; (2) that they are the products of eruptions from the larger planets in a sunlike state; (3) that they are stray fragments of the nebula which is supposed to have been the parent of our system, and that they remained unattached to any of the large masses that were formed from that nebula.

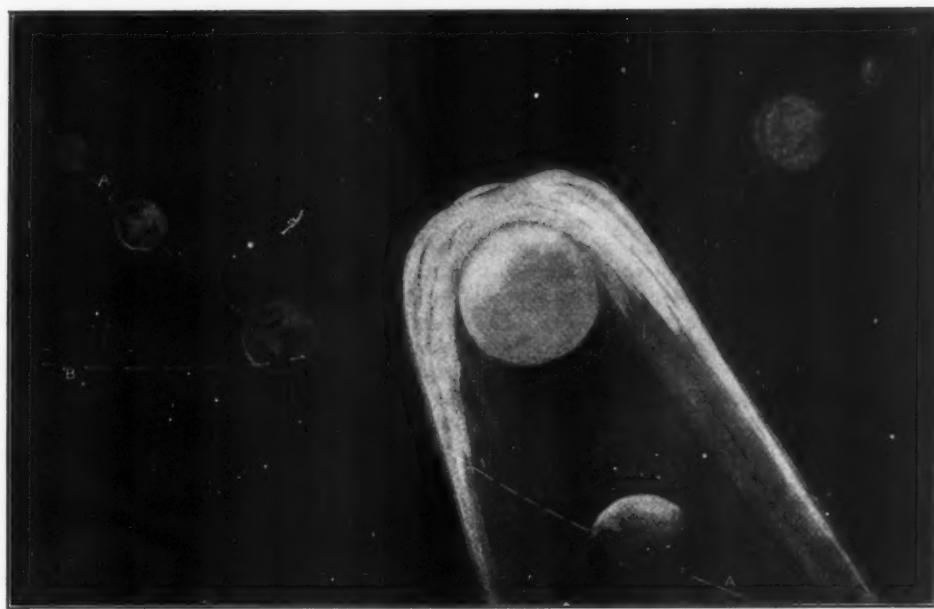
Two points are in favor of the solar origin: first, we can see, in the solar prominences, eruptions of gas at sufficient velocities to carry some of the projected matter away from the sun. Secondly, comets by their spectrum and meteors by actual analysis reveal the presence of large amounts of hydrogen and its compounds, suggesting their origin in an atmosphere like that of the sun.

The obvious drawback to this theory is that all matter ejected by the sun would travel in orbits intersecting his globe, and so, if their speed of ejection was less than 383 miles per second (the parabolic velocity) they would on their return fall back on the sun. Planetary perturbations might suffice to avert this, and produce an orbit just clearing his surface.

Instances of such orbits are afforded and a solar origin does not seem impossible for these. Yet there are many comets whose perihelion distance equals or even greatly exceeds the earth's distance from the sun, and we can hardly suppose, without straining probabilities, that these changes were entirely produced by perturbations.

There is a further difficulty in the way of a solar origin. The ejected matter would leave the sun in the form of vapor and would only liquefy and solidify when it reached outer space. Probably it would solidify into particles of extreme minuteness, very much smaller than the meteoric masses that enter our atmosphere, many of which are known to have a connection with comets.

Doctor Crommelin turns next to the giant planets as possible producers of comets. Jupiter has a large and ever growing family of comets which obviously owe him allegiance, since in the case of Lexell's and Brooks's comets he has been caught in the act of profoundly modifying their orbits. Saturn has two, of which Tuttle's has been observed at



HALLEY'S COMET CROSSING THE PATH OF THE EARTH

In this diagram, which is reproduced from *The Illustrated London News*, A equals the path of the earth and B represents the path of the comet.

several returns. Uranus has two, one being the comet of the so-called November meteors. There are six whose orbits are associated with Neptune's in such a way that a connection is suggested, one of them being Halley's comet. We must go back, however, to a very remote antiquity to find a time when Neptune could have exerted any considerable influence upon Halley's comet.

It has been argued, first, that very close approaches to the giant planets would be required for their orbits to be transformed from an approximately parabolic form to an ellipse with a period half that of the planet. Hence, in the second place, the number of captured comets would be a very small fraction of the total number that approach the sun. It would require an immense period to produce such a number of comets attached to the various groups. Reasoning from the age of the short-period comets, Dr. Crommelin says:

"The conclusion is plain that if the giant planets are the parents of their comet families, they must be, at the present time, capable of ejecting them. It does not appear to me that the possibility of such ejection can be summarily rejected. We have evidence of disturbances of intense violence in the Jovian atmosphere; the great red spot denotes a mighty cataclysm. Also the long rows of white spots that occur on Jupiter seem to in-

dicate a series of eruptions far below. There are occasional outbursts of white spots on Saturn. Moreover, there is no reason to suppose that the ejection of comets is a common phenomenon; one ejection per century would probably suffice to balance the loss from dissipation and perturbation. Even on the earth we have occasional volcanic outbursts of extraordinary violence, as Skaptar Jokull in 1783, Krakatoa in 1883, etc. Paroxysmal outbursts on a far grander scale may be expected on the giant planets. In 1883 it was computed that over a cubic mile of solid matter was blown to a height of many miles. This is probably comparable with the total mass of the smaller comets."

The difficulty of conceiving how the ejected matter could form such large masses of iron as we find in meteors has already been pointed out. The difficulty would be less in the case of the planets, the temperature being probably low enough for iron to assume a solid form quite close to their surfaces. Doctor Crommelin concludes from all this that the hypothesis of the planetary origin of short-period comets deserves consideration and should not be dismissed so summarily as it is by many astronomers.

The third hypothesis of the origin of comets is that they are unattached outlying fragments of the nebula which is conjectured to have

been the parent of the solar system. Doctor Crommelin considers that we are practically driven to this theory by exclusion, in the case of those comets whose perihelion distance is large and which do not belong to the planetary families. Seeing that comets have a large amount of meteoric matter associated with them, we must assume a meteoric rather than a purely gaseous nebula. Meteors are such complex bodies both in structure and composition that it is difficult to conceive of them as the primitive form of matter; they are more like the débris of earlier worlds. This idea leads us on to the planetesimal hypothesis which has been lately put forward by Professors Moulton and Chamberlin.

"According to this view, the sun existed in past ages in solitary state, without any attendant worlds. At some very remote epoch, another sun is supposed to have passed extremely near it, without actually colliding, but causing immense tidal disturbance, by which an appreciable fraction of its total mass was torn off. One seven-hundredth of its mass went into the known planets, a much larger amount returned to the sun, but some remained unattached and formed our comets and meteor swarms. It was the perturbing action of the other sun that gave the ejected mass moment of momentum, and thus prevented it from falling back on the sun. If we suppose that before the cataclysm our sun had already cooled sufficiently for a solid crust to form, which would absorb a portion of the hydrogen and other gases in the atmosphere, we seem to get an explanation of the large solid meteoric masses that frequently fall on the earth and which contain a large quantity of occluded gases. The theory of course implies that the sun's temperature was again raised as a result of the appulse, either by actual collision or the impact of the return of part of the ejected matter."

The chief drawback to the planetesimal hypothesis seems to be the extreme improbability of such a near approach of two suns to each other. The interstellar distances are so immense compared with the size of each sun that such encounters must be excessively rare.

Passing next to the question of the nature of comets, Doctor Crommelin assumes as established that they all have as their nucleus a more or less dense swarm of meteors. This conclusion rests partly on the clearly proved connection of the Leonid, Perseid and Andromedid systems with the comets of 1866, 1862 and Biela's comet, partly on the impossibility of conceiving that such comets as Halley's could persist for so many returns if they were

mere masses of vapor. According to the generally accepted views of Doctor Johnstone Stoney, even the moon and the smaller planets are incapable of permanently retaining atmospheres, in consequence of the rapid motion of the gaseous molecules. Since we are certain that the mass of Halley's comet is much less than that of the moon, it is evident that its gravitational power would be too weak to hold it together if wholly gaseous. It is probable that the meteors are continually giving off small quantities of gas (at least while in the neighborhood of the sun), since otherwise we should expect the vaporous envelope to be dissipated with fair rapidity. The fact that Halley's comet has been emitting such large tails at every return for at least two thousand years makes it probable that in its case the meteoric masses are of considerable size—perhaps larger than the large masses in our museums, since these must have suffered loss in their passage through the air. For we should expect small lumps, under a foot in diameter, to give up their whole supply of gas at a single apparition.

The conjecture is also advanced by Doctor Crommelin that, since it is only near perihelion that the loss of gas occurs, a large periodic time is favorable to a long life of the comet. Hence the prevalence of nearly parabolic orbits may be a case of survival of the fittest, the comets with shorter periods having already exhausted their supply of gas and therefore ceased to exist as visible comets. The disappearance of Biela's comet presumably means only the loss of the gas contained in its meteors. These are still moving in the same orbit, as is shown by the many showers of Andromedids that have been observed since the comet disappeared.

An independent proof of the meteoric constitution of a comet's nucleus rests on the close agreement between theory and observation in the date of the return of Halley's comet to perihelion. Calculation was based on the assumption that no forces were acting except the gravitation of known matter. The discordance amounts to three days at most. Now, the gases in the head are frequently almost indistinguishable in the spectroscope from those in the tail. If then the head contained nothing except these gases, it would move in the same manner as the tail does. But in the case of the tail the non-gravitational forces are predominant. The inference is plain that the head contains much denser matter, on which the influence of the tail-forming forces

is inappreciable, and that this matter emits the gases which form the coma and tail.

As to the forces that produce the tail, it does not seem necessary to invoke any other agency than the solar heat to explain the emission of gas from the meteors when the comet approaches perihelion. There are at least three theories to explain the repulsion of the tail from the sun: (1) Light-pressure; (2) electrical repulsion; (3) mechanical bombardment by electrons, or other tiny particles violently ejected from the sun. It is quite possible that all three act conjointly, as no one of them seems capable of explaining all the facts.

Allusion is made to the theory recently put forward both by Prof. Newall and Mr. G. Burns that the tail of a comet consists of matter already in situ, but in some way excited to luminosity by the passage of the comet. They point out that this would explain the similarity of spectrum shown by most comets' tails, and Prof. Newall has found evidence of the presence of cyanogen in the interplanetary spaces. The idea of scattered gases is supported by the occasional shattering of comets' tails; instances are Brooks's comet photographed by Barnard in 1893, and Morehouse's comet on Oct. 15, 1908; there can scarcely be any doubt that the tail matter met some obstruction in space, which suddenly checked its onward movement. But Dr. Crommelin finds it difficult to believe that at least the beginning of the tail is not an emission from the head, since spectograms with an objective prism frequently show head and tail absolutely continuous, so that it is not easy to say where the one passes into the other.

The idea that the tail is due to the ejection of material particles from the sun was first put forward in 1893 by Prof. Schaeberle. He thought that both the corona and comets' tails are formed in this manner, his words in *Astronomical Journal* being:

"The tail of a comet is produced by the visible particles of matter originally forming the comet's atmosphere, and by the previously invisible particles of a coronal stream which, moving with great velocity, finally produce by repeated impact of the successive particles almost the same motions in the visible atmosphere of the comet as would be communicated by a continuously accelerating force directed away from the sun. . . . The coronal matter, owing to its retardation, grows so dense that it also becomes visible, and with the comet's atmosphere is finally driven into the tail by the repeated bombardment of un retarded following portions of the stream."

Since this was written, the radio-active elements have been discovered and the theory of the dissociation of the atom into electrons has been adopted. Hence the particles suggested by Prof. Newall and Mr. G. Burns are much smaller than those suggested by Prof. Schaeberle. The idea of the bombardment by ultra-microscopical particles ejected from the sun is coming more and more to the fore to explain various phenomena in the solar system, in particular the corona, the aurora, and magnetic storms. But Dr. Crommelin is not inclined to attribute the whole of the tail-phenomena of comets to this action, tho he thinks it would be decidedly rash at the present time to deny its connection with special outbursts, such as those exhibited by Morehouse's comet.

In conclusion, Doctor Crommelin says each of the recent explanations of tail repulsion seems a true cause which we have good reason to believe is actually in operation. The only difficulty is to discriminate between the separate effects of each. This is work for the future. The rapid advance of cosmical physics in recent years affords him ground for hope that the full solution is a question of a short time.

How bright the comet may seem to the naked eye during the period of its relatively greatest splendor in the telescope is a theme for conjecture. We quote *The Scientific American*:

"Prof. E. E. Barnard is probably the first astronomer who actually saw Halley's comet at this apparition, which was to be expected, since his vision is probably keener than that of any other American astronomer. Prof. Barnard picked up the comet with the 40-inch Yerkes telescope on September 16th. . . .

"Halley's comet was not as brilliant as was expected in 1835, its last appearance. This was due very largely to the relative positions of the earth, sun, and comet rather than to any loss in brilliancy of the comet itself. It passed us about the middle of October on the way into perihelion, but at the time of perihelion and afterward was very far away, and on the other side of the sun, to which latter circumstance its failure in the way of tail may well have been due, as the tail was turned nearly away from us. At the time for the best development of it, the end of November and beginning of December, the comet was within a few degrees of the sun, as seen from the earth, and on the other side. There seems, therefore, to be no special reason to expect the appearance of Halley this time to be inferior to that of 1759, as the circumstances now are remarkably favorable, except those concerning the moon."

THE INTERFERENCE CONTROVERSY IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

WHILE it is still too soon to state definitely the statutory form Congress must give to its plan for the perfection of wireless telegraphy communication, it is announced that a law covering the problem is urged by both the Department of State and officials of our navy. On its scientific side, the controversy involving the capitalized industry on the one hand and the private operators—many of them mere boys—on the other can easily be stated to the layman. Everyone is aware that the waves set up by a wireless telegraph transmitter are sent out equally in all directions. That careful student of this subject, Mr. F. James, pointed out not so long ago this obviously weak point in the new means of communication. Apart from the enormous waste of energy involved, there evidently is risk, first, that two stations communicating with one another will prevent the working of other stations within their sphere of influence. In the next place, their messages can be read by the latter stations. The difference in this respect between wireless and ordinary telegraphy has been compared with that between several men on top of a building shouting messages to persons in the street below, and the same men communicating with their friends by means of speaking tubes. To quote from *The Albany Review*:

"Various attempts were made in the early stages of the invention to focus the waves in the desired direction, or at least to prevent their transmission in other directions, but without practical success. Quite recently an Italian scientist, Professor Artom, has suggested that the result aimed at may in some measure be achieved by 'polarizing' the waves—*i. e.*, altering their form in such a way that they propagate themselves to a greater distance in certain directions than in others. It is too soon, however, to say how far this suggestion will prove practicable.

"In the meantime the attention of inventors has been directed towards preventing interference (tho not altogether of ensuring secrecy) by methods of 'syntony' When a sounding-fork vibrates near a piano, the note emitted by the fork is also emitted by the piano—in other words, the waves set up in the air by the fork communicate themselves to that particular string which vibrates with the same frequency. But not to this string alone: other strings—the octaves, the fifths, the fourths, and so on—vibrate with less intensity in harmony with the fundamental tone, thus giving rise to the 'overtones' so well

known in musical theory. And if a loud enough noise be made, the strings of the piano will undergo a general disturbance. Just in the same way, the waves generated by a Hertz 'oscillator' have a definite frequency or wave-length, and communicate themselves more readily to receiving apparatus 'tuned' in unison with them than to other receivers. The frequency in both transmitter and receiver depends upon such matters as the length of the aerial lines, the extent of the plates or 'capacities' attached to them, and so forth. In several systems of wireless telegraphy a considerable degree of success has been attained in synchronizing methods."

Most of the experts consulted by Mr. F. James seem to think that no sharpness of tuning will prevent interference altogether. If two stations be near together, phenomena analogous to musical overtones may give rise to interference between them, altho they may be tuned to different fundamental wave-lengths. The risk of mutual disturbance will naturally be the greater the greater the electrical power used by the stations. Hence it appears to be axiomatic in wireless telegraphy that any station intended for long-distance communication, and therefore using greater energy, should be isolated by a good many miles from other stations. Even low-power stations, employing different wave lengths, should be some distance apart. For long-distance work, waves of considerable length—say from half a mile to ten miles and upward—are suitable. There is accordingly a fairly wide choice. However, for short-distance work it is found that the wave-length should not be less than say three hundred feet or more than twenty-four hundred. The choice of tunes is thus more limited—indeed the trend of expert opinion is to the effect that within these limits there is not room for the working of more than three or four wave-lengths with satisfactory results.

The obligations of the United States government in this matter grow out of something more than the local problems thus presented. This country is a party to the international convention for the regulation of wireless or radio-telegraphy which went into effect over a year ago. It had long been obvious, as that well-known expert, Dr. J. Erskine Murray, says in London *Engineering*, that some international agreement on the subject is absolutely imperative. The present arrangement—entailing the contemplated legislation upon Congress

—is but the sequel to the international telegraphic conference held in St. Petersburg thirty-five years ago, the rules of which have governed the telegraphic communication of the world for more than a generation.

The central feature of the wireless telegraph convention between the great powers is the article which provides that "coast stations and ship stations are bound to exchange radio-telegrams reciprocally without regard to the particular system of radio-telegraphy adopted by those stations." It is this article which gives the convention its world-wide importance. It is clear that altho each country favors a particular system for its coast stations, the ships of all countries go everywhere, touching in turn the coasts of every other country. Thus, without this provision, the utility of a ship station might be limited to the interchange of telegrams with stations situated only in one small region of the globe. Now it happens that our government insisted strongly upon the insertion of this feature of the convention. The article is modified, to be sure, in the final protocol so as to permit the use of systems which cannot by their essential nature communicate with others. A further proviso is added to the effect that each government may reserve to itself the power to exempt certain stations from the obligation to intercommunicate on condition that it places an open station in the region served by the exempted station so as to satisfy the needs of public correspondence.

These modifications provide for the development of new systems and for the prosecution of the necessary experimental work. The former was introduced mainly with the view of legitimizing the use of uniform currents of high frequency but comparatively low voltage which were supposed at the time of the convention, recent tho it was, to be incapable of affecting the receivers used in spark telegraphy. The latter was intended to provide the navy with stations at which experimental work could be carried on uninterrupted. The first of these provisos seems to Dr. Erskine-Murray hardly necessary, since in a recent lecture Mr. Marconi mentioned that uniform current (Poulsen) signals can be read on a syntonized coherer receiver, such as is used at many of his stations, and that where his magnetic detector is used the addition of a small interrupter is all that is required. Even speech transmitted by wireless telephony can be received and understood on the magnetic detector of a Marconi station, while on the

other hand spark signals of any description can be read on every type of receiver. Hence there is obviously no real physical difficulty in inter-communication. At the same time the embarrassments occasioned by the existence of "amateur" stations render it imperative that some sort of understanding with reference to "interruptions" be given statutory form.

In dealing with the subject, our government is likewise bound by certain other provisions of the international wireless convention in its relation to the applied science of the case:

"In order to make intercommunication certain, the wave-lengths to be used by coast stations are limited to two—namely, 300 meters and 600 meters. If this were not the case, calls might be missed, especially with modern sharply-tuned apparatus, in which the sensibility of the receiver is limited to a small range of wave-lengths. This limitation also renders it possible for naval stations using other wave-lengths to communicate without interference in the same regions as the commercial ones. It, of course, in no way reduces the probabilities of interference between merchant ships; so this difficulty has to be provided for by proper regulations as to precedence of messages. Wave-lengths from 600 to 1,600 meters are reserved for naval use.

"The normal wave-length for ship stations is 300 meters, but lengths up to 600 meters may be used. Every ship station and every operator must be licensed, and the following conditions, among others, will be enforced:—(a) The system used must be a syntonized system. This obviates the possibility of interference through the use of impulsive or rapidly-damped currents of excessively high voltage, since such cannot be employed in a properly syntonized—*i. e.*, in a sharply-tuned system. (b) The speed of transmission and reception must not be less than 12 words per minute. (c) The power imparted to the radio-telegraphic apparatus on a ship must not exceed one kilowatt except in certain cases of necessity."

Agreement upon a certain pre-arranged wave-length had a definite object. The object is clear when we remember, to use the illustration in a recent issue of *The Quarterly Review*, that if two musical instruments are placed near enough, the playing of one instrument is sufficient to set the chords of the other into a corresponding state of vibration, provided that the latter is tuned to the same note, key or pitch, corresponding to frequency and wave-length in etheric telegraphy. This consideration, however, only applies to particular stations registered for universal use, while others remain free for naval and other purposes, where any other wave-length would be



THE MAN WHO IS ACCUSED OF MONOPOLIZING THE ETHER

Guglielmo Marconi is just at this moment the center of the controversy precipitated by the legislation now before Congress, and the object of which is to prevent "interference" in wireless telegraphy.

used. As regards the service regulations, which have led to the recent hearings before a Senate committee, they must seemingly be made effective if the provisions of the international agreement are adhered to. They are declared in *The Quarterly Review*, which had the subject looked into from an expert standpoint, to be "ordinary common sense rules for the proper administration of wireless or radiotelegraphy on a universal basis, founded upon the international regulations in force for the requirements of universal telegraphic communication by metallic conductors." At the same time efforts have been made by at least one company in Great Britain to obtain a monopoly for itself by disseminating erroneous ideas of the possibility of intercommunication and of interference. The possibilities exist, but they can be guarded against.

Another controversial aspect of wireless telegraphy seems to call for legislation—its effect upon the health of the operators and experimenters. Articles have recently appeared in

the medical press dealing with certain noxious physical effects alleged to be produced upon persons engaged in wireless telegraphy. These articles were inspired by the report of a medical officer in the French navy who attributed to the practice of wireless telegraphy the occurrence within his observation of various cases of conjunctivitis, keratitis, corneal ulceration, leukoma, functional cardiac and other maladies. This elicited from Guglielmo Marconi the following statement over his signature:

"My own experience and that of the companies associated with my name, both here and in other parts of the world, supplies no evidence whatever in support of these suggestions.

"Just as it is necessary to protect the eyes from the effects of any source of intense light, so, in our high-power stations, we find it convenient to surround our sparks and discharges with a non-translucent screen or box; but no other precautions have been found necessary, and the health of our operators and other employees has, I am glad to say, been uniformly satisfactory."

INFLUENCE OF COCAINE ON CONTEMPORARY STYLE IN LITERATURE

WHEN the historian of literature as it flourishes to-day in our country appraises the influences which have most affected style, he will give a foremost place to cocaine, in the opinion of Doctor T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Connecticut, who has long made a special study of this form of addiction and who has written on the theme at length in the medical press. Those factors which so many critics summarize in the term decadence Doctor Crothers groups under a category of phenomena which he calls "cocainism." Cocaine or cocaine, as it is variously spelled, is responsible for much of the smooth and flowing sentences now so characteristic of the magazine writing of this period. This period affords, he contends, a most interesting field of investigation into the tendencies of contemporary American letters, and it is only just beginning to be explored. Popular impressions are to the effect that the cocaine habit is confined to the laboring poor in great cities. That is a great blunder, if the investigations of Doctor Crothers have not misled him. Writers of fiction for the magazines seem to this expert to show cocainism most completely when their style is easy or, as some critics call it, "graceful." The brilliance

of an imagination or the restless play of a subtle fancy are attainable through cocaine and sometimes in no other way, for the demands made upon the popular writer force him to do his work under the influence of this drug. For cocainism among the intellectual classes is on the increase. It is one of the most delusive addictions known. Many great writers—to use a current critical phrase—begin the use of cocaine that they may whip their inventiveness to action. The explanation of the value of cocaine is simple. We quote from the paper of Doctor Crothers in *The Medical Record*:

"Cocaine has a special action on the sensory centers and nerves, depressing their conductivity and diminishing or cutting off the transmission of impulses. It is a true analgesic. Its exact paralyzing action on the nerve centers and neurons is not clear, so that it must be studied largely from its effects.

"There is no drug so fascinating in its perfect relief of discomfort, fatigue, mental worriment, and sense of exhaustion, and the impression which follows from its use is that of renewed vigor and unusual capacity, also that some new force has been added, or capacity for reasoning and observing of matters relating to the body and its surroundings.

"Usually cocaine is given for states of depression, exhaustion, and many times for pain, both local and general. In states of catarrh, where the pain is accompanied with great discomfort, its action is very prominent and pleasing, and the sense of relief amounts to a positive conviction which leads to the renewal of the drug. This renewal must be continued, and very quickly an addiction follows in which an apparent normal condition is only obtained after the use of the drug. Unlike other drugs, there is a specific psychical action, carrying with it a profound sense of relief and vigor and good feeling. In the early stages this is prolonged, and fills the mind with satisfaction that is very impressive. Later, when the effects are shorter and less pronounced, the withdrawal of the drug is followed by intense gloom and mental bewilderment which craves a return of the effects. This first psychical effect of comfort impresses the organism so vividly that the memory of it is never forgotten. After the drug has been taken a long time, no depression or pain following its withdrawal can efface the memory of its first effects. Hence, perpetual struggle to secure the comforts which came from this first use. Aggravated catarrhs, irritating bronchial troubles, and states of exhaustion from starvation and poisoning are the conditions which cocaine relieves most markedly.

"The first after-effects following the withdrawal are of short duration, and not especially painful. Later this condition increases. The pain takes on a mental activity, a species of irritative melancholia and profound exhaustion which seeks relief at all times and under any circumstances. Nature seems to protest against the physical and psychical injury done in the most alarming way. This is seen in the facial agony of the cocaine-taker when deprived of the drug. His sufferings are internal and not seen in muscular excitement. The profound change that follows its use in the quiet face, serene satisfaction, and perfect relief is evidence of its effects.

"There appears to be a more pronounced susceptibility to this drug than to alcohol or opium. Very few cases are found in which the effects are unpleasant. Many persons become alarmed when they discover its tremendous fascinating effects, and make great efforts to escape. Those who are feebler may realize for a time its influence, but become powerless to escape by themselves. In their efforts to accomplish this they turn to morphia, spirits, and other drugs. A great many cocaine-takers in this country are poisoned by spirits and drugs, and are exhausted before cocaine is taken, and the relief which this brings them is a new experience, increasing the degeneration."

The delusions of the cocaine addict when he belongs to the intellectual classes are usually those of grandeur. He feels convinced that he is a genius, and sometimes he makes much of

his message to mankind. This exaltation of the ego and these delusions of strength conceal his true condition and he may be the center of an admiring throng of worshippers. The cocaine taker is indeed more thoroly insane than are all other drug addicts; but when his intellectual power is energized through the drug his true condition often does not appear. His health may seemingly be about the same. Cocaine addiction is on the increase among this peculiarly sensitive class of literary workers, especially if they tend to become nervous and exhausted from overwork. For cocaine addiction can be concealed for a very long time. Certain general symptoms give indication of the use of cocaine, but the verification of the addiction itself may be difficult. Notwithstanding the fact that the drug is so extremely dangerous it is highly praised and its use encouraged, Doctor Crothers says, by many physicians.

"Like the germs of infectious diseases it must be introduced into the community, then it spreads from one to another. Possibly it may die out in its local growth, but not until a percentage of those who suffer from it have been destroyed. It is possible that physicians, by thoughtless prescriptions and telling the patient the character of the drug they give him, may start the use of the drug in the community. It is certain that proprietary drugs for local pains have been found extremely popular and have had a large sale, until the substance composing it was discovered. Then the drug was used alone. Druggists, physicians, and patent medicines are responsible for this new scourge of humanity. The remedy is to stop its sale, except for some specific purpose, to be noted on a public book, and, where a doctor uses it freely, there must be some accounting, so as to prevent its danger. In a mill town where catarrh was prevalent, a certain proprietary drug had an enormous sale. The board of health discovered that the drug contained cocaine. As there was no law that would apply in this particular instance, the greatest difficulty followed in suppressing its sale. This happened some years ago, but the result of that one drug, extended over a period of nearly two years, was the permanent ruin of at least a dozen persons, whose drug and spirit addiction followed them until death. Drinks served from the soda fountain, containing cocaine, are attracting increased attention by the sudden popularity and enormous sale in certain sections. When the fact is ascertained that their chief value consists in cocaine, in small quantities, efforts to suppress them are both difficult and doubtful. The proprietors, by merely changing the names, can continue the use, and, if the soda fountain dealers refuse to dispense them, they are frequently sold direct to the customers."

WHY GREAT DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE ARE GROWING SCARCE

A DISCUSSION of the influence exerted by mathematics on scientific discovery, after proceeding for some little time among a few organs of expert opinion in various specialties, has resulted in the somewhat unexpected conclusion that the really great discoveries in science, if not all made, are at any rate certain to become scarce. The explanation is that the progress of discovery or of invention is dependent upon the progress of mathematical investigation. The view has been expressed by Sir Oliver Lodge and by Professor Henri Becquerel that this is one of the real phenomena of our time and a direct consequence of the great scientific discovery and greater scientific activity of the past century. Science, that is to say, has "collected all the rich surface ore and rendered the mining operations of mathematics necessary for further development." It is well worth inquiry, says *The Engineering Supplement* (London), how far this is a true statement of the case. Are the surface nuggets of scientific discovery becoming rarer? The question has been put in various forms by the Paris *Cosmos*, the Berlin *Prometheus* and the London *Nature*, and it has remained for *The Engineering Supplement* to go into the whole theme from the standpoint of the relation of invention or discovery to mathematics as one of the sciences.

Before any adequate answer to the problem can be given, our contemporary says, it must be remembered that the "gold" of science—its "surface nuggets"—are of two kinds. There is discovery (or invention) which adds to the common stock of scientific knowledge. Then there is discovery (or invention) which gives immediately the ability to add to the material resources of civilization—that is purely scientific discovery or invention and purely engineering discovery or invention.

"Despite the occasional overlapping of these two forms of invention, there is a real distinction between them, and where this distinction is plain we should suggest that the answer to the above question is negative in the one case and affirmative in the other. Surface nuggets of the purely scientific variety certainly do seem to be getting more scarce, but purely practical discoveries are to be found just as frequently now as in the past, without any more considerable equipment of apparatus than is afforded by the increased perfection of mechanical facilities. There are, however, a growing number of inventions which, while they

have immediate practical interest, are based on scientific foundations, and for the discovery of these the mining operations of mathematical analysis are found to be increasingly necessary."

Modern inventors know that the proportioning of the parts of their mechanisms one to another in almost any new invention will bring into play nearly every scientific law known to the educated specialist. In many cases the range of dimensions throughout which success is even possible is so small that the older method of trial and error would be useless as a means for ascertaining the correct relationship of parts, so that the very existence of the invention is at least as much due to the inventor's mathematical ability as to any other. As regards those discoveries and inventions which are of practical use to the world, the answer to the problem is, therefore, that it is just as possible as ever it was for new discoveries to be made without the aid of either science or mathematics.

In the work of pure science, therefore, it must be considered that mathematics is growing in importance. It first became important in astronomy, where its field was immensely widened by the immortal Newton, leading to its crowning success in the discovery of Neptune by Leverrier and Adams. The next great success was in electricity, where Clerk Maxwell, by his brilliant mathematical instinct, was able to predict the existence of those electric waves in the ether which now form the basis of wireless telegraphy. Its latest achievements are the breaking up of the chemical atom, by radio-active action, into thousands of corpuscles, and the endowment of physicists with such infinitely delicate analytical apparatus that fragments of matter millions of times smaller than the smallest hitherto recognizable can now be measured and traced through the most complicated transformations. At the present time it offers, in conjunction with spectrum analysis, the prospect of a knowledge of the conditions in which one substance becomes converted into another, with a corresponding simplification of the list of the elements.

The "scientific country," then, may be said to have been roughly surveyed almost all over. The comparatively simple equipment of the scientific pioneer of the past must be aided by the more powerful mathematical methods of analysis which are now available.

Religion and Ethics

THE PRESENT SPIRITUAL UNREST IN AMERICA

A WORLD-WIDE liberalism is shaking ancient institutions; old walls are everywhere tottering." So Ray Stannard Baker declares in his new book, "The Spiritual Unrest."* His statement is based on lengthy and painstaking analysis of existing religious conditions. He has spent many months, he tells us, visiting the churches and missions of New York City and of other cities and towns; he has talked with many clergymen and other leaders in religious work; he has visited settlements, charity organizations and labor unions in order to get a point of view of the churches from the outside. And he feels that the present tendency of our civilization can best be described as one of frank examination. "Christians and Jews alike," he says, "are in a critical mood; we deny the old dogmas of religion, we criticize government, we are dissatisfied with the present methods of industry. The great mass of the people are passive and drifting—waiting for the clear call of new leaders."

This dissatisfaction with the existing situation, Mr. Baker intimates, is in part due to the moral failure of the church. He instances the case of Trinity Church. Whatever may be said or thought in connection with the Trinity Church controversy, one fact stands out crystal clear. Trinity has followed, not led, the moral sentiment of the community. Its income, as every one knows, is largely drawn from tenement property, but when, in 1887, a law was passed requiring that running water should be furnished on each floor of tenement houses, the church fought the new ordinance in the courts. The legal battle lasted eight years, and in the end the church was defeated. It had to be literally coerced into treating its tenants fairly. "Trinity has always been against improvements," Mr. Baker asserts; "it has always had to be lashed to its moral duty by public opinion or by the courts, or by fear of legislative action. Even when the city was seeking for land for the children's playground at Clarkson and Houston Streets on the West Side, it had to enter into a long and costly fight in order to get the land from Trinity corporation." No wonder that such an example

conduces to the spiritual restlessness of the people!

But what about other churches in New York City and elsewhere? Are they or any of them triumphantly successful in reaching the masses of the people? Mr. Baker contends that they are not, and gives many facts to support his contentions. Church workers themselves, he has found, are discouraged. So representative and influential a clergyman as the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of New York, has put himself on record as stating: "The last decade has been the most strenuous and discouraging for Christian workers which this city has probably ever known." Just before his death, the Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer said: "There is such a thing as a religious crisis in America, however much we may scoff at the idea. Religion is to-day of very low vitality." Many other clergymen in New York and the country at large have expressed similar views. A circular sent out by the Rev. F. N. McMillan, Chairman of the Committee on Evangelistic Work of the Presbyterian Synod of Ohio, declares:

"The net increase of communicants in our Synod has been declining for many years, so that last year it was only 1,152. This is nearly 1,500 less than it was five years ago. This shows that we are not doing much more than holding our own."

"One Presbytery of 3,941 members received, on examination, only 138. Ninety-eight churches received none and many less than five."

"The records demonstrate that the church, as a whole, has declined in efficiency for the past eighty years."

Mr. Baker supplements these official statements out of his own experience. "I have visited," he says, "a large number of churches of all denominations during the past year; I have attended morning, afternoon and evening services, and in all that time I have been present at only a comparatively few services at which the church could be said to be even well filled." He continues:

"I have been at services where the audiences were so painfully small that it was hard to understand how the minister had the heart to go on with his sermon. In one Protestant church

* Frederick A. Stokes Company.

on the East Side, one Sunday morning not long ago, I found just fourteen people in the audience including myself. It was a good-sized church, heated for the occasion, with an organist and a choir, besides the clergyman who preached the sermon. One is almost driven to the conclusion sometimes that an endowment is the worst possible possession a church can have; for it makes it unnecessary for the church to report constantly to the people, or to draw its life blood from the people. Not only rich churches like Trinity are paralyzed by their money, but numerous small churches, like the Duane Methodist Church in Hudson street, and the Emmanuel Baptist Church in Suffolk street, live a miserable, hopeless existence, spending their income, it is true, but more dead than alive."

Such is the situation; and the question arises, How is the church meeting it? Broadly speaking, Mr. Baker replies, the church is endeavoring to regain its lost ground by renewed emphasis on two main ideas—individual regeneration and social reconstruction. In its effort to win the individual, it establishes missions, often in poorest slum quarters. In its effort to win the masses, it is leaving its peculiar domain of theology for broader fields of activity.

The missionary work of the church among the poor, the dissipated, the hopeless, evokes Mr. Baker's hearty commendation. He mentions specifically the Jerry McAuley Mission and the work of such men as Elsing of the De Witt Memorial Church, Bates of the Spring Street Church, Cocks of the Church of the Sea and Land, Dowkontt of the Mariner's Temple. "Here in the Mission of the slums," he observes, "among the lowest of the low, is demonstrated again and again the power of a living religion to reconstruct the individual human life. And it apparently makes not the slightest difference whether the man is an unlettered Christ or a university graduate, the power of reconstruction is the same. Once grasped, such religious faith changes the whole world for the man who grasps it. It cures, as it did in apostolic times, both bodies and souls, and it produces, moreover, a singularly simple and brotherly relationship among those who are reached, a desire to serve one another."

The institutional activities of the church are also sympathetically described. St. George's and St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Churches have probably done most in this field, but Mr. Baker chooses to take as his typical example the Christ Presbyterian Church, affiliated with and supported largely

by the Brick Presbyterian Church, of Fifth Avenue. He says:

"I think no one could visit either the church house on a week day, or see the Sunday School on Sunday with eight hundred children in attendance, without being greatly impressed. There is life here! The church is open all day long—open longer than the public schools, and more days in the week—but not open as long as the saloons and nickel theaters, cigar stores and candy parlors, which are to be found in numbers everywhere. A schedule of activities in the entrance-hall gives one an impressive idea of how the days are filled, and of the variety and extent of the work attempted. Two large kindergartens are held in the morning for some ninety little children. Older children and young people are organized in clubs and classes which meet at various hours during the week. Instruction is given in carpentry, sewing, cooking, typewriting and basketry. A boy's cadet corps is drilled regularly. To provide for the amusement which human nature will have (in the saloon, if not in the church) there are billiard tables, a bowling alley, a shooting gallery, a gymnasium and baths, and a room for games. In the summer, excursions to the country are constantly being organized. A considerable library is provided and the books are widely used in the neighborhood. The McAlpin literary society and the Glee Club give plays and other entertainments, including social dances."

Then of course there is the Emmanuel healing movement. There is the social settlement movement. There is the enthusiasm for municipal and political reform, for hospital extension, and for many of the newer forms of charity and education. All these, Mr. Baker contends, whether within or without the church, are expressions of the religious spirit, and point the way to the religion of the future. That religious interest is occupying itself more and more with sociological themes, Mr. Baker makes very clear. He cites as the book which has most deeply influenced progressive religious leaders in this country during recent years Walter Rauschenbusch's "Christianity and the Social Crisis." Professor Rauschenbusch is a member of the faculty of the Baptist Theological Seminary of Rochester, New York. His intellectual position may best be described as that of a broad Christian Socialism. "There are two great entities in human life," according to Professor Rauschenbusch, "the human soul and the human race; and religion is to save both. The soul is to seek righteousness and eternal life; the race is to seek righteousness and the kingdom of God." In

the past, he believes, the churches have concerned themselves too exclusively with personal salvation. Now the time has come for a new social mission, a new evangelism. What this evangelism is, Mr. Baker explains in the following passage:

"The new evangelism is made up of the same elements as the old; first, it seeks to convict men of sin; second, to reconstruct their lives. But the conception of both sin and reconstruction in the new evangelism is immensely broader and deeper than in the old. It is as wide as humanity, with a vision and a message calculated to fire the souls of men as nothing in the past ever fired them.

"The new evangelism greatly intensifies our conception of sin. It shows how impossible it is to sin any sin that does not pass along to others. It shows how all men are linked together, and that the sin of one injures all, so that each man realizes that he is involved in the whole sin of mankind. . . .

"In the old society—the society we know now—the great sins are war, strife, competition—with resulting luxury for a few and want for many.

"The new social life, then, should change all this, should be a right-about-face—if it is to be true rebirth. There must be peace, not war; co-operation, not competition; and in place of extremes of luxury and want, a distribution of property which will assure every human being upon this earth a chance to make the most of the faculties God has given him.

"This is the new preaching of repentance and this the new vision of salvation. And every hour it is entralling new souls with the possibilities of love and service."

Thus the old ideas of individual and social salvation take on new meanings in the message of Professor Rauschenbusch. It is he and others like him, Mr. Baker suggests, who may lead the people of America out of their present spiritual unrest.

THE GREATEST METHODIST TEACHER OF THIS GENERATION

WHEN the late Prof. Borden P. Bowne visited Japan five years ago, Count Okuma introduced him to a vast and distinguished audience in Tokyo with the declaration: "It has been my privilege to welcome many Americans during my service as prime minister, but I have taken special pleasure in welcoming two of the greatest Americans—Grant, the military genius, and Bowne, the scholar." This tribute may appropriately be recalled at the present time. Professor Bowne was a unique figure both as a thinker and as a teacher. He will be remembered as a conservator of the ancient traditions. For more than thirty years he was Professor of Philosophy in Boston University, and "his chair more than any other," *Zion's Herald*, the Boston Methodist weekly, declares, "has given Boston University rare and splendid distinction." The same paper adds: "He was born and fitted to teach with marvelous awakening and inspiring power. He attracted his students to him with a peculiar magnetism, and held them in a grip like steel; and perhaps more men and women to-day feel an unspeakable sense of gratitude and affection toward him for great service rendered to them than is entertained for any other man."

Professor Bowne conceived of himself as primarily a defender of the faith against the materialistic encroachments of our day. He

believed in God, and he believed in the freedom of the will. The book which first brought him into prominence, in 1874, was an attack on the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. His last article, in *The North American Review*, is an effort to show the inadequacy of what has been variously called materialism, naturalism and rationalism.

The different stages of the intellectual and spiritual development through which he passed are lucidly traced in an address by his friend, President Francis J. McConnell, of De Pauw University, delivered at a memorial service in Boston University and reprinted in *Zion's Herald*. Bowne studied in Germany, and came to his earliest philosophic views under the tutelage of Hermann Lotze. The first edition of his book on "Metaphysics," published in 1882, was dedicated to Lotze. But in the end the pupil was to become master. One summer day Bowne called on Lotze at his home, and had long disputation with him on the deepest themes. As he left he looked out across the valley and said: "A storm is rising." Lotze replied: "But nothing to the storm of doubts and questionings which you have raised in my mind concerning some of my positions."

Bowne may best be described, Dr. McConnell tells us, as an apostle of philosophic idealism. That is to say, he took the attitude that mind, not matter, is the primal and essential

element in the universe. The arguments by which he reached this conclusion in such works as his "Introduction to Psychological Theory" (1887), "The Philosophy of Theism" (1888), and "Personalism" (1907), are too long and too subtle to be quoted here; but a homely illustration cited by Dr. McConnell may be almost said to tell the whole story:

"Just after the publication of the first edition of the 'Metaphysics' a noted professor of physics wrote to Dr. Bowne protesting against the emphasis on the reality of mind. The physicist declared that there could be nothing in the universe except matter and its forces, that thought was a powerless accompaniment of the physical processes. To this Dr. Bowne replied that, according to the theory of the letter-writer, in this particular instance the letter itself could only be looked upon as so many marks upon a piece of paper, that certain physical forces had brought about certain nervous states resulting in the scratches on the paper, and that thought had nowhere appeared as an effective factor. Dr. Bowne went on to declare that while he could not accept such a theory as an explanation of the entire universe, he was altogether willing to accept it as an explanation of the particular letter which he had received from the physicist. The physicist made no direct reply, but revealed to a friend that while the Bowne sarcasm irritated and stung, the Bowne criticism was exceedingly hard for a materialist to meet."

As an exponent of idealism, Professor Bowne felt that he won intellectual vindication. In 1882 idealism had little hold in America. He lived to see it strongly in the ascendant both in England and America, and to see Eucken, the German whose thinking is most like his, take the Nobel prize. He was also, in a very real sense, the pioneer of pragmatism. In this connection, Dr. McConnell says:

"Everything that is really valuable in pragmatism is in Bowne, by implication at least, and this view in the hands of Bowne received much steadier and sounder treatment than in the hands of the majority of present-day pragmatists. Present-day pragmatism strenuously denies that it puts the stress on a too practical result as the test of the worth of a belief—it would insist that it finds a place for purely intellectual needs; but when the pragmatists go on to pronounce mathematical axioms merely practical postulates, we can find a reason for Bowne's insistence that current pragmatism is shallow. Our main point is, however, that Bowne lived to see his essential position as to the practical character of belief widely accepted. If he had lived, it is quite likely that his services in this field

would have been to criticize and correct a view with which he was in the main largely in sympathy."

Despite his intellectual acumen—or perhaps because of it!—Professor Bowne regarded reason as a very unsafe guide in approaching the fundamental mysteries. Away back in the eighties he published in *The Methodist Review* an article on "The Logic of Religious Belief," in which he argued that in the deeper questions the mind does not proceed by strict logic, but by assumption in accord with its own deepest life needs. He believed in Christianity. His books, "The Christian Revelation" (1898), "The Christian Life" (1899), "Studies in Christianity" (1909), are a philosopher's tribute to the Christian religion. Only a few days before he died he remarked: "With regard to this Christian faith, I wish to say, as a person having some knowledge of the standing of such doctrines in philosophy and in the court of reason, that our old faith is at least as rational as any other. It can give as good an account of itself as any other." For him Christ was a divine being, "Son of God become man for our salvation." He used to say that the exalted view of Christ brought Christ nearer to men than the thought of Christ merely as a religious genius, for he thought that men would always feel separated from a genius of any kind. His attitude toward miracles was conservative. As Dr. McConnell interprets it:

"We must take care to understand Dr. Bowne at this point. For him an event taking place according to a natural law was just as divine in its origin as any miracle could be. He could not have held so strongly to the belief in the divine immanence and have believed otherwise. But he was very careful as to the implications wrapped up in the insistence upon naturalism. If a man believed in the presence of God in all things and then found what Bowne called a supernatural natural and a natural supernatural, well and good; but if the new natural really meant that things could move of themselves apart from God, Bowne arose in protest. He feared that many who seek to explain Christianity in natural terms are really leaving God out, and it was this that concerned him. He said, too, that some minds had become so heated by the wine of the new immanence doctrine that they were nigh unto absurdity in many of their utterances. He looked upon the person of Christ as the great supernatural fact, and he saw no objection to departures from the ordinary as fitting and harmonious accompaniments, though not as dogmatic necessities. He him-



A CONSERVATOR OF THE ANCIENT TRADITIONS

Professor Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, threw his influence all on the side of faith as against the materialistic encroachments of our day.

self had no trouble with miracle until some man began to dogmatize with him and say that every miracle must be accepted or every miracle must be cast out. In short, he felt that this realm of the supernatural in Christianity is one which must be entered free from the dogmatic spirit. For himself he found the stories of the great miracles as easy to believe as any criticisms of them which he had read, and he resented any system of law which would tie and bind down the Supreme Mind from making any kind of manifestation which the revealing movement might call for. He did not care to debate the problem of miracle, but rather to protest against the rise of a new dogmatism with oracular dictates as to a realm which, it seemed to him, ought not to be entered in a dogmatic spirit. He was apt to summarize his thought on such matters in a statement like that which appears in his little book on the 'Immanence of God': 'St. Paul may have had a fit on the road to Damascus, but it is the only known fit that has been followed by such mighty consequences.'"

Dr. Bowne never gave a clearer and simpler revelation of himself than in an address which he made before the Boston Methodist Social Union at the end of February. He seemed to express in that utterance all the essential points of his life-faith. He told his audience

that he believed in progress and was sure that the world was growing better. He said further:

"Faith in God is optimism. Pessimism is atheism. Therefore in so far as you believe in God you must believe that this world can be set right—not by Saturday night, nor by the end of the month, or the end of the year. But this world is so much God's world that there is absolutely no wrong whatever that cannot be put away by men determined to accomplish that. We need that conviction more and more in possession of our wills.

"We find many people who are not desirable or useful citizens. They are goodish sort of people, but they always say, 'That never can be done; there is no use.' Well, they are no use. That is the trouble. But everything can be done in time. Faith in God carries that faith with it. We must assume that there is no evil in the human sphere that cannot be put away if men will set themselves to remove it. And there is no good within the human sphere that cannot be won if men will set themselves to achieve it. What we want in this world is volunteers for God to enlist for the war, men who are not going to surrender or back down or throw down their arms, but are going to live with resistance in their wills, and die, if need be, with protest on their lips, that the good time may come.

"I will add to that, don't think that you are here to be happy. Any one that sets out in this life for the purpose of being happy will have a pretty tough time of it. There is not happiness enough to go around, and the kind of which there is enough is not worth having. No one can ever be built up into a crowned soul by being favored with happiness. But when you go in for the best things, the fundamental things, and keep on doing so, somehow or other you will be likely to have a good deal of trouble and pain, but it will be pain that will have something divine in it, and something that you would not exchange for any so-called happiness under the sun."

Then he added impressively, as if with a premonition of his own approaching death:

"We are going to be through this life before very long. The longest life is short when it is over; any time is short when it is done. The gates of time will swing to behind you before long. They will swing to behind some of us soon, but behind all of us before long. And then the important thing will not be what appointments we had, or what rank in the Conference, or anything of that sort—not what men thought of us, but what He thought of us, and whether we were built into His kingdom. And if, at the end of it all, we emerge from life's work and discipline crowned souls, at home anywhere in God's universe, life will be a success."

AMERICAN MORALS THROUGH A POET'S EYES

THE young poet-author of "Nineveh" and "The House of the Vampire," George Sylvester Viereck, has lately visited Germany, the land of his birth. He records the impressions of his European trip in a book* entitled "Confessions of a Barbarian." His object, he tells us, is "to reveal America to herself by interpreting Europe." Mr. Viereck is nothing if he is not egotistic and paradoxical. His pages are studded with brilliant epigrams, and illumined by flashes of artistic enthusiasm.

One of the most original chapters of the book is headed "The Morals of Europe." It deals, however, with the morals of America rather than of Europe, and it opens with a statement that those who look to it for a discussion of *sexual* morals will be disappointed. Mr. Viereck takes the view that sex has really nothing to do with morals. "In America," he says, "we are accustomed to associate morality pre-eminently with sex. Don Juan is to us the devil incarnate. We regard a sexually continent man as a moral man." But this, Mr. Viereck holds, is a false standard. He makes a discrimination, the reasons for which are not altogether clear to us, between ethical problems and sex-problems, which latter he considers physiological rather than ethical in their nature. He refuses, therefore, to discuss Europe's sexual morality in this connection, and goes on to register his conviction that, with the elimination of the sexual factor, the morals of Europe are superior to ours. The European's integrity in business, his sense of social duty, and his firm adherence to an intangible code of professional honor, thrown against our American background, endow him, in Mr. Viereck's eyes, with the halo of saintship.

Contrasting, first of all, the ethical and religious training dispensed abroad in public schools with that given in this country, Mr. Viereck observes: "We abhor the idea of injecting religious instruction into our educational system, altho, absurdly enough, we approve of indiscriminate Bible-readings in schools, irrespective of the children's religious persuasions, and expect even the atheist to swear in court on the Book." Then, addressing the reader directly, he says:

"You are a church-goer presumably. But I am sure your religious notions are hazy. Per-

haps you go to church as to a social function. If you had been brought up in Germany you would know exactly what you believed and what you did not believe. For one thing, you would have had systematic religious training in school. And you would have learned to apply your religion daily, as you apply the multiplication table. Both Gentile and Jew are instructed by special teachers of their own faith in the elements of their creed, as they are instructed in geography and spelling. When they grow up they will have to pay taxes in support of the State Church or the Synagog, unless they formally declare their dissent from the faith. They will not take this step without serious reflection. They are thus forced to think clearly for themselves. That may ultimately blast the Rock of Ages with intellectual dynamite, but at least they will know for what it stands."

American children, Mr. Viereck continues, are often curiously ignorant of even the most beautiful Biblical stories, things they should know as matters of general culture. Already, he avers, the Sunday-school despairs of itself. It reaches only a comparatively small percentage of children. It is an outside thing in school, and remains an outside thing in life. The same may be said of religion:

"We take our religion on Sundays as one takes medicine. If conscience calls during business hours, we aren't in. Sporadically, however, we experience religion with hysterical intensity. The corruptionist suddenly discovers that he is wicked, and, like the newly-converted savage, he suffers from violent ethical cramps. With this difference, the savage, in sudden religious fervor, may inflict *harikari* upon himself; the reformed American millionaire vents his religion on others. He plays Jack the Ripper to Personal Liberty. He makes large donations to the Anti-Saloon League. He deprives the little ones of their Sunday."

The comic press, Mr. Viereck asserts, is an unfailing determinant of a country's morals, and judged from this point of view we are sadly deficient. "We are," he argues, "like children badly brought up. Our lack of sensitiveness is amazingly revealed in the comic supplement of our newspapers, the weekly glorification of horse-play." Most barbarous and unethical, too, he finds our attitude toward age. "We lack that tact of the heart for which white hair in itself is an object of veneration." Moreover:

"We forgive the man of action every sin except the one forgivable sin. We countenance a Senator's political corruption, but rise in anger

* *CONFESIONS OF A BARBARIAN.* By George Sylvester Viereck, Moffat, Yard & Company.

over his indiscreet note to some questionable female. We boil over with indignation, where Paris or Berlin would shrug their shoulders and smile. Uncharitable, I say, and un-Christian. Christ drove the money-changers from the temple, but he forgave the Magdalen."

Graft, Mr. Viereck goes on to say, is a vice typically American, and he suspects that we are rather proud at heart of our robber barons. "There are grafters abroad, naturally," he admits; "but one does not speak of them with sneaking admiration. They aren't 'the thing,' socially. They are not regarded as models for the young." In Europe, it seems, the day of the robber is over; in America it has only begun:

"We do not interfere with the big thieves, except by calling them names. But we interfere actively with the personal freedom of our humbler citizens. We forbid them to play or to drink beer on Sunday. I never play athletic games, and I hardly ever drink beer. But I sometimes burn with desire to soak myself with rum as a protest against the fanatics. I believe, to paraphrase Wilde, that it is not immoral for a prickly thistle to be a prickly thistle, but that it would be frightfully selfish if she wanted all the flowers of the field to be both prickly and thistles. I have nothing to say against the teetotaler. I respect his individuality. But let him respect mine."

Conformity, so this indictment proceeds, is our catchword. We suppress subjective forces in politics and in art. We eliminate the personal note in the press. Abroad, journalists have certain convictions which they are not prepared to sacrifice at any price. In America, Mr. Viereck maintains, we have no such convictions. "One evening," he says, "I had dinner in Berlin with a celebrated professor of political history. His name is on everybody's tongue." The narrative proceeds:

"The conversation naturally drifted to journalism, and I interpreted for him the status of the American editor. The policy of the paper, I explained, is prescribed by the proprietor and reversed at his pleasure; the editor's personal opinion is of no consequence, even if his salary may be that of a king. He is a living automaton, paid for his dexterity, not his views. He might write Democratic editorials in the morning and Republican editorials at night. In private life he might be a Socialist or a Mugwump. Yet no one would think the less of him, or brand him as an unprincipled rogue. I did not pretend to be better than others. I even admitted that to be such an intellectual

Jekyll and Hyde might be a delightful sensation. As long as my articles were unsigned, I would not regard myself as responsible for their tenor. I should look upon my job as an exercise in political dialectics.

"The professor was very much shocked by this lack of principle. His wife, a delightful woman, looked upon me as one looks upon a leper. A German journalist of standing would refuse to write a line, signed or unsigned, of which he disapproved in his heart."

In America, Mr. Viereck contends, we play the game to win. We have little of the sportsman's joy in the game as such, and we do not understand "the subtler victory of courageous defeat." We make compromises, permissible in journalism, but fatal in art. "We barter dreamland kingdoms for real estate." The argument concludes:

"Our greatest author is actually a corporation. We speak of 'The Mark Twain' as we speak of 'The Standard Oil.' That opens amusing vistas of 'The John Milton, Limtd.,' and 'The William Shakespeare, Inc.' For all we know, this may be the solution of the Shakespeare problem. William Shakespeare may have been merely the trade-mark for a stock company, of which Francis Bacon was the chief stock-holder, and the gentleman usually referred to as the author of the plays merely a dummy director! If John Keats had been an American he might have been incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. His name, instead of being 'writ in water,' would be writ on watered stock! The genius of Poe, alas, was antipodal to the American spirit. If he had capitalized his brains at five hundred thousand dollars, he would surely be in the Hall of Fame. Let me state right here that I refuse ever to have my name there engraved. I prefer to roam through the spirit world undindorsed by smug nobodies, a vagabond ghost with Whitman and Poe.

"I turn an honest penny wherever I can. While my attitude toward the Golden Calf is not one of worship, I approach it with considerable respect. Every dollar is so much potential energy imprisoned. But I refuse to water my literary stock for any amount of money. That is the only way an artist can be immoral. We have yet to learn the raptures of the scholar whose eyes grow dim with tears when, after digging in dusty tomes for five-and-twenty years, he discovers the root of some irregular verb. Not ours the thrill of the poet who, after sleepless nights, dances with glee because he has at last wrested from his brain the ultimate expression for some sensuous and elusive emotion. We rank the man who gets away with another man's invention above the author himself. Logically, we should worship the devil because he gets away with such a large part of God's creation."

MARK TWAIN'S PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHY

IT IS surely one of the ironies of fate that Mark Twain, greatest of American humorists, should have been a sad-hearted man, a fatalist and a pessimist. He did not often reveal his philosophy. He almost seemed ashamed of it. But he took the trouble to write a little book, "What is Man?" which he issued anonymously and gave to some of his intimate friends, and which made his meaning so clear that no one could misunderstand. The book is dated February, 1905. It carries this fore-word:

"The studies for these papers were begun twenty-five or twenty-seven years ago. The papers were written seven years ago. I have examined them once or twice per year since and found them satisfactory. I have just examined them again and am still satisfied that they speak the truth.

"Every thought in them has been thought (and accepted as unassailable truth) by millions upon millions of men—and concealed, kept private. Why did they not speak out? Because they dreaded (and could not bear) the disapproval of the people around them. Why have I not published? The same reason has restrained me, I think. I can find no other."

Mark Twain's philosophic confession of faith is in the form of a dialog between an Old Man and a Young Man. The Old Man may be said to represent Mark Twain himself, and the conversation is largely devoted to two fundamental questions—how far a man is a free agent, and whether he is influenced from within or without. Mark Twain throws all his subtle mentality into sustaining the theses that man has no more responsibility than a machine, and that the influences which determine his conduct come "from the outside." "It is a desolating doctrine," the Old Man frankly admits; "it is not inspiring, enlusing, uplifting. It takes the glory out of man, it takes the pride out of him, it takes the heroism out of him, it denies him all personal credit, all applause; it not only degrades him to a machine, but allows him no control over the machine; makes a mere coffee mill of him, and neither permits him to supply the coffee nor turn the crank, his sole and piteously humble function being to grind coarse or fine, according to his make, outside impulses doing all the rest."

The first argument of the book considers how far a man is entitled to credit for what he does. The Old Man compares the relative

merit of a steam engine made of steel and of one made of stone. The Young Man admits that the steel steam engine would do far superior work. Then the Old Man asks:

Would the steel steam engine be personally entitled to the credit of its own performance?

YOUNG MAN—Certainly not.

OLD MAN—Why not?

YOUNG MAN—Because its performance is not personal. It is the result of the law of its construction. It is not a merit that it does the things which it is set to do—it cannot help doing them.

OLD MAN—And it is not a personal demerit in the stone machine that it does so little?

YOUNG MAN—Certainly not. It does no more and no less than the law of its make permits and compels it to do. There is nothing personal about it; it cannot choose. Is it your idea to work up to the proposition that man and the machine are about the same things and that there is no personal merit in the performance of either?

OLD MAN—Yes, but do not be offended. I am meaning no offense. What makes the grand difference between the stone engine and the steel one? Shall we call it training, education? Shall we call a stone engine a savage and the steel one a civilized man? The original rock contained the stuff of which the steel was made, but along with it a lot of sulphur and stone and other obstructing inborn hereditaries, brought down from the old geologic ages—prejudices, let us call them. Prejudices, which nothing in the rock itself had either power to remove or any desire to remove. Prejudices which must be removed by outside influences or not at all.

The Old Man next lays down the proposition: "Whatsoever a man is is due to his make and to the influences brought to bear upon it by his hereditaries, his habitat, his association. He is moved, directed, commanded by exterior influences solely. He originates nothing—not even a thought." The Young Man objects to this. "Oh come!" he exclaims. "Where did I get my opinion that this which you are talking is all foolishness?" The Old man replies: "It is a quite natural opinion—indeed, an inevitable opinion—but you did not create the materials out of which it is formed. They are odds and ends of thoughts, impressions, feelings, gathered unconsciously from a thousand books, a thousand conversations, and from streams of thought and feeling which have flowed down into your heart and brain out of the hearts and brains of centuries of ancestors. Personally, you did not create even the smallest microscopic fragment of materials of which your opinion is made, and personally



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THE MOST DESPAIRING OF HUMORISTS

By an irony of fate, Mark Twain, who made the whole world laugh, was at heart pessimistic and melancholy.

you cannot claim even the slender merit of putting the borrowed materials together. That was done automatically by your mental machinery in strict accordance with the law of that machinery's construction. And you not only did not make that machinery yourself, but you have not even any command over it."

In rejoinder to this, the Young Man says: "The first man had original thoughts, anyway; there was nobody to draw from." This also is denied:

OLD MAN—It is a mistake. Adam's thoughts came to him from the outside. You have a fear of death. You did not invent that—you got it from the outside, from thought and teaching. Adam had no fear of death, none in the world.

YOUNG MAN—Yes he had.

OLD MAN—When he was created?

YOUNG MAN—No, when he was threatened with it.

OLD MAN—Then it came from the outside. Adam is quite big enough; let us not try to make a god of him. None but gods have ever had a thought which did not come from the outside. Adam probably had a good head, but it was no sort of use to him until it was filled up from the outside. He had not a shadow of a notion between good or evil. Neither he nor Eve was able to originate the idea that it was immodest to go naked. The knowledge came in with the apple from the outside.

YOUNG MAN—Well, never mind Adam. But certainly Shakespeare's creations—

OLD MAN—No, you mean Shakespeare's imitations. Shakespeare created nothing. He correctly observed, and he marvelously painted. He exactly portrayed people whom God had created; but he created none himself. Let us spare him the slander of charging him with trying. Shakespeare could not create. He was a machine, and machines do not create.

YOUNG MAN—Where was his excellence, then?

OLD MAN—In this. He was not a sewing machine, like you and me. He was a Gobelin loom. The threads and colors came into him from the outside; and so framed the patterns in his mind and started up its complex and admirable machinery; and it automatically turned out that pictured and gorgeous fabric which still compels the astonishment of the world. If Shakespeare had been born and bred on a barren rock in the ocean, Shakespeare would have produced nothing.

But how about unselfish and noble actions? the Young Man inquires. Does a man deserve no credit for these? He goes on to cite a definite instance: A man lives three miles uptown. It is bitter cold, snowing hard, midnight. He is about to enter the horse car when a gray and ragged old woman, a touching picture of misery, puts out her lean hand and begs for rescue from hunger and death. The man finds that he has but a quarter in his pocket, but he does not hesitate; he gives it to her and trudges home through the storm.

The Old Man responds: "Let us add up the details and see how much he got for his 25 cents. Let us try to find out the real why of his making the investment. In the first place, he couldn't bear the pain which the old suffering face gave him, so he was thinking of his pain—this good man. He must buy a salve for it. If he did not succor the old woman his conscience would torture him all the way home. Thinking of his pain again. He must buy relief from that. If he didn't relieve the old woman he would not get any sleep. He must buy some sleep—still thinking of himself, you see. Thus, to sum up, he bought himself free of a sharp pain in his heart, he bought himself free of the tortures of a waiting conscience, he bought a whole night's sleep—all for 25 cents! It should make Wall Street ashamed of itself."

Proceeding to a definition of the law of life, as he sees it, the Old Man sums up the instinct which governs both our noblest and basest impulses as follows: "From his cradle to his grave a man never does a single thing which has any first and foremost object but one—to secure peace of mind, spiritual comfort, for himself." Then the following conversation takes place:

YOUNG MAN—Take that noblest passion, love of country, patriotism. A man who loves peace and dreads pain leaves his pleasant home and his weeping family and marches out to manfully expose himself to hunger, cold, wounds, and death.



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HIS LAST LOOK AT THE SKY

A wistful pathos may be read into this recent picture of Mark Twain, gazing out on the series of beautiful terraces that lead down the hill on which his Redding home is built.

OLD MAN—Then perhaps there is something that he loves more than he loves peace—the approval of his neighbors and the public. If he is sensitive to shame he will go to the field—not because his spirit will be entirely comfortable there, but because it will be more comfortable there than it would be if he remained at home. Public opinion can force some men to do anything.

YOUNG MAN—I don't believe that. Can it force a right-principled man to do a wrong thing? Or a kind man to do a cruel thing?

OLD MAN—Yes. Alexander Hamilton was a conspicuously high-principled man. He regarded dueling as wrong, and as opposed to the teachings of religion—but in deference to public opinion he fought a duel. He deeply loved his family, but to buy public approval he treacherously deserted them and threw his life away, ungenerously leaving them to lifelong sorrow in order that he might stand well with a foolish world.

YOUNG MAN—Some noble souls have refused to fight duels, and have manfully braved the public contempt . . . The world's philanthropists—

OLD MAN—I honor them, I uncover my head to them—from habit and training; but they could not know comfort or happiness or self-approval if they did not work and spend for the unfortunate. It makes them happy to see others happy; and so with money and labor they buy what they are after—happiness, self-approval.

Is not this instinct to achieve happiness, self-approval, but another name for conscience? asks the Young Man. The Old Man says:

That is a good enough name for it, Conscience—that independent Sovereign, that insolent, absolute Monarch inside of a man who is the man's Master. There are all kinds of consciences, because there are all kinds of men. You satisfy an assassin's conscience in one way, a philanthropist's in another, a miser's in another, a burglar's in still another. As a guide or incentive to any authoritatively prescribed line of morals or conduct (leaving training out of the account) a man's conscience is totally valueless.

YOUNG MAN—You spoke of trained consciences. You mean that we are not born with consciences competent to guide us aright?

OLD MAN—if we were, children and savages would know right from wrong, and not have to be taught it.

The Young Man is eager to be enlightened as to how consciences can be trained. "By parents, teachers, the pulpit and books?" he asks. "Yes," replies the Old Man, "they do their share; they do what they can." He continues:

That is a part of it—but not a large part. I mean all the outside influences. There are millions of them. From the cradle to the grave, during all his waking hours, the human being is under

training. In the very first rank of his trainers stands association. It is his human environment which influences his mind and his feelings, furnishes him with his ideals, and sets him on his road and keeps him in it. If he leave that road he will find himself shunned by the people whom he most loves and esteems and whose approval he most values. He is a chameleon; by the law of his nature he takes the color of his place of resort. The influences about him create his preferences, his aversions, his politics, his tastes, his morals, his religion. He creates none of these things for himself. You have seen Presbyterians?

YOUNG MAN—Many.

OLD MAN—How did they happen to be Presbyterians and not Congregationalists? And why were the Congregationalists not Baptists, and the Baptists Roman Catholics, and the Roman Catholics Buddhists, and the Buddhists Quakers, and the Quakers Episcopalians, and Episcopalians Millerites, and the Millerites Hindus, and the Hindus Atheists, and the Atheists Spiritualists—and so on?

YOUNG MAN—You may answer your question yourself.

OLD MAN—That list of sects is not a record of studies, searchings, seekings after light; it mainly (and sarcastically) indicates what association can do. If you know a man's nationality you can come within a split hair of guessing the complexion of his religion: English, Protestant; American, ditto; Spanish, Frenchman, Irishman, Italian, South American, Austrian, Roman Catholic; Russian, Greek Catholic; Turk, Mohammedan, and so on. And when you know the man's religious complexion you know what sort of religious books he reads when he wants some more light and what sort of books he avoids, lest by accident he get more light than he wants.

The Young Man, half bewildered, half conquered by the logic of his opponent, tries to pin down the Old Man to a guiding admonition. He gets it in the end.

YOUNG MAN—Are you hinting at a new scheme of procedure?

OLD MAN—Not a new one—one as old as mankind. Merely the laying of traps for people. Traps baited with Initiatory Impulses Toward High Ideals. It is what the tract distributor does. It is what the missionary does. It is what governments ought to do.

YOUNG MAN—Don't you believe that God could make an inherently honest man?

OLD MAN—Yes, I know he could. I also know that He never did make one. God makes a man with honest or dishonest possibilities in him, and stops there. The man's associations develop the possibilities.

YOUNG MAN—Now, then, I will ask you where there is any sense in training people to lead virtuous lives. What is gained by it?

OLD MAN—The man himself gets large ad-

vantages out of it, and that is the main thing—to him. He is not a peril to his neighbors, he is not a damage to them—and so they get an advantage out of his virtues. That is the main thing to them. It can make this life comparatively comfortable to the parties concerned.

YOUNG MAN—If you were going to condense into an admonition your plan for the general

betterment of the race's condition, how would you do it?

OLD MAN—Diligently train your ideals upward and still upward toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, while contenting you, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbor and the community.

"THE ABDICATION

FOR fifty years, so W. C. Gannett, a Rochester clergyman, charges, a change has been taking place in this country in the relation between parent and child which amounts to nothing less than a gradual abdication of the parent. This change may be said to vitally affect the mental training, the religious training, and the choice of companions of the child, and, as a result, Mr. Gannett declares, there is abdication in regard to the shaping of character and of life-success.

Abdication in favor of whom? it will be asked. Mr. Gannett replies to the question at length. For the training of *mind*, he says, surrender has been made to the teacher of the week-day school. Time was, not long ago, when parents partnered the teachers both in and out of school. They watched that lessons were learned at home, and supplemented school-work with home-chores and little household responsibilities. But now all this has changed. Says Mr. Gannett (in *Unity*):

"Few teachers as yet, and still fewer parents, realize that the will and the conscience are the *most* important elements in winning an education,—more important than anything purely intellectual. It is these, the will and the conscience, which, using books and lessons as tools and the school-room as work-shop, gradually evoke in the child-mind powers of concentration, mental persistence, mental thorowness and accuracy, high intellectual standards, the sense of intellectual responsibility. Even in Harvard, ex-President Eliot has recently said, 'There is a little word more likely to be used towards the undergraduate in the future than in the last few years. That little word is *must*.' *Must* is not *ought*; but the little words are alike in bearing directly on 'will.' Now through the child's will and conscience a faithful parent, however distanced in topics of study, may, by keeping eye on the work and hand on the shoulder, remain that child's *chief* educator to the very end of school-life. In virtue of them he may even go with his child through Harvard or Vassar without ever seeing the college-walls. He may; but to-day he seldom does. Busier than ever himself, and humbly con-

OF THE PARENT."

scious of ignorance, he has all but let go of his children's education; hardly knows *what* they are studying, *how* they are studying, *whether* they are really studying. Sometimes, too late, the dismal discovery comes that they cannot have studied, so poor are the graduation results. He has signed his name on a monthly report-card sprinkled with Bs and Cs and Ds,—and that has been *his* share, the parent's share, in the whole vital matter. The rest was the business of School Board and teacher, and he has left it to them. The parent has abdicated."

The child's *religious* training, Mr. Gannett continues, has been surrendered to the Sunday-school teacher. Usually she is a kindly and devoted woman. She is seldom trained in the fine art of teaching. Often this teacher is an earnest-hearted girl of twenty, with almost all of life's lessons yet to learn herself. Mr. Gannett writes further:

"Quite possibly the parents do not know her name; probably they have never thought of consulting with her about the child's needs; and probably, too, have never once thanked her for taking their parental place. In the home the mother has doubtless taught that child, in nursery years, some little prayers and hymns; perhaps, but not probably, on Sunday afternoons she spends regularly a 'quiet hour' or two with the children gathered around her; perhaps, but not probably now, the young child joins in a 'quiet moment' at the household meals, and dimly feels its mystic meaning; almost certainly it has never heard the Bible, or a Bible's equivalent, read regularly, reverently, joyously, in the household life; at Sunday-school it studies Bible lessons, as the process is called, but probably finds absolutely no interest in them at home. Time was when these things were not so. Time was, indeed, and not so very far back, when there was no Sunday-school in existence endeavoring to better the home. Time was when prayer, hymn, Bible-reading, 'grace' at the table, church-going as the elders' Sunday habit, were parts of the household life, the practice and the expression of the religious sense pervading it,—each and all having influence, half unconscious, half conscious, on the children's heart and life; and when the parents

felt responsibility for the religiousness—call it the 'reverence'—as well as for the honesty and kindness and courtesy and the reading and writing and arithmetic of those children. For good or for ill, or for both, these old-time customs have all but died out, and nothing yet in the modern home has risen to take their place. The parents have abdicated."

As regards the third vital matter, that of the child's *companionship*, the surrender is made, Mr. Gannett avers, to the child itself. He sees everywhere the signs of loosened parenthold, of children adrift, and he suggests "the pity of it" in a series of questions:

"Are the little school-friendships watched, guided, taken in charge, by the two trustees at home,—to be discouraged and checked perhaps, to be welcomed and fostered perhaps as they deem it best for the half-grown babies? Entrance into the High School,—is it synonymous with entrance into 'club' life for the little men and women? and is it school or the club, study or the play, that seems to be the side-show as one catches the talk of the boys and girls? The party-going, the theater-going,—does parental common-sense with firm yea and nay, or does the child's wish and 'doing what all the others are doing,' regulate the frequency of it, and the hours of coming and going, and the degree of grown-upishness? The real 'social center' for children of 1910,—is it still the Home? The prime confidants, the closest comrades through the adolescent years,—are they still Mother and Father? Vital questions,—the child's career a few years later depending much on the answers. And here again the all-too-true word for many and many a parent is—abdication."

What Mr. Gannett calls parental abdication may of course be interpreted in many different ways. There are those who read into it progressive meanings. Individualist thinkers would tend to justify it on the ground of respecting the child's "individuality." Socialistic thinkers are also sympathetic to "institutional parentage" and a greater degree of "social consciousness" in the training of the young. "Instead of the 'abdication,' should we say," asks Mr. Gannett, "the 'socializing' of parenthood? Was old Greek Plato's recipe a prophecy, at last coming true—Let the State, not the Home, provide nursery and nurse to rear the coming generations?" He responds:

"Whatever may be the true answers to these questions, much is left to the parental function, after all. Physical birth, carrying with it spiritual birth and all the outfit of 'heredity,'—still quite an item! Nursery days,—important as dawn is to daylight. General character-influences radiating

from parental examples, standards, ideals,—influences not only unescapable for good and ill, but dominant above all others, in spite of the parent's abdications; yet how much lessened by those three great surrenders!

"And one other thing is certain. Unconscious readjustment of parenthood to the conditions of modern civilization is evidently well under way; but *conscious* readjustment is becoming a necessity, if only to adjust the unconscious. And as it comes, we may see, as in so many other cases we find, that the first blind, unconscious movement has carried us too far."

The New York *Independent*, in editorial comment on this "thoughtful" article, calls attention to the fact that, paradoxically, the abdication of parental responsibility is accompanied by increasing interest in fads of "child study," "child-science," "child protection," "child legislation," and "child welfare" in general. There are bills in Congress to create a "Children's Bureau" as a department of the Federal Government. All this, however, may be regarded as appropriate in our "land of contrasts." It "goes" in an age in which we are only too ready to hand over our lives to experts, and to assume that kindergartners, teachers, club-organizers and summer camp care-takers can bring up our children much better than we ourselves can look after them. *The Independent* observes:

"Far be it from us to decide where the authorities thus disagree. Yet we confess to an old-fashioned prejudice in favor of that view of the matter which Mr. Gannett takes. We don't quite like the idea that it is desirable to get the children 'out of the house,' along with spinning, shoemaking, baking and the laundry business. We admit that plausible reasons can be urged for ejecting the industries, but we have a certain shrinking from disposing of children in the same way. It occurs to us that we have seen of late some sobering confessions in the medical journals that, notwithstanding all their science, their aseptic and antiseptic precautions, their expert nursing and costly devices, the doctors have not been able greatly to reduce the high death rates in foundling and orphan asylums, and that they see no prospect of being able to reduce them even to the level of the death rates in the wretched homes of crowded tenement districts, where there is at least some mother-care and miscellaneous family attention. We can't help thinking that 'the start in life' that a child got in an old-time group of brothers and sisters quickened its perceptive faculties and its motor centers quite as well as a kindergarten awakens them, and we venture to doubt whether any real substitute has yet been found for the moral training which a child gets from even an 'ordinary' father or mother."

Music and Drama

"MADAME X"—THE THRILLER OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON

THIS is the most thrilling play of the season. We say so advisedly, without forgetting the harassing scene in "The City," that masterpiece, Elizabethean in terror and in strength, from the usually flippant pen of the late Clyde Fitch. "Madame X" has opened the flood-gates of tears in three metropolitan cities, Paris, New York and Chicago. New York critics, blasé and enfeebled by lamentable plays and late hours, were forced in spite of themselves to acknowledge the elementary appeal of Monsieur Alexander Bisson. "Madame X" is Monsieur Bisson's first serious play; hitherto he has fathered only farces characteristic of the Parisian air. Like Fitch, he has passed through the school of light comedy and of farce into the temple of the tragic muse, or at least into that vestibule of her sanctuary where critics scoff and multitudes bow at the shrine of melodrama. "A remarkable play," exclaims Mr. Acton Davies, in the *Evening Sun*, "from any point from which you care to regard it. Melodramatic to be sure it is. God bless it for that. It's melodrama at its best and worst; full of asides, old-fashioned business, improbabilities, but back of all that there's a great big human vital story, brutal, if you will, as many prudes called it yesterday, but a big play none the less, one which carries you back in memory to the halcyon days of Ada Gray, but which makes you cry if you happen to be a man as you haven't cried since the last time that you were spanked in the parental woodshed."

"'Madame X' gets under the surface of things, just as your father's shingle used to do. This play is 'Madame Vine' gone vinous; 'East Lynne' moved 'somewhere East of Suez,' with all which that phrase of Kipling implies. And when it is remembered that 'East Lynnes' bloom more rarely than century plants, you can get a more accurate gauge on the value of Manager Savage's theatrical property."

The play is superbly acted. Miss Donnelly as Madame X, Mr. Klauber remarks in the *Times*, conveys in innumerable little ways an impression of mental and physical fatigue and,

worse, the loss of her native faculties, a slow, certain, hideous undermining of the woman's constitution by misery and drugs and drink, bringing at the end a touch of beautiful tenderness and mother's pride to complete the complex picture. "There is no young actor on the American stage," the writer goes on to say, "in fact, it is doubtful if there is on the English-speaking stage one who could equal Mr. William Elliott's performance of the son, with its beautiful show of impassioned oratory in the trial scene, with its tremendous effect of emotional sincerity and earnestness. Playing elsewhere in a key of natural boyishness—youthful, fresh and buoyant—he approaches with perfect and sure art these difficult scenes, when not to cry from the very soul—or seem to—would be fatal to effect. A young man in tears is not often a successful experiment on the stage; but this actor has such a gift of tense and true emotion that his appeal cannot be resisted."

His, adds the cynical Mr. Davies, is a very wonderful performance—a creation quite as unique and impassioned in its way as Miss Nance O'Neil's performance in "The Lily" or Tully Marshall's in "The City"—"the sort of portrayal every playgoer, no matter how jaded and callous, must raise his hat to."

"Madame X" has been Englished uncommonly well by William Henry Wright.

The play opens with a prolog of gripping interest. Jacqueline (Dorothy Donnelly) has deserted her husband, Louis Floriot, deputy district attorney, for a frivolous lover. After two years, her seducer having died, she hears that her baby boy, Raymond, is sick. She returns home, imploring her husband's pardon; but the latter, against the dictates of his own heart, turns her out of doors. The door falls to with an indefinable menace. She treads the downward path, and twenty years later we find her, a drug-besotted outcast, at the hotel of Three Crowns, as the companion of Laroque, an adventurer, shortly released from the galleys. Of her former self nothing remains but tenderness for her son and hate for her husband. Under the influence of

ether, her favorite drug, she has revealed to her companion that as a bride she had carried with her a large dower, which she has never reclaimed, leaving it as a fortune for her boy, who, with the rest of the world, thinks her dead. At this time Laroque is engaged by his former principals, Perissard and Merivel, two professional blackmailers. They at once scent "business" and leave the room with Laroque to discuss the most effective mode of procedure. Jacqueline, who had been in the adjoining chamber during the larger part of the interview, enters with the inseparable companions of her misery, a little bottle of ether and a pack of cards. "What," asks Marie, the chambermaid, "do the cards tell you?" "Always the same thing," rejoins Jacqueline. "Death, my own death. . . . They never change. I can see blood, a great deal of blood. But before I die, I shall see the two beings whom I always see in my dreams, waking and sleeping, the man whom I love more than anything else in the world and the man whom I hate more than anything else in the world. The cards have been promising me for the last three months that I shall see them soon and that I shall die. The cards have never failed and that is why I wanted to come back to France."

Here Laroque re-enters. "Do you know," he remarks, "that Perissard is a wonderful chap."

JACQUELINE. Is he?

LAROQUE. I should think he was; brimful of ideas, too.

JACQUELINE. Has he got anything for you?

LAROQUE. Rather! He has offered me a situation in his office.

JACQUELINE. What does he do in his office?

LAROQUE. Oh, business.

JACQUELINE. What kind of business?

LAROQUE. Business of all kinds. He is really an extraordinary chap. Do you know that, directly he saw you, he saw that you were a woman of good family.

JACQUELINE. Did he really!

LAROQUE. Yes, there's blood in her, he said, blood, that was the expression he used.

JACQUELINE. (Drinking ether.) Here's his health.

LAROQUE. I told him he was right, of course.

JACQUELINE. You did not tell him who I was, did you?

LAROQUE. Not much! (Laughing.) No, I told him, after making him promise to keep it a secret, that you were the daughter of a General; that your father and mother were very rich, and

that your husband was a Marquis, to whom you had brought £12,000 on your marriage.

JACQUELINE. (On whom the ether is beginning to have effect, laughing.) Ah, that's very good. And he believed that, did he?

LAROQUE. Every word of it. What do you think of that, eh? £12,000, and I suppose you did not have a cent, did you?

JACQUELINE. I beg your pardon. I did not bring my husband £12,000 on my marriage certainly, but I did bring him £5,000.

LAROQUE. (Laughing.) You're not telling the truth.

JACQUELINE. (With drunken solemnity.) I assure you it is true.

LAROQUE. No, no! You're stretching it a point.

JACQUELINE. I swear it.

LAROQUE. Truth and honor?

JACQUELINE. Truth and honor.

LAROQUE. £5,000?

JACQUELINE. £5,000.

LAROQUE. Then, where are they?

JACQUELINE. What do you mean?

LAROQUE. Did your husband give them back to you again?

JACQUELINE. No, of course not!

LAROQUE. I can't believe you were such a fool as that. Do you mean to tell me that when your husband turned you out, you did not ask him for your money?

JACQUELINE. The money is not mine.

LAROQUE. Whose is it, then?

JACQUELINE. My son's.

LAROQUE. But you're alive still. Your son will get it when you die, but you're not dead yet.

JACQUELINE. My son thinks I am dead; his father told him I was, and when he was twenty-one he probably came into my fortune.

LAROQUE. What fools you women are. I don't suppose he saw a halfpenny of it.

JACQUELINE. (Getting angry.) And what if he didn't? It's nothing to do with you, is it? What business is it of yours, anyhow?

LAROQUE. No, but you ought to clear it up; that's what Perissard thinks, and Perissard knows what he's talking about.

JACQUELINE. What business is it of Perissard's?

LAROQUE. He spoke only in your interests; when I told him that you had brought your husband £12,000 on your marriage, he asked me whether you had got them back again. I said I didn't know, and he declared that you had a right to claim the money.

JACQUELINE. Well, I shan't claim it.

LAROQUE. Why not?

JACQUELINE. Because I don't want to.

LAROQUE. But why?

JACQUELINE. I'd rather beg in the streets, I'd rather starve in the gutter, than ask that man for a farthing.

LAROQUE. Yes, of course, I understand that.

That's natural pride, that is. But you might get somebody else to get your money for you; you might give somebody the power of attorney.

JACQUELINE. Signed with my name and address, I suppose? No, thank you.

LAROQUE. Well, a letter, then. I should think a letter would do just as well. Look here, give me a letter and I will go and get your money for you.

JACQUELINE. (*Passionately.*) I would rather die than that my son should know that I'm alive. He is not to know it at any price. I would rather kill myself than that. Yes, I would. I would rather kill myself.

LAROQUE. But he will never know.

JACQUELINE. If he ever thinks of me, I want him to regret me, and I want him to feel a moment's sorrow now and then, because I am not with him. He never knew me. I want him to respect my memory and love me.

LAROQUE. Don't get excited.

JACQUELINE. I don't want my son to know the kind of woman his mother has become. And he shan't know it, he shall never know it, never, I tell you, never.

LAROQUE. Don't lose your temper. What on earth will tell him so? I certainly shan't, and I don't suppose his father will.

JACQUELINE. I don't want to talk about it any more.

LAROQUE. But the money's worth the trouble.

JACQUELINE. Damn the money!

LAROQUE. £5,000! They'd make a lot of difference to us, mind you.

JACQUELINE. Oh, shut your mouth! I tell you I won't talk about the money.

LAROQUE. Look here, try and keep a civil tongue in your head or I'll teach you who you are talking to.

JACQUELINE. (*Insultingly.*) You can't teach me more than I know about that.

LAROQUE. (*Looks at his watch.*) Will you write me a letter so that I can get the money?

JACQUELINE. No!

LAROQUE. (*Going into the dressing-room and taking off his waistcoat.*) Very well, I'll do without your letter.

JACQUELINE. What do you mean?

LAROQUE. (*From the dressing-room.*) Oh, there's no difficulty in finding a Deputy Attorney.

JACQUELINE. What are you doing in there?

LAROQUE. Dressing.

JACQUELINE. Are you going out?

LAROQUE. (*Returning.*) Yes, I'm going out.

JACQUELINE. Where are you going?

LAROQUE. To Paris.

JACQUELINE. This evening?

LAROQUE. Now, at once.

JACQUELINE. I'll come with you.

LAROQUE. No, you won't.

JACQUELINE. Why?

LAROQUE. Perissard objects.

JACQUELINE. You are not to try and find my husband. I forbid you to do that.

LAROQUE. Mind your own business and let me mind mine.

JACQUELINE. You are not to ask him for that money.

LAROQUE. I shall do what I like.

JACQUELINE. (*Fiercely angry.*) You shall not go.

LAROQUE. What kind of a fool do you think I am? Who will prevent me?

JACQUELINE. I will.

LAROQUE. (*Fiercely.*) Take care, my girl, or you'll regret it.

JACQUELINE. (*Catching hold of his coat.*) You are not to go, I tell you; you are not to go into that house and see my child. I won't let you go.

LAROQUE. (*Pushing her one side.*) Oh, leave me alone. (*He goes into the dressing-room.*)

JACQUELINE. (*Picks up revolver from mantle and gets between the dressing-room door and the other door of the room.*) No, you shan't go, you shan't go.

LAROQUE. (*Comes out of the dressing-room, with a small bag.*)

JACQUELINE. You shan't go, I tell you.

LAROQUE. (*Laughing.*) We shall see. (*He pushes her to one side.*)

JACQUELINE. (*Hiding the revolver.*) Take care!

LAROQUE. Don't be a fool. Get out of the way, or I'll make you.

JACQUELINE. (*Bringing out the revolver and firing.*) There, then. (*Laroque falls dead. Jacqueline, dazed, stands looking at him. Marie, Victor, and other servants come rushing into the room.*)

VICTOR. (*The "boots."*) What's the matter?

MARIE. He's dead.

VICTOR. She has killed him. (*He rushes at Jacqueline, takes the smoking revolver from her hand and holds her fast.*) Go for the police, somebody, quick!

JACQUELINE. (*Slowly.*) There's no hurry. I shan't try to get away.

The next act takes us to Floriot's house. We meet old friends of the family, Dr. Noel, Dr. Chennel, Helene, young Raymond's sweetheart, and Raymond (William Elliott) himself. A pretty love episode, negligible from the point of view of our synopsis, is woven into the play. The two blackmailers also appear. We learn from their conversation the surprising fact that Raymond has been appointed by the State counsel for the defense of Jacqueline, who, refusing to reveal her identity, is known as the mysterious "Madame X." The trial is to take place on the following day, Valmorin, the father of Raymond's betrothed, being the prosecuting attorney.



MADE A STAR OVER NIGHT

Miss Dorothy Donnelly, who plays with such exquisite art the drug-besotted heroine of Bisson's thrilling tragedy, "Madame X."

The two rogues of course imagine that Louis Floriot, who is now an important judicial person, has made this arrangement. "The

jury," remarks Perissard, "will find her guilty and acquit her. That is of no importance . . . nobody will know anything about the inner interest." They introduced themselves as representatives of Jacqueline, and Louis Floriot, overjoyed to hear again from his long lost wife, readily furnishes them with money for her. They refuse to indicate the whereabouts of their "client," but imagine that Floriot is fully aware of her plight and is willing to buy their silence. Promising to renew their visit the following day, they leave Floriot to his happiness. "To-morrow," he exclaims, "I shall find her and ask her forgiveness." "Are you ready with your brief?" he asks Raymond, when the latter appears with his papers. "Yes, quite ready." The conversation reveals that both father and son are ignorant of the identity of the accused. "We don't know," remarks Raymond, "where she comes from. I haven't even seen her or heard the sound of her voice, and when, as the custom is, the names of the judges, the public prosecutor and her defending lawyer were handed to her, she tore up the paper without looking at it." Floriot advises Raymond to be pathetic. "Try to touch the judge's heart." "That is what I am going to do. I have been practicing tears in my voice for the last three days. . . . It is very difficult to find excuses for the woman when you don't know why the crime was committed." "You must invent some reason for it . . . profit by her silence," is the parent's advice. . . . "Say anything you think of, but run away with the jury's feelings or you will lose your case." He then tells Raymond that a wonderful and strange happiness has fallen to his lot: "I can tell you nothing as yet, but I am happy, very happy."

The third act commences with the trial in full swing. The presiding judge and his two colleagues sit on a raised platform. To their right Valmorin is seated; a little below him the jury. The dock faces the audience. In front of the dock is the defendant's lawyer. Jacqueline, between two gendarmes, is hiding her face in her handkerchief and crying. Raymond in his lawyer's robe is busied with his papers. Perissard, Merivel, Noel, Dr. Chennel and Helene are among the audience. A little later Floriot enters, shakes hands with the judges and takes a chair reserved for him behind them. The clerk reads the charge against Jacqueline, who still insists on her inexplicable silence. Three witnesses, Victor, the "boots" and the gendarme who

arrested Jacqueline are examined. "I asked her why she had killed Laroque," testifies the latter, "and she said she had done it to prevent him from doing a disgraceful thing which would have caused unhappiness and despair to one she loved. I tried to make her say more, but she wouldn't." The case is practically over. Valmorin, the prosecuting attorney, rises. "If," he insists, "Madame X refuses to disclose her motives we may be forgiven for believing that they are the very worst. . . . I can feel no pity for a guilty woman, from whose lips we have not heard a single word of repentance." "I will speak presently," Jacqueline fiercely interrupts him. She has recognized her husband, but not her son. Valmorin finishes his indictment. "I will now," he closes, "leave this case to my friend, the counsel for the defense, Maitre Raymond Floriot." Jacqueline shrieks aloud, "Oh, my God! My boy, my little laddie." She sobs pitifully. Raymond turns to her. "Is there anything wrong, madame? You look very ill."

JACQUELINE. No, no, it's nothing. (*She lets her hand drop on Raymond's and then clasps his hand, looking at him greedily.*)

RAYMOND. Shall I ask for an adjournment?

JACQUELINE. No, no, thanks, it's all over now. (*Raymond sits down, Jacqueline sobs.*)

RAYMOND. (*To himself.*) Poor woman!

MERIVEL. (*To Perissard.*) What does it all mean?

THE USHER. Silence in the court. Silence in the court.

VALMORIN. As for the reason of the crime, I repeat that we do not know it. Now that the prisoner has promised us to speak, we may learn what it was.

JACQUELINE. Before him, too! What bitter shame!

VALMORIN. You, gentlemen of the jury, will weigh in the balance her sincerity and her repentance, with her guilt, and you will let your conscience be the judge of what punishment is proportionate to the crime she has committed.

Suddenly Victor creates a commotion by pointing to Perissard and Merivel. "These two," he cries out, "probably know a good deal about it all." They are examined separately. Perissard skilfully conceals his knowledge. "You don't know why he was killed," questions the president.

PERISSARD. Not in the least.

PRESIDENT. Do you know the prisoner?

PERISSARD. I saw her with Laroque, but I do



OBSCURE AT DINNER, RENOWNED AT BREAKFAST

Young William Elliott, remarks Mr. Klauber, has no equal on the American stage. His passionate boyishness as Raymond Floriot completely won the most blasé critical spirits of the metropolis.

not know who she is. (*This after looking at Jacqueline.*)

JACQUELINE. (*Rising.*) But I know you. You are the real cause of the murder.

PERISSARD. I!

JACQUELINE. Yes. You found out that I was married and that I had left my husband and you advised Laroque to find him and to ask him for the money I brought him on my marriage.

FLORIOT. (*Staring at her.*) Her money! Then it really is she!

PERISSARD. Mr. President, Laroque told me during our conversation that his wife had had typhoid fever last year and that her brain had suffered.

JACQUELINE. I nearly died last year and my head was shaved. (*Looking at Floriot.*) That is why those who used to know me cannot recognize me now.

FLORIOT. (*Half to himself.*) Jacqueline! Jacqueline!

NOEL. (*To Chennel.*) It's his wife, I am certain of it. It's Jacqueline.

JACQUELINE. (*To Perissard.*) But I am not mad. I begged and prayed Laroque not to follow your hateful advice and as he refused to listen



OPENING THE FLOOD-GATES OF TEARS

Raymond, the young lawyer, recognizes in Madame X, the murderer, whom he has defended, Jacqueline Floriot, his mother.

to me, as I would not run the risk of his seeing and speaking to my son, I killed the scoundrel. (*She sits down again.*)

ROSE. Great Heaven! I recognize her now.

NOEL. (*Very much moved.*) Poor Jacqueline!

Merivel foolishly denies any knowledge of Jacqueline, and the brace of scoundrels is put under immediate arrest by order of the court. The president turns to Jacqueline. "Prisoner, have you anything to say in your own defense? Tell the truth, the whole truth."

JACQUELINE. (*Standing between two gendarmes.*) My counsel has said all that could be said. I shall never forget his words and I thank him with all my heart. He was right, I was

not naturally bad. A coward broke my life and made me what I have become. I had wronged him, I admit, but I was sorry for it and hated myself for my fault. I begged him for his pardon, begged him for it on my knees, but he was pitiless and he told me to go, threw me out into the street; me, his wife, the mother of his child. Thanks to him I rolled into the gutter, thanks to him I have suffered a thousand deaths and I have killed. I hate him, I hate him and with my last breath I will curse his name. And yet, I do not complain, no, I do not complain. I have a son, a son whom I love, whom I love more than I can say. He does not know me, the sound of my voice, thank God, can awaken no echo in his heart. He will never see me again, know nothing of my shame, and his memory of me will be vague, sweet and beautiful, but when I became lost to him, he was a child. He is so far from me now, but I love him, I worship him, all my heart is his and my one wish is that he should be happy. (*She drops into her seat and cries.*)

PRESIDENT. Gentlemen of the Jury, you have to answer this question. Is the prisoner guilty of the murder committed on April 3rd, 1906, on the body of Frederic Laroque? If the majority of you believe that there are extenuating circumstances for the prisoner's deed, you are to give your verdict in these words:

"The majority of the jury believes that there are extenuating circumstances in favor of the prisoner." I point out to you that your vote must be a secret one. Kindly withdraw to the jury room, the Court is rising.

The jurymen go out. The young lawyer is congratulated by his friends, especially by his father, who is looking very old. After a few minutes of suspense the jury re-enter and the foreman pronounces a verdict of "not guilty." The court directs Madame X to be freed at once. "No, no," she cries hysterically. "I want to die." All her old friends except Raymond and his father stand around her. She refuses to see Floriot, but asks for the boy and tells Dr. Chennel not to tell him that she is his mother. Meanwhile Floriot himself has communicated the fact to his boy. Raymond rushes back, trying to hide his excitement.

(*Raymond comes in, deeply moved, but trying to control himself.*)

RAYMOND. Where is she?

CHENNEL. (*Sees him and says in low tone.*) Be very careful, a strong emotion may be too much for her.

RAYMOND. Yes, yes, I know, I will control myself. She shan't know.

NOEL. (*Taking glass from Jacqueline.*) There, you look better already.

RAYMOND. (*To Chennel.*) Don't be afraid.

(Brightly to Jacqueline.) Well, my dear client.

JACQUELINE. Oh, he at last!

RAYMOND. Are you better?

CHENNEL. Oh, it's nothing. Just a little fit of the nerves which after all is quite natural.

RAYMOND. That's all right. (To Jacqueline.) I didn't want to leave the Court without asking how you were.

JACQUELINE. How good you are.

RAYMOND. Nor could I go without thanking you.

JACQUELINE. Thanking me, you?

RAYMOND. Of course. I owe my first success to you. Today has brought me the greatest joy of all my life.

JACQUELINE. But if you thank me what can I say to you?

RAYMOND. Tell me that you are glad.

JACQUELINE. (Looking at him.) Yes, I am glad, very glad and almost happy, but I did not dare hope for the happiness that has come to me.

RAYMOND. May I sit down by your side for a minute if it does not tire you?

JACQUELINE. Oh, you won't tire me.

RAYMOND. (Sits down next to her. Noel and Chennel go out quietly.) Before I go, don't you think we might have a little chat? You have not spoilt me much in this respect, have you? You are my first client and I hardly know you.

JACQUELINE. You must forgive me for having received you so ill.

RAYMOND. (Laughing.) You did not receive me at all as a matter of fact. But I was not angry. I said to myself, she probably finds me too young or has no confidence in me, or perhaps, she does not think she would like me.

JACQUELINE. (Quickly.) Oh, don't think that, but I felt so sad, so despairingly sad.

RAYMOND. And now?

JACQUELINE. And now, thanks to you, I am almost happy.

RAYMOND. It makes me happy to hear you say so. Do you know, I felt the deepest sympathy for you from the first.

JACQUELINE. Really?

RAYMOND. Yes, really. And at once, for I was sure that you were unhappy and surer still that you should not have been unhappy. I wanted to console you, to bid you pluck up courage, to convince you that you had in me not only a counsel, but also a friend, a true and sincere friend.

JACQUELINE. If I had only known, if I had only known.

RAYMOND. I made myself a promise that I would win your case for you that I would work it out with all my force, and as you would not confide your secret to me, that I would guess it in your own interest, and you see, I succeeded. I made the truth clear and every heart in court felt for you. Now you are free, free to go to the son whom you love so dearly. Promise me that you will not forget me altogether.

JACQUELINE. Forget you—forget you!

RAYMOND. Your memory will always be with me, I promise you that.

JACQUELINE. (Struggles to her feet.) I must go, I must go away.

RAYMOND. Why?

JACQUELINE. I must.

RAYMOND. But not at once.

JACQUELINE. Yes, at once. (She falls back into her chair again.) Oh no, I cannot. (She clasps her hands.) Great God—not to be able to say—and never to see him again—never! (To Raymond.) Before you go, I should like to give you some little trifle, some little souvenir of me, but I have absolutely nothing; but be sure, that as long as I live, as long as my heart beats and until my last breath—

RAYMOND. Give me your hand. (She gives it to him.) Do you remember during the trial just now, when I turned towards you, you took my hand, you pressed it and I felt your eyes pierce to my heart. I felt then a crazy longing to take you in my arms to dry your tears and press you to my heart—

JACQUELINE. Me!

RAYMOND. Will you—won't you—won't you let me kiss you—mother! (He falls on his knees by her side.)

JACQUELINE. Ah Raymond, my son, my wee laddie. (She kisses him.)

RAYMOND. Mother! My dear mother!

JACQUELINE. It is too much. I cannot stand this sudden rush of happiness, I have not got the strength for it.

RAYMOND. Are you in pain?

JACQUELINE. No, no, dear. Don't go. Don't move. Then you know—you have been told—?

RAYMOND. My father has just told me, poor little mother mine, all that you have suffered. But it is all over now. We will forget those long years of separation—together.

JACQUELINE. Yes, we shall be happy now, happy all together, shan't we?

RAYMOND. My father is waiting, won't you see him?

JACQUELINE. Oh, yes! Tell him to come, tell him to come quickly!

RAYMOND. Thank you, mother dear. I love you. (He goes out.)

JACQUELINE. Oh! Oh! I— (Calling, half rising from chair.) Raymond! (She tries to take the potion from the table close to her but has not strength enough. She drops back into chair.) Good bye, my wee laddie, good bye, dear! It was too—too— (She dies.)

(Floriot Raymond and Chennel come in.)

RAYMOND. (To Floriot.) Come father, come quickly! She is waiting for you! Oh!

FLORIOT. Jacqueline!

CHENNEL. (Stopping him.) You must be brave, old man.

RAYMOND. Mother! Mother! (Throws himself at her knees.)

CURTAIN.

NEW YORK'S THEATRICAL EMANCIPATION FROM LONDON

NEW YORK is no longer a theatrical suburb of London. French and German plays prove stronger drawing cards than the most approved of London successes. Many of these plays are, of course, adapted to American palates in the process of translation. Almost invariably the American version is a changeling bearing little resemblance to the original. British plays are usually presented as they are written, which perhaps accounts for the public's inability to absorb them. Our managers, especially Mr. Frohman, have often been accused of Anglomania. "This producer," the New York *Press* remarks editorially, "has turned his back on American authors and actors." The writer goes on to give a long list of failures of British plays, headed by that absurd piece of hysterical British jingoism, "An Englishman's Home."

If the British playwright desires to contend with the Frenchman and the German, he must submit to an Americanized version of his plays. Mr. Galsworthy's success in "Strife" bears out the truth of our contention. The managers themselves have apparently failed to realize that the tastes of England and America in plays, as in other things, are widely different, and do not seem to get nearer together as the years elapse.

The present season, remarks Mr. Mathew White, Jr., in *Munsey's*, has proved once more that Mr. Frohman takes the same risk when he brings drama from East to West across the Atlantic as do his fellow managers who ship plays the other way and burn their fingers in almost every case. Thus "The Sins of Society," "The Fly Lieutenant," "The Earth," "The Fires of Fate" (by Conan Doyle)—all big winners in London—have fallen flat in America. "The Earth" did not even last long enough to get into New York. *Marie Tempest* played in "Penelope," a delightful comedy by Somerset Maugham, for an entire season in London, but New York refused to entertain that sprightly variation of "Divorçons" for more than a month. "Indeed," the writer goes on to say, "the whole gauntlet of the Maugham plays, 'Lady Frederick,' 'Jack Straw,' 'Penelope' and 'Mrs. Dot,' have been distinctly coldly received on Broadway compared with their enthusiastic reception in the West End."

"On the other hand, take 'Love Watches,' in which Billie Burke played for almost an entire season in New York. This was not an American play, being an adaptation from the French, and Miss Burke, altho born in the United States, had long been a favorite in London; yet that capital could not see her for a minute in 'Love Watches' last year.

"Mid-Channel," the latest play by Sir Arthur Pinero, could not be made to last two months at the St. James's, even with Irene Vanbrugh in the cast; while here, with Ethel Barrymore, it has scored a sensational success, and may hold the bill at the Empire for the remainder of the season, instead of the four-week period which was all that Mr. Frohman had the courage to announce for it.

"To give one more case of international disagreement, 'Madame X,' the French melodrama, which eked out a miserable existence of a month or so at the London Globe in the early autumn, achieves what has come to be known as a 'Merry Widow' line at the New Amsterdam box-office in New York."

It is hardly necessary to enumerate all the failures of American successes on the Strand and Shaftesbury Avenue. Their number, Mr. White tells us, is legion, the latest addition to the list being "The Great Divide" and "The Servant in the House." The latter, it will be remembered, was written by an English playwright with its action laid in a typical English environment. There may be a special reason for the marked difference between the cold reception of "Mid-Channel" in England and its prompt acceptance in America. Mrs. Vanbrugh was compelled by Pinero to accentuate the heroine's slanginess and semi-fashionable vulgarity which Miss Barrymore elected to soften.

The American success of "Madame X" with an all American cast was almost hysterical.

"This point again emphasizes another difference between London and New York. In the British capital the newspaper notices of a new play may be ever so favorable, but the people decide for themselves. On the other hand, a writer for the English *John Bull*, who was among us last winter, told his readers that the critics in New York exercise an 'amazing' power. This is perhaps a little more than the fact warrants. Indeed, we could point to cases where the opinions of these sapient gentlemen have been decisively overruled by the public. Yet it is true that when they unite in praising a new production, the piece is tolerably sure of good audiences for at least a time."

EXIT MR. HAMMERSTEIN

THE sudden eclipse of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's meteoric operatic venture inspires in himself as well as in his critics a divided feeling of gladness and sadness. "That Oscar Hammerstein is eliminated from grand opera in this country," remarks his avowed enemy, the *New York Press*, "is welcome news to all lovers of high art. The Barnumization of the music drama by this man did it harm. This is one of the few fields where competition is not healthful." *The Times* cannot help feeling glad that the crisis has passed in the operatic fever, that the period of high temperature, great restlessness and uncertainty will now give place to comparative calm. On the other hand, our contemporary of Long Acre Square regrets the loss of Hammerstein's beneficent influence, which has unquestionably developed a liking for and a comprehension of the lyric drama in New York among people who had previously cared little for opera.

The exit of Hammerstein establishes the long contemplated opera trust. "Consolidated opera," remarks *The Evening Post*, "as planned by Andreas Dippel, has become a reality." New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago are to have companies of their own, but affiliated through the exchange of important singers; and there will be no rival. One of the objects of the engagement of a double company at the Metropolitan for the season just ended was to flood the metropolis and other cities with such a tidal wave of operas that all opposition would be swept away. That has been accomplished.

"Oscar Hammerstein retires from the field, vanquished and yet triumphant. Like Colonel Mapleson, he found he could not 'fight Wall Street' any longer; but he has obtained a great deal of notoriety, fame, and glory out of his four seasons of opera, and even if the sum of \$2,000,000, which he is said to have received from the Metropolitan Company for selling out, is beyond the truth, he has doubtless also made a handsome profit out of his bold venture."

Consolidation, the writer goes on to say, was the only salvation. The public rejects "starless casts." By taking over from the Manhattan Mr. Hammerstein's leading singers, notably Tetrazzini, Renaud, Dalmore, Sammarco, and Gilibert, the Metropolitan will gain strength, particularly in what is now its weakest point—French opera—and will at the

same time make it possible to lend its other leading singers occasionally to Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago branch companies without having to give the metropolis ensembles of mediocrities for the time being.

Mr. Hammerstein ascribes his failure chiefly to the extortionate demands of his singers. That, thinks *The Evening Post*, seems hardly fair, inasmuch as great singers are seen to be the chief pillars of opera. Had it not been for such stars as Tetrazzini, Garden, Melba, Calvé, Renaud, Sammarco, Gilibert and Dalmore, Mr. Hammerstein's venture would have collapsed years ago; yet it is intimated that one of the first objects of the new opera syndicate will be to reduce the salaries of the singers.

Mr. Hammerstein's achievements were many and varied. Not the least of them was his production of "Salome" with Mary Garden. "Whatever may happen at the Metropolitan, thousands of operagoers," the writer continues, "will regret the discontinuance of Mr. Hammerstein's performances at the Manhattan. They constitute a unique chapter in the annals of American music."

"The size of the house made it possible to produce effectively some operas that were inevitably lost in the vast spaces of the Metropolitan; and even some of the real grand operas which are heard to advantage there, like 'Car-



SOLD
C. R. Macauley in *New York World*



HAMMERSTEIN AND HIS "DEAR" TETRAZZINI

The enormous salaries of his songbirds are said to have caused Hammerstein's financial downfall, while their artistic temperaments have driven him to the verge of nervous collapse.

men" and "Aida," gained fresh interest from the hearer's greater proximity to the singers and players. It was this acoustic factor, quite as much as the cast and the magnetic conducting of Cleofonte Campanini, that made it possible, during the first season, to give "Carmen" nineteen times. One remembers these performances with the same thrill of pleasure as those at the Metropolitan in which the cast included Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Emma Calvé, and Emma Eames.

"Mr. Hammerstein's greatest achievement was

that he disproved the notion that the American public does not care for new operas, and that in doing so he produced, for the first time in this country, a number of operas which, for one reason or another, were worth hearing. Among these were two in particular, "Thais" and "The Tales of Hoffman." Others were "Louise," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Grisélidis," and one or two more operas by Massenet; nor was it to this manager's discredit that he provided an opportunity to hear Strauss's "Elektra." In this case, however, the exacting composer reaped the chief benefit.

"The value of competition was demonstrated in many ways by the Hammerstein episode in our operatic annals. At the very outset he thrilled his patrons by having choral music sung by young, fresh American voices that put to shame the old Metropolitan's chorus. To this innovation we can trace directly the superb choral performances at the Metropolitan during the last two seasons. The Broadway house also had to follow the Manhattan in the policy of producing new operas. The enormous success and influence of Mr. Campanini doubtless suggested the engagement by the rival company of his only rival among Italians, Mr. Toscanini. A new stimulus was also given to careful stage management. Now that this competition has been crushed, will there be a relapse into the old slovenly conditions?"

Mr. Hammerstein was born in Berlin in 1847. He ran away from home with only thirty dollars in his pocket. However, after he landed in New York, he found himself starving on Pearl Street, gazing up at this sign: "Cigar makers wanted. Paid while you learn." He applied for the job and lived a year on eight dollars a week. Meanwhile he wrote articles on cigar-making and within five years became editor of a trade publication. He invented a new ingenious process for making cigars, for which he still holds the patent. While making cigars he wrote "musical atrocities," to use his own phraseology. Late in the seventies he leased a theater on the Bowery. Shortly after that he met Heinrich Conried. The subsequent rivalry of the two men enlivened the history of American music. He built in succession six of New York's leading theaters, but the fairy gold ran out of his hands as he made it. How he finally launched his theatrical enterprise, the Manhattan Opera House, has been told by Mr. Hammerstein himself in these words:

"Time and again I have watched the audiences in vaudeville theaters in 'turns' smattering of grand opera. A quartet from 'Rigoletto,' a

sextet from 'Lucia,' could always be relied on to bring forth the most deafening applause; the trio in the prison scene of 'Faust,' sung fairly well, would almost shake the rafters of the building. These audiences are made up of people to whom opera is an unknown quantity. But in these demonstrations I detected the seed

from which grand opera could be made to ripen into an everlasting plant."

Unfortunately his optimism was not justified by results. A sadder tho not a poorer man, his alert mind already turns toward new endeavors.

AMERICA'S FIRST MUSICAL ASSAULT UPON BERLIN

THE production of Arthur Nevin's Indian opera, "Poia," at the Royal Opera House of Berlin, is the first telling shot in what may become, so *Musical America* assures us, one of the greatest wars in the history of music. For Americans not given to meditation upon the evolution of art, this production means nothing more than the triumph of an American in Berlin. For the Germans, however, the writer goes on to say, it means a dangerous breach in their last entrenchment. "However greatly the new world may have overcome the old in commerce, at least its newness and rawness would put artistic supremacy out of the question. It is small wonder, therefore, that the performance of an American opera, in fact an Indian opera, in Germany, the historic stronghold of music, should cause the excitement which this performance has caused, and should invite the torrent of abuse which has been heaped upon it."

Red-blooded American enthusiasm, remarks *The Times*, was pitted against German stolidity. At the close of the evening, Nevin and his librettist, Randolph Hartley, were called before the curtain half a dozen times, and as the German "booing" increased, American enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch. A brilliant audience welcomed this first production of an American opera on the European stage. Ambassador Hill occupied one of the court boxes. Adjoining the Ambassador was George W. Vanderbilt with his party. The opera was superbly staged and magnificently interpreted by leading artists. The orchestra was conducted by Dr. Muck. Three Americans sang solo rôles with singular success. Natoya, the leading feminine part, was sung by Mrs. Francis McClellan; Natorsi was Putnam Griswold, and Stuyi, the Spirit of Winter, Miss Lucy Gates. Poia, the title rôle, was done by Herr Kirchoff, and Sumatsi, the villain, was sung by Herr Bischoff.

The critics, the following morning, were not disposed to handle "Poia" with gloves. "We can only speak with sorrow of the produc-

tion of 'Poia,'" declares the *Tageblatt* critic; "'Poia' is country-fair music." The *Börsen-Courier* detected "unformed reminiscences of Wagner." "Why," asked the *Morgen-Post*, "should there be any excitement about 'Poia,' which is absolutely undefined and uninteresting?" "Never," exclaimed the *Vossische Zeitung*, "did the singers sing so badly; the work is perfectly harmless." Mr. Nevin's orchestration, however, was mildly complimented. "In part," remarked the *National-Zeitung*, "the melody, rhythm and instrumentation are charming." The *New York Times* scents in the unanimity of hostile reflections a critical conspiracy. The hissing, we are told, was intended primarily as a concerted demonstration against the Kaiser's "Americanization" of the opera and only incidentally as a condemnation of the first American opera produced in Europe. *The Times* comments further:

"The permanent employment of six Americans in stellar positions at the leading German Court opera has long rankled in local breasts, and the Kaiser has for the past six years been under constant fire for 'introducing international politics into operatic affairs.' The acceptance of an American opera for the royal stage, after a hearing had been refused to modern German composers with the exception of Strauss, simply added insult to injury."

We cannot share this opinion. The savage severity of Berlin critics is well known throughout the Empire. Even Richard Strauss, admittedly the greatest living composer, has not escaped the virulence of their wrath. Why should Mr. Nevin's opera, with its acknowledged shortcomings, escape unscathed? We must remember that Germany has at least granted the American composer a hearing denied to him in his own country. The damning of "Poia" may do good in the end, says the Rochester *Post-Express*. "It will make Americans anxious to hear the work. That way salvation lies. Why should we take our musical opinions second hand? Why not think for ourselves?"

Poia, the titular hero of Mr. Hartley's

libretto, is the Christ figure in the legend of the Northwestern Indians. The action takes place before the discovery of America by Columbus. Poia, we learn, is a young Blackfoot of humble origin scorned by the tribe on account of a mystery surrounding his birth, and because of a strange scar which disfigures his face.

"He is deeply and hopelessly in love with Natoya, the most beautiful woman in the tribe and daughter of a prominent chief. Natoya loves Sumatsi, a noted warrior and hunter, but an evil man, and in order to be rid of Poia she tells him that she will not accept him as her lover unless he removes the scar. Poia is told by Nenahu, a medicine woman, that the sun-god placed the scar on his face and he only can remove it. The scene closes with Poia starting on his journey to the home of the sun-god.

"In the second act Poia is seen at daybreak in a deep forest among the mountains after enduring many hardships. He is exhausted and disheartened when he sees the sun rise, and falling on his knees he sees the sun-god in his court surrounded by his followers. Poia remains in the sun-god's court and wins favor by saving the life of Morning Star, the god's only son. The sun-god removes the scar from Poia's face and sends him to earth to pardon the Blackfeet for their sins and to instruct them in the worship of the sun, moon and morning star. Showing him the Milky Way, or, as the Indians call it, the Wolf Trail. Morning Star

takes Poia to earth, giving him a magic flute and teaching him a wonderful love song that enables him to win any maiden he loves.

"Act three shows the Blackfeet during Poia's absence. Misfortune fell on the people, and camped near the mountains in the late spring, which the Blackfeet call the Moon of Flowers, they blame Natoya for their troubles. During a long scene between Natoya and Sumatsi, Poia's magic love song is heard, and the maiden immediately loves the singer and hates Sumatsi.

"The returned traveler is welcomed by the tribe as a great prophet, but Sumatsi in a jealous rage attempts to kill Poia. Natoya receives her death wound shielding the prophet. The heavens opening, the sun-god appears, strikes down Sumatsi with a bright shaft of light, and calls the lovers to the sky. Bearing the dying Natoya in his arms, Poia mounts upward and disappears forever from the Blackfeet."

The plot is said to be sufficiently well constructed to hold its place as a play, irrespective of the music. The legend is one of the collection by Walter McClintock, a young Pittsburgh ethnologist. Mr. McClintock assisted in the staging of this remarkable performance. In view of the extraordinary interest aroused by "Poia," all music lovers will no doubt watch with interest for Mr. Nevin's new opera, "Twilight," a "psychological story of modern times." The opera contains only three parts and will consume about two hours' time when produced.

IF SHAKESPEARE LIVED TO-DAY

THE tenth anniversary number of *The Theater Magazine* contains an interesting symposium: "Could we do without the Dramatic Critic?" No, asserts A. B. Walkley, of the London *Times*. "Could fire burn without air or flowers bloom without light?" The public is its own critic, declares Charles Klein. Mr. Daniel Frohman seems to be a firm believer in criticism. "The dispassionate, judicial critic of the theater," he says, "leaves as a heritage to come the record of an actor's work." Otis Skinner thoroly understands the situation. The present flippant method of criticism, he thinks, is a sign of the times. "We are becoming ashamed of our emotions. . . . The critic does not like to show that he is in the least impressed with a work of art. Many dramatic critics are professional humorists and must live up to their reputation in their signed articles. The 'tired-businessman' propaganda

that our producing managers are accused of fostering applies to modern newspaper criticism as well. 'No one,' say the theater managers, 'wants to listen to tedious philosophy from the stage.' 'No one,' say the newspaper editors, 'wants to read columns of scientific analysis in his morning paper.'"

Levity, maintains John Mason, so commonly predominates in reviews that much excellent and valuable counsel is lost. . . . "Without true criticism there can be no true theater." Maxine Elliott is very outspoken. The American critic, in her opinion, is a clown trying to turn dramatic criticism into a big three-ring circus. She can discern no hope of reform while the public is willing to regard the stage not as a fine art, but as the "sport of listless hours" to be taken after dinner like a pepsi pill. "When the public demands that the drama be a fine art they will also demand that the critics be artists." Viola Allen and

Cyril Scott declare that critics, with rare exceptions, are sincere and impartial.

"The earnest and able dramatic writer is not a useful factor in his day and generation, but an absolute necessity to advancement in dramatic art.

"The critical faculty is itself a gift. Its development comes through education and experience, and the exercise of it is a trust not to be betrayed or undervalued.

"The actor who resents adverse criticism from such a source is blind to his own interests. One often gains more in artistic growth from three lines of blame than from a half column of praise. Not, however, that the value of commendation should be underestimated. On the contrary, a timely word of encouragement and appreciation may stimulate some gifted but struggling one to a better effort, and turn despair and discouragement into hope and eventual success. Then too, the viewpoints from behind the footlights and from the front are wholly different. It is through the medium of the critic that the actor can best judge whether his aim has been true, if he has carried conviction to his audience."

Mr. Rupert Hughes, however, takes the cleverest fling at the critics. He puts himself in the place of a modern dramatic critic after the first night of "a play called Hamlet," and proceeds to apply the present methods of analysis in a serio-comic style.

The growing custom of printing stage plays, writes Mr. Hughes in the rôle he assumes, is loading the reviewer's desk with new terrors. "The most recent atrocity is an alleged drama by a Mr. Shakespeare, an actor-manager, who, after years of rehashing old plays and dramatizing foreign novels, has retired on his ill-gotten gains and now poses as playwright, sending to town once or twice a year his latest patchwork. Mr. Hughes continues:

"We can understand why certain plays should be put between covers, but we cannot imagine why this compliment should be paid Mr. Shakespeare's prompt books, unless, as we shrewdly suspect, his commercial genius sees a new way of getting free space in the papers by invading the book-review columns—the only place not as yet contaminated by the pestiferous press agent."

We have seen with pleasure, the alleged reviewer continues, some of Mr. Clyde Fitch's comedies published in book form, for they belong in the archives of all libraries, since future generations can learn from them almost exactly what we wore, how we talked, where we went and what entertained us. "Mr. Shakespeare, however, is not in touch with

the present. He writes swashbuckling costume plays, but they are not up to date like 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' Their only contemporaneity is in the outrageous ill taste with which he gags and guys, lugging in local allusions at no matter what cost of anachronism, to get a laugh from the gallery."

"The plot itself is so time-worn that it is surprising to see it revamped. *Saxo Grammaticus* told the story as far back as 1204, but Mr. Shakespeare is not Latinist enough to have taken it from there. He has filched it from the French of *Belleforest* and, as usual with these unoriginal adaptors, has ruined the exquisite French construction and warped the play to suit the stock company in which he was an inferior actor. We have seen with pleasure also the publication of Mr. Percy Mackaye's plays, such as 'Mater,' because they have literary value. But Mr. Shakespeare is not even a college graduate. His English, if we may call it such, is full of turgid rant and twisted trope: of language such as no human being ever used. For example, when the hero of the piece sees his father's ghost, he cries 'Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!' Mr. Shakespeare may be wise in calling upon 'angels' to defend his theatrical themes, for in Rialto-lingo angels are backers of plays, and many of them are highly improper persons, if we may believe the testimony of Mr. Eugene Walter's strong and timely drama, 'The Easiest Way.' So let Mr. Shakespeare call upon 'angels,' but let him not expect 'ministers' to defend him, for many of his plots are such as no reputable person could countenance, and his language is frequently such as not even play-actors can bring themselves to speak in public.

"The present play, for instance, presents the edifying problem, 'What should a young man do when his mother marries his father's murderer, who is incidentally his own uncle?' Now of all the absurd problems on earth, this is the absurdest. Universal interest is one of the requisites of good drama, but how unutterably specific is the interest of this play! We venture to say that not one of thousands of young men who may read this review has ever been placed in this predicament, or is in the slightest danger of it. As well choose for the theme of a five-act play, 'What should a young man do if he found himself on the moon and hated green cheese?' The far-fetched improbability of the plot is no doubt one of the reasons why the play was not a success in New York. In fact, Mr. Shakespeare has always been found wanting, judged by Broadway standards. He is distinctly a writer for road-stars, stock houses, and circuits of the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' sort."

Mr. Hughes continues cleverly to point out the real weakness in Shakespeare's play from the point of view of modern criticism, while

laughing in his sleeve at the critics. If, continues the writer, the play needed any further handicaps, the plot is so awkwardly contrived that a ghost has to be lugged to explain its mysteries and help it along. But of all the ghosts ever heard of this is the least convincing. Dr. Hyslop would have disdained to report the maunderings of Hamlet, Sr., who, while perfectly plain to the audience, to Hamlet, Jr., and to Horatio, is invisible to his wife!

"This is not all. It is alleged that Hamlet's uncle killed Hamlet's father by pouring into 'the porches (sic) of his ears' a juice which turned him instantaneously into a leper, and killed him without awakening him. This is one of the most intolerable of medical blunders. A chemist assured the present writer that there is no known poison which is strong enough to penetrate the tympanum without giving the victim an earache that would awaken both him and the neighbors. . . .

"The hero of this play pretends to be crazy, and he plays the part so consistently that he might as well be crazy. His character is so inconsistent that even the admirers of the sort of thing Mr. Shakespeare turns out always fall by the ears over the character of this character. Hamlet is told by the ghost to kill his uncle—plus father-in-law. He potters about it, losing chance after chance, till everybody else is killed, himself included, and then, with dying hand, he wipes out his uncle. He is described as a college student and a prince of breeding, yet he uses such language to Ophelia, whom he is supposed to love, that he would be thrown out of any imaginable drawing-room. His vulgarity to this young lady is only exceeded by the abominable indecency of his chat with his mother.

"Ophelia, a paragon of womanhood, goes mad. She immediately roves the palace distributing flowers and indecent ballads which a well-bred girl could hardly have heard, and certainly never memorized. And now the frank and fearless warrior Laertes, who would slay a king and seize the crown for revenge, on learning that his quarry is only a prince, and half-witted at that, suddenly becomes the pliant tool of the King and consents to avenge his father's death by challenging Hamlet to a friendly fencing match and there scratching him with the tip of a sword on which he places another of those peculiar poisons which exist only in the Shakespharmacopeia. . . .

"And what shall we say of Mr. Shakespeare's mixed metaphors such as 'To take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them' and 'sucked the honey of his music vows.' There are numerous grammatical blunders which ought not to have passed a first-rate proofreader. The hero fresh from college answers Horatio's

statement that he saw his grandfather by asking, 'Saw who?'

"If we were to quote the bombast," continues the reviewer, "we should have to quote the play. For one exquisite example commend us to Laertes' words at the funeral of his sister, who was drowned.

'Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia, And therefore I forbid my tears.'

"The consistently inconsistent Laertes then leaps into the grave and asks that earth be piled on him higher than either of two mountains, Pelion or Olympus. Hamlet thereupon leaps into the grave and indulges in a wrestling match on the coffin, as well as a rhetorical contest, for Hamlet explains that '40,000 brothers' could not have loved Ophelia as much as he did, tho he has done nothing in the play but ridicule and insult the girl."

The critic makes sport of the absolute tergiversation in the character of Laertes. On top of this impossible psychology, by a theater juggling, the physically impossible is accomplished in a change of swords and the cad and the maniac commit mutual murder.

"While the poisoned sword is used to massacre the male characters, poisoned wine is doing for the spectators, and the Queen carelessly imbibes the knock-out drops which the King had prepared for his stepson as an extra precaution.

"Space fails us to outline the miserable absurdities of the action of this play. It was bad enough in the old version, which has existed for several centuries, but Mr. Shakespeare has made it infinitely worse. In a mad hunt for action he has loaded it with incident till it fairly founders. His tragical history becomes a farcical melodrama.

"And this skeleton of plot is stuffed to adiposity with a mass of fustian and bombast of the wildest formlessness. The play is written now in blank verse, now in couplets, now in prose, now in jingle. It quotes epics and street-songs, it dabbles in philosophy and history, and in the lore of undertakers, lawyers, musicians, and what not.

"It includes a lesson in acting, the rules of which its own text compels its own actors to violate incessantly. . . .

"Tho the scene is supposed to be Denmark of several centuries ago, the hero drags in an illusion to the recently enacted stage laws, and makes fun of the children's theater which has so cut into Mr. Shakespeare's royalties. . . .

"Surely this is the worst play ever written by man. It is an encyclopedia of what not to do. As literature it is childish, as philosophy it is contemptible, and as a drama it is beyond Theodore Kremer at his worst."

Literature and Art

MARK TWAIN AS A SERIOUS FORCE IN LITERATURE

WHEN Mark Twain died at his Redding home a few weeks ago, a beloved book was found by his bedside, the last he had been reading. It was Carlyle's "French Revolution." One writer wonders to what episode in that tumultuous aggregation of epithets, that collection of strangely uncouth but often splendidly forcible descriptive passages, his mind reverted in his last hour. We shall never know. The mere presence of the book at his side, however, may be taken as deeply significant. It illustrates the serious side of his nature. It reveals a man preoccupied, even to the end, with the problems and destiny of humanity.

Mark Twain has won unquestioned primacy among us as a humorist, but he was ever much more than that. "Humor, like morality, has its eternal verities," he told Prof. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina. His mission was to express those verities. The history of literature furnishes no great international figures whose fame rests solely on the basis of humor. There is always some deeper and more serious implication which gives breadth and solidity to the art product. Genuine humor, according to Landor's definition, requires a "sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one." Rabelais and La Fontaine were reflective dreamers; Cervantes fought for progress and reality; and Molière felt he was doing useful service in attacking the shams and vices of his time. In a recent essay in *Harper's Magazine*, Professor Henderson declares:

"Tho exhibiting little of the melancholy of Lincoln, Mark Twain has much of the Yankee shrewdness and bed-rock commonsense of Franklin; and commingled with all his boyish and exuberant fun is a note of pathos subdued but unmistakable. That 'disposition for hard hitting with a moral purpose to sanction it,' which George Meredith pronounces the disposition of British humor, is Mark Twain's racial heredity and it is, perhaps, because he relates us to our origins, as Mr. Brander Matthews has suggested, that Mark Twain is the foremost of American humorists. It is impossible to think of him in his maturer development as other than a moralist."

Bernard Shaw, who regards Poe and Mark Twain as America's greatest achievements in literature, is in substantial agreement with Professor Henderson's verdict. He thinks of Mark Twain, he said not long ago, as sociologist, rather than humorist. "Of course," he added, "Mark Twain is in much the same position as myself: he has to put matters in such a way as to make people who would otherwise hang him believe he is joking!" Richard Watson Gilder was chiefly impressed by Mark Twain's "strenuous and scornful hates and intense affections," and said he "had a lightning-like vision of the shifting scenes in the tremendous tragi-comedy of life." William Dean Howells, in a penetrating critique written for *The North American Review* several years ago, emphasizes the sober spirit that informs Mark Twain's wildest fantasies.

Mark Twain, Mr. Howells reminds us, was essentially a product of the Western spirit, and his first characteristic writing dealt with the West. "It is not alone," Mr. Howells continues, "in its generous humor, with more honest laughter in it than humor ever had in the world till now, that his work is so Western. Any one who has really known the West (and really to know it one must have lived it) is aware of the profoundly serious, the almost tragical strain which is the fundamental tone in the movement of such music as it has." Up to a certain point in life, Mr. Howells goes on to soliloquize, it trusts and hopes and laughs; beyond that it doubts and fears, but it does not cry. "It is more likely," he observes, "to laugh again, and in the work of Mark Twain there is little of the pathos which is supposed to be the ally of humor, little suffusion of apt tears from the smiling eyes. It is too sincere for that sort of play; and if after the doubting and the fearing it laughs again, it is with a suggestion of that resentment which youth feels when the disillusion from its trust and hope comes, and which is the grim second-mind of the West in the presence of the mystery." The argument proceeds:

"It is not so much the race-effect as the region-effect; it is not the Anglo-American find-

ing expression, it is the Westerner, who is not more thoroly the creature of circumstances, of conditions, but far more dramatically their creature, than any prior man. He found himself placed in them and under them, so near to a world in which the natural and primitive was obsolete, that while he could not escape them, neither could he help challenging them. The inventions, the appliances, the improvements, of the modern world invaded the hoary eld of his rivers and forests and prairies, and while he was still a pioneer, a hunter, a trapper, he found himself confronted with the financier, the scholar, the gentleman. They seemed to him, with the world they represented, at first very droll, and he laughed. Then they set him thinking, and as he never was afraid of anything, he thought over the whole field, and demanded explanations of all his prepossessions, of equality, of humanity, of representative government and revealed religion. When they had not their answers ready, without accepting the conventions of the modern world as solutions or in any manner final, he laughed again, not mockingly, but patiently, compassionately. Such, or somewhat like this, was the genesis and evolution of Mark Twain."

Pursuing this train of thought further, Mr. Howells delves into the deeper psychology of "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Gilded Age." To the last-named story, he points out, we owe a type in Colonel Mulberry Sellers which is as likely to endure as any fictitious character of our time. "It embodies the sort of Americanism which survived through the Civil War, and characterized in its boundlessly credulous, fearlessly adventurous, unconsciously burlesque excess the period of political and economic expansion which followed the war. Colonel Sellers was, in some rough sort, the America of that day, which already seems so remote, and is best imaginable through him." Mr. Howells adds:

"If Colonel Sellers is Mr. Clemens's supreme invention, as it seems to me, I think that his 'A Connecticut Yankee' is his greatest achievement in the way of a greatly imagined and symmetrically developed romance. Of all the fanciful schemes in fiction it pleases me most, and I give myself with absolute delight to its notion of a keen East Hartford Yankee finding himself, by a retroactionary spell, at the court of King Arthur of Britain, and becoming part of the sixth century with all the customs and ideas of the nineteenth in him and about him. The field for humanizing satire which this scheme opens is illimitable; but the ultimate achievement, the last poignant touch, the most exquisite triumph of the book is the return of the Yankee to his own century, with his look across the gulf of the ages at the period of which

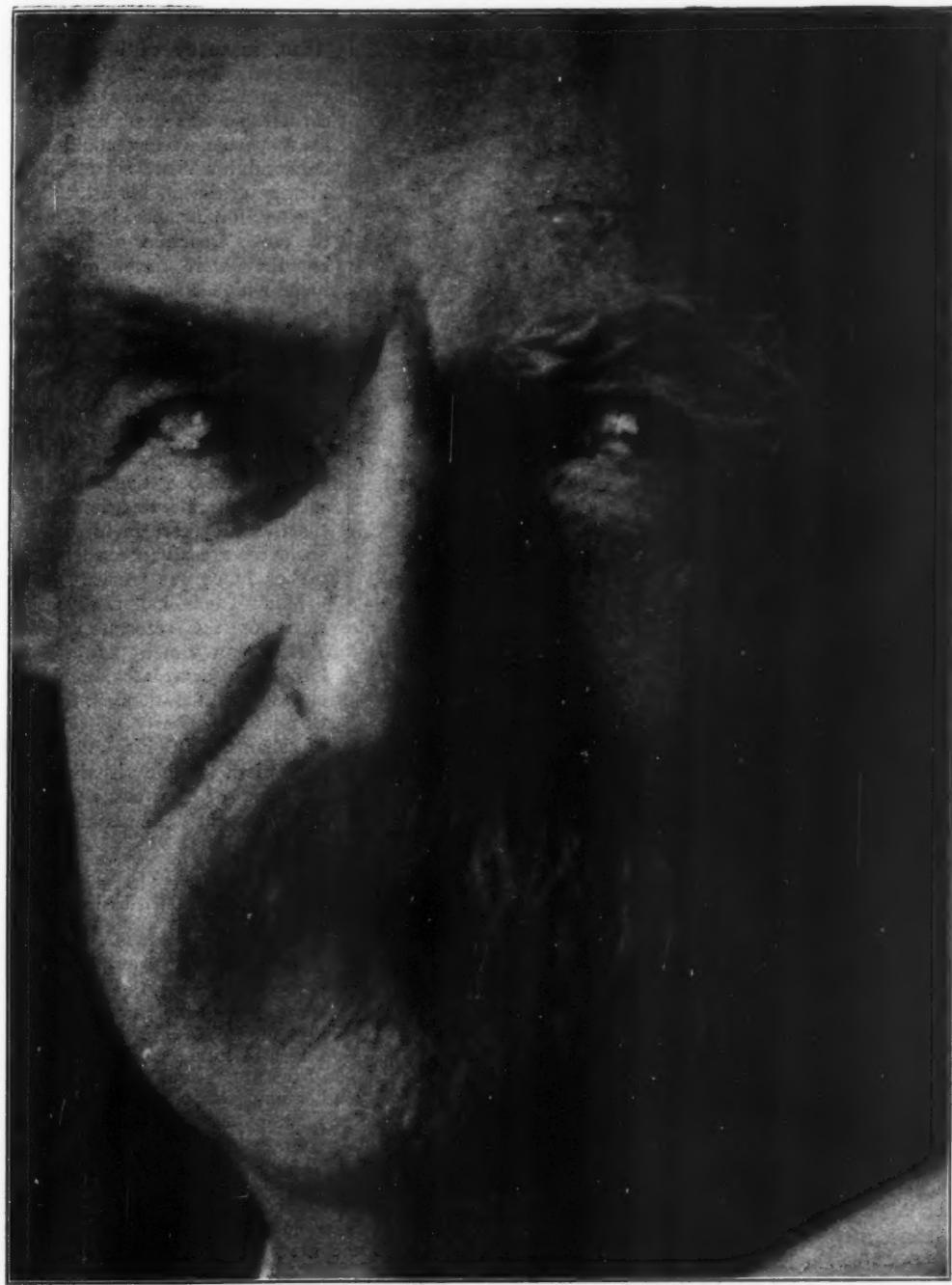
he had been a part and his vision of the sixth-century woman he had loved holding their child in her arms."

Much the same view is taken by Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, in his newly published "Essays on Modern Novelists."* To him "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are great not only because of the intrinsic interest of their stories, but because of their symbolic meanings. The "eternal Boy" is in them, and "one cannot appreciate the nature of boyhood properly until one has ceased to be a boy." As for "Huckleberry Finn," it is not, in Professor Phelps's judgment, really a child's book at all. "It is a permanent picture of a certain period of American history, and this picture is made complete, not so much by the striking portraits of individuals placed on the huge canvas, as by the vital unity of the whole composition. If one wishes to know what life on the Mississippi really was, to know and understand the peculiar social conditions of that highly exciting time, one has merely to read through this powerful narrative, and a definite, coherent, vivid impression remains."

Henry M. Alden also chooses to emphasize the serious aspects of Mark Twain's message, and finds more art in "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg" than in the "Tom Sawyer" stories or in "Roughing It on the Mississippi." He says (in *The Book News Monthly*):

"If Mark Twain were a professional humorist, himself limited to the conditions imposed by an indiscriminate and undiscriminating majority of his admirers, it would not matter if he should follow the lines of least resistance and be carried anywhither by the crowd. But he has abundantly shown that kind of versatility which is not facile, but comes of reaction and seeks difficulty. Look at his story of Joan of Arc, behind which lay thirteen years of earnest, passionate study. There is no greater masterpiece in American literature. Read his essay in appreciation of Mr. Howells. We have had no better criticism of the novelist's art of expression than that. All thoughtful readers have caught the profound spiritual implications of some of his short stories, like 'The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg' and 'Was It Heaven or Hell?' All these show the finest lines of his art, of his humor, of his large but delicately sensitive personality. In how many ways he is haunted by psychical suggestion—as when, after describing the inerrant course laid by the sleeping pilot, he asks: 'If sleep can veil such intuiting—

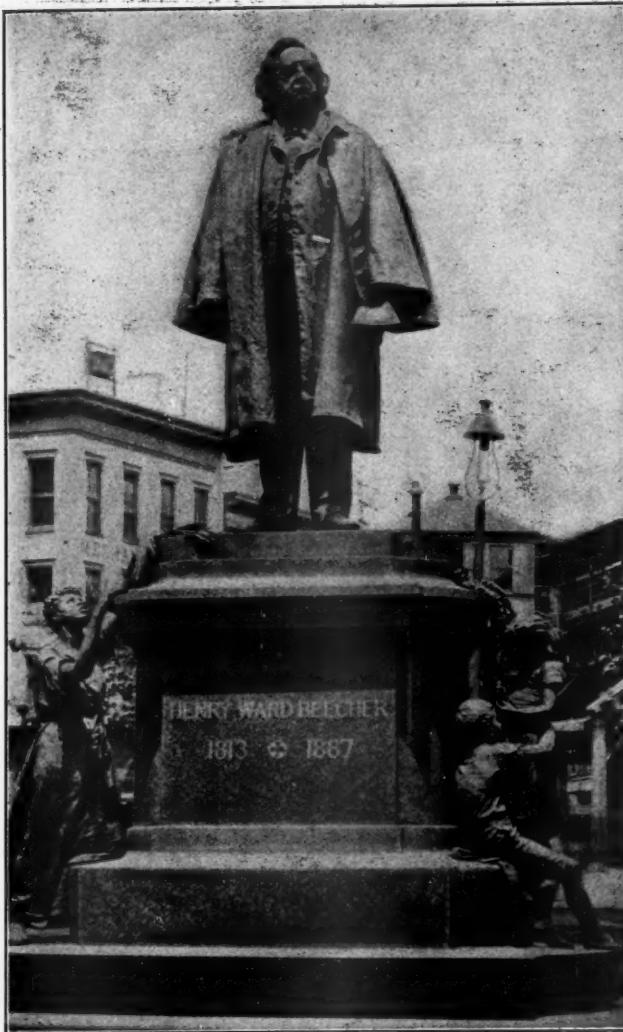
* The Macmillan Company.



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"HIS JESTS WERE MAXIMS; HIS JEERS WERE MEDICINE"

So the San Francisco *Argonaut* declares of Mark Twain. "He drew his happy tales," the same paper adds, "from wells of wisdom hidden in the everlasting rock, pure and undefiled. This man was new and fresh and clean and unconventional, and his sympathies were broad and true. His style was as much a legal tender of thought as Carlyle's."



HENRY WARD BEECHER

(By J. Q. A. Ward)

This statue, showing Beecher as the friend of negroes and of little children, stands in front of the Brooklyn City Hall.

tion, what might not death veil?" Telepathy is but one of his spiritual enchantments.

"Literature has lost much in not having had more of Mark Twain's imaginative creations on this higher plane."

Mark Twain had strong convictions on almost every important question, and while he constantly expressed himself indirectly, he knew how to drop the mask and to hit straight from the shoulder. "John Bunyan's purpose was no stronger," a writer in the

New York Times assures us, "than, in many of his works, was Mark Twain's." When the veteran humorist was most in earnest, he was most unreal to many people. They could understand his swift sorties into literary criticism, his attack on Shelley, for instance, because of the poet's treatment of Harriet, but they were never quite at home with his savage denunciations of the American policy in the Philippines, of looting missionaries in China, of Leopold's cruelties in the Congo, of Russian barbarities and atrocities. Yet Mark Twain's attitude toward life was nowhere more clearly revealed than in just such indictments, and the things that he said there in forthright sentences are all forecast in his earlier humorous works.

Mark Twain had always the spirit of the reformer. *The Times* sums him up as "a philosopher of democracy," and declares that his dominant note was love of liberty and hatred of shams. In his autobiography is a terrible visualization of some of the casualties of our present industrial system:

"I had a dream last night. It was an admirable dream, what there was of it.

"In it I saw a funeral procession; I saw it from a mountain peak; I saw it crawling along and curving here and there, serpent-like, through a level, vast plain. I seemed to see a hundred miles of the procession, but neither the beginning of it nor the end of it

was within the limits of my vision. The procession was in ten divisions, each division marked by a somber flag, and the whole represented ten years of our railway activities in the accident line. Each division was composed of 80,000 cripples, and was bearing its own year's 10,000 mutilated corpses to the grave; in the aggregate 800,000 cripples and 100,000 dead, drenched in blood."

"The Prince and the Pauper" is well described as a parable of democracy and the equality of man, while "Eve's Diary" gives us Mark Twain's conception of woman. That

his portrait is wholesome and sympathetic, no one who knows his spirit would need to be told. He interprets woman as the bearer of the gift of beauty to man, and he puts the whole matter in a nut-shell in the closing sentence of his book: "Wheresoever she was, there was Eden."

Many efforts have been made to define the religion of Mark Twain. He endured crushing sorrows, and was inclined to fatalism and pessimism, but he never lost his sense of the dignity of life. One of the best short expressions of his philosophy appears in the *Connecticut Yankee*:

"Training—training is everything; training is all there is to a person. We speak of nature; it is folly; there is no such thing as nature; what we call by that misleading name is merely heredity and training. We have no thoughts of our own, no opinions of our own; they are transmitted to us, trained into us.

"All that is original in us, and therefore fairly creditable or discreditable to us, can be covered up and hidden by the point of a cambric needle, all the rest being atoms contributed by, and inherited from, a procession of ancestors . . .

"And as for me, all that I think about in this plodding sad pilgrimage, this pathetic drift between the eternities, is to look out and humbly live a pure and high and blameless life, and save that one microscopic atom in me that is truly ME; the rest may land in Sheol and welcome for all I care."



HORACE GREELEY.

(By J. Q. A. Ward)

In this vivid portrayal the veteran editor of *The Tribune* is shown seated outside of the office on Park Row which he used to occupy.

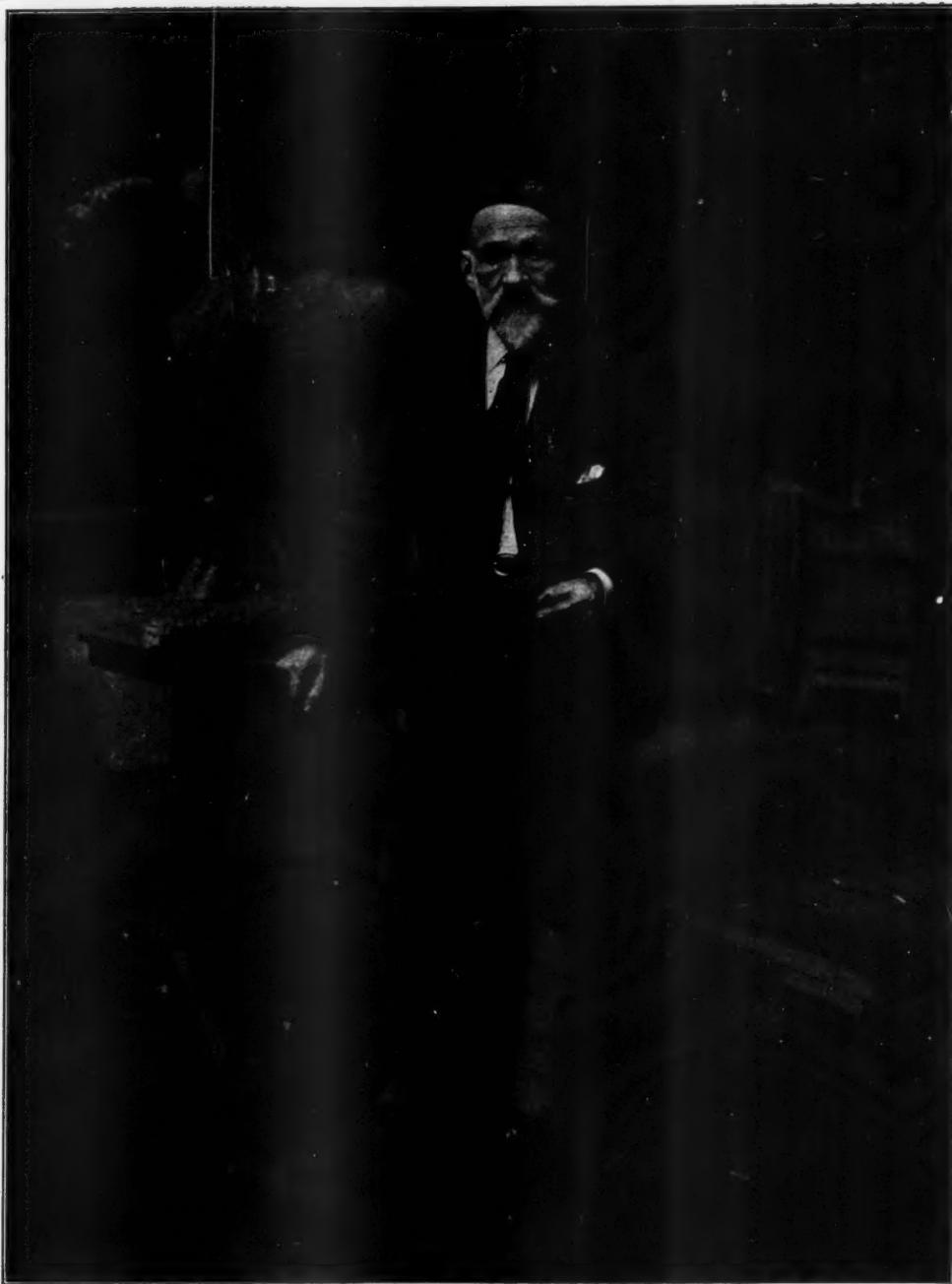
"THE FIRST OF AMERICAN SCULPTORS"

IN THE passing of John Quincy Adams Ward, American sculpture loses its most distinguished figure. There are still many gifted craftsmen left, and, among the younger generation, men like George Gray Barnard who are expressing new ideals. Yet "it was Ward more than any other man," as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* points out, "who gave to portrait sculpture in this country a dignity and vitality which the younger men have not always maintained. Such figures as the Shakespeare and the Washington in New York, the Perry at Newport, the Putnam at Hartford, the Beecher at Brooklyn, or the noble equestrian statue of Thomas at Washington will preserve his name imperishably with the names of the men they commemorate."

Mr. Ward, who is often called the dean of American sculptors, and who has been characterized by Russell Sturgis as in certain im-

portant respects the first sculptor this country has ever produced, was born in Urbana, Ohio, just eighty years ago. He did not inherit his artistic talent. He never even saw a piece of sculpture until he was fifteen years old. But the creative impulse in him was insistent, and from earliest boyhood, out of mud and clay, he was constantly modeling horses and figures. His Presbyterian parents had intended him for a physician, and young Ward was regarded not only as "queer," but as undutiful and perverse. The boy was fortunate, however, in having a sympathetic sister living in Brooklyn. He came East to visit her, and met Henry Kirke Browne, a well-known New York sculptor. Then it was he became sure that nature had intended him to be a sculptor.

For seven years he remained in New York under Browne's tutelage. The first result of this experience was his "Indian Hunter," which many still regard as his finest work.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WARD IN HIS STUDIO

Mr. Ward was a sculptor American to the backbone. He never studied a day abroad. He found his subjects and his inspiration all in this country.



PEDIMENT OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE BUILDING

This sculpture, set high over the heads of the brokers on Broad Street, was executed by J. Q. A. Ward and Daniel C. French. It is described as the most formidable piece of combined sculpture ever undertaken in America.

It stands in Central Park. "In the years that elapsed between the first sketch of this Indian and the final work," a writer in the *New York Times* states, "the artist had carefully corrected and documented his first impression by visits to the frontier posts where the Indian, not yet sophisticated out of his character by cheap clothing, was still to be seen at his ancestral pursuits. This lithe, sinewy, crouching, watchful creature had nothing in common with the 'classical' athlete. It was a new type of sculpture because it was the result of a faithful study of a type in life."

This study evoked enthusiastic appreciation when exhibited on lower Broadway, and one day August Belmont appeared at the sculptor's studio to tell him how much interested he was in his work, and to give him an order for a statue of Commodore Perry. From that day on, Ward was never without a commission.

In 1867 he created his "Shakespeare," and presented it to Central Park. Edwin Booth, the actor, a warm friend of Ward, served as a model and coached the sculptor as to the arrangement of the bard's cloak. In the same year "The Freedman," now on the steps of the Capitol at Washington, was exhibited in the Paris Salon. The critic Garves described it thus: "A naked slave has burst his shackles and with uplifted face thanks God for freedom. It symbolizes the African race of America, the birth of a new people within the ranks of Christian civilization. We have seen nothing in our sculpture more soul-lifting or more comprehensively eloquent."

Ward never studied abroad. He is, indeed, the only American sculptor of note who, from the beginning to the end of his career, found his subjects and his inspiration at home. Most of his work was done in a studio on West Forty-second Street, New York, and he never showed to better advantage than in his sympathetic portrayals of typical American fig-

ures. His imposing Washington is in front of the Sub-Treasury on Wall Street; his Horace Greeley pursues editorial work amid the turmoil of Park Row. Of the latter statue Mr.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
(By J. Q. A. Ward)

It would be strange indeed, in the opinion of the *New York Times*, "if the 'Washington' with its lofty dignity, its pure calm, its air of modest, unconscious, but imposing authority did not remain for our children's children the embodiment of the ideal citizen it commemorates."



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THE "UNCROWNED KING OF NORWAY"

So Björnsterne Björnson was fondly called by Norwegians. As novelist, dramatist, poet and publicist he exerted an influence that has been felt to the ends of the world.

Russell Sturgis, a most competent critic, has written (in *Scribner's*):

"The problem was, of course, to treat the odd-looking figure, the moon-like face with its loose fringe of white beard, the slovenly and queer exterior which attracted every one's attention in the street, in such a way as to preserve some sculpturesque interest; and at the same time to place the figure beneath a very deep arch in a thick wall and backed up in the awkwardest possible way by a huge window. The disposition of the figure in a low armchair, leaning forward, holding a manuscript, but looking out above it as if intently considering the subject contained in the written paper, with rounded back, with advanced head; and the whole of this low and broad mass raised upon a high pedestal so as to be well out of the way of passers-by on the neighboring sidewalk—all this is managed with perfect harmony of result, with entire correspondence of means to end."

Henry Ward Beecher, General Israel Putnam, Roscoe Conkling, Commodore Perry, were all the subjects of eminently successful studies, and the "General Thomas" in Wash-

ington has been pronounced by Saint Gaudens the finest equestrian statue in the world. The one disappointment of Ward's artistic life was the refusal of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland to accept a statue which he made of General Sheridan. The first model satisfied the Society, but was not pleasing to him. He destroyed it. Later models did not meet the wishes of the widow of General Sheridan. When she rejected the sixth, Ward brought suit against the Society for \$35,000, the amount named in the contract. He did not succeed in getting the money.

The distinguishing quality of Ward's sculpture is summed up by Russell Sturgis as "a noble simplicity":

"There are some of Ward's works which are of minor importance, . . . but there is in them all a trait which, shown more plainly in one than in another, is yet the special characteristic of Ward's minor as well as of his greater work, a noble simplicity, avoiding on the one hand the domestic or pious, or patriotic sentimentality which disfigures so very much of modern sculpture; avoiding on the other hand the picturesque, or more accurately the painter-like, treatment which is very common in the work of even the ablest men of the time, and which aids greatly in the gaining of popular applause."

In similar vein, the *New York Evening Post* adds:

"The stalwart old man who has just gone quietly cherished ideals alien to those of his time, and in most respects superior. He saw three generations of his most gifted fellow-countrymen give themselves to various sorts of unsculpturesque perfections. Meanwhile, he held his placid course, thought much, consulted reality faithfully but his vision more, and produced work after work which, often technically inferior to that of his juniors, rarely failed to be superior in the essentials of scale and breadth. The phenomenon will interest and perhaps baffle the future historian of our art. Here was a man largely self-trained, and until his maturity untraveled, beginning when the Canovian prettiness was still dominant, who had an instinctive sense of those main things which were established once for all in the severe period of Greek sculpture. We suppose that Mr. Ward did this surprising thing in the simplest manner by consulting the master of the Greeks, Nature herself. In an age variously sophisticated he kept the simplicity of his vision. His development is akin to that of Winslow Homer, but more precocious. Both managed to attain the epic view of nature in an age almost exclusively lyrical and elegiac."

BJÖRNSEN, LAST OF THE VIKINGS

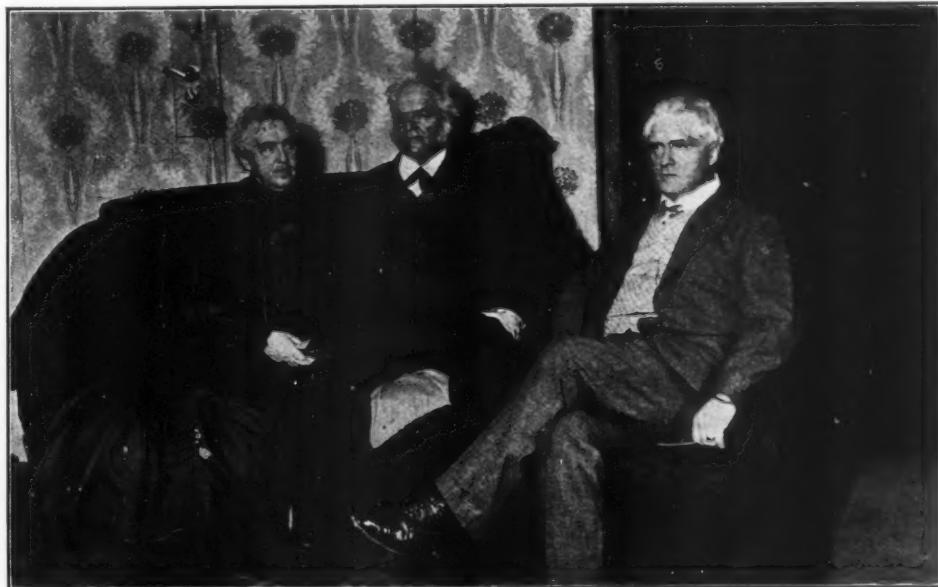
THEY have a notion that a poet is a long-haired man, who sits on the top of a tower and plays a harp, while his hair streams in the wind.

. . . No, my boy, I am a poet, not primarily because I can write verses (there are lots of people who can do that), but by virtue of seeing more clearly and feeling more deeply and speaking more truly than the majority of men."

From this utterance shines forth the characteristic spirit of Björnstjerne Björnson, the first national poet of Norway, the last of the Vikings. In his recent death Europe loses a unique personality, a figure of commanding genius. As a dramatist he was second only to that other "grand old man" of Norway, Henrik Ibsen. As a novelist he won, with Tolstoy, Victor Hugo and Maupassant, the homage of the entire literary world. As the patriot-hero of his country, he wrote its national hymn, revolutionized its politics, and struck valiant blows for democracy and liberty.

From his boyhood on, he was ever a fighter. Born in 1832, of peasant stock, he spent the first six years of his life in a desolate region high up in the Dovre Mountains. Then his

father took him to a sun-lit village where views of hill and fjord filled him with indescribable ecstasy and yearnings beyond his power to express. He attended school at Molde, but learned more from the peasants around him and from the sagas of the ancient North than from school-books. Inspired by visions of a new and independent Norway (his country was at that time merged in Sweden), he started, in true revolutionary style, a little hand-written paper, *Liberty*. A year or two later, in 1849, he was at college in Christiania, consorting with Vinje, the peasant poet, Jonas Lie, the novelist, and Ibsen, just on the threshold of a great career. He and Ibsen, opposites in temperament, stimulated and fascinated one another, and began a friendship which lasted, despite temporary misunderstandings, throughout their lives. In 1853 Björnson plunged into journalistic work, writing both on cultural and political topics. In season and out of season he preached his gospel, "Norway for the Norwegians." From this period date some of his best tales, including "Synnövé Solbakken," which he published at the age of twenty-four. For sheer beauty of style and atmosphere, says Prof.



BJÖRNSEN WITH HIS WIFE AND SON

Björnson's remarkable insight into a woman's life, his understanding and true interpretation of her, are attributed by Bernard Stahl, his compatriot, to the wise influence of his wife. Not a single book, hardly an essay even, left Björnson's desk for publication without first having been neatly copied by Karoline Björnson.

William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, in a recent issue of *The Independent*, this pastoral romance has never been surpassed by Björnson. It tells the love-story of a plain country boy and girl. "The whole book is an idyl. It seems radiant with sunshine. It is as pure as a mountain lake, and as refreshing. And besides the artistic unity of the work, that satisfies one's standards so fully, there is an exquisite something hard to define; a play of fancy, a veil of poetic beauty lingering over the story, that makes us feel when we have closed the book as if we were gazing at a clear winter sunset."

The young author followed his initial success with three other prose lyrics—"Arne" (1859), "A Happy Boy" (1860), and "The Fisher Maiden" (1868). Of these, Professor Phelps writes:

"They exhibit the same qualities so strikingly displayed in 'Synnövé Solbakken.' In all this artistic production Björnson is an impressionist, reproducing with absolute fidelity what he saw, both in the world of matter and of spirit. We may rely faithfully on the correctness of these pictures, whether they portray natural scenery, country customs or peasant character. We inhale Norway. We can smell the pines. The nipping and eager air, the dark green resinous forests—we feel these as plainly as if we were physically present in the Land of the Midnight Sun. The kindly simplicity of the peasants, the village ceremonies at weddings and funerals, the cheerful loneliness with sheep on mountain pasture, and the subdued but universal note of deep rural piety, make one feel as tho the whole community were bound by gold chains about the feet of God. Björnson says, 'The church is in the foreground of Norwegian peasant life.' And indeed everything seems to center around God's acre, and the spire of the meeting-house points in the same direction as the stories themselves. Many beautiful passages affect us like noble music; our eyes are filled with happy tears.

"In view of the strong and ardent personality of the author, it is curious that these early romances should be so truly objective. One feels his personality in a general way, as one feels that of Turgenev; but the young writer separates himself entirely from the course of the story; he nowhere interferes."

For several years following the publication of these idyllic tales, Björnson occupied himself largely with the drama and with politics. His early naïveté of temperament and his joy in elemental nature were clouded by an increasing sense of the complexity of life. He became the director of the Christiania

Theater; he traveled; he advanced in maturity of thought; he read Darwin, Spencer and Mill, and finally abandoned the orthodoxy of the Lutheran State religion. In 1875, his drama, "A Bankruptcy," following closely on the heels of Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," and teaching much the same lesson, won popular acclaim; but his next play, "The Challenge," a sex play, was severely criticized because its heroine insisted that the standard of morals should be the same for man as for woman. "The prudish and narrow-minded," Bernard Stahl declares in *The Theater Magazine*, "were scandalized, and the cynical coarse in their mockery. The piece aroused a storm of discussion, but the commotion quickly subsided, leaving an impression in the hearts of the people that a new truth had been born. The old belief proclaimed that the woman owed the man both her past and her future, while the man owed the woman only his future. But the new truth as proclaimed by Björnson in 'The Challenge' spoke to this effect: Man and woman owe to each other both their past and their future, and this not only because of their own happiness, but for the sake of future generations." Björnson injected even more subversive ideas into his revolutionary drama, "The King"; and in "Beyond Human Power" his master-brain grappled with what were to become two of the greatest problems of the twentieth century—faith-healing and the labor question.

The poetic strain never died in Björnson. It found expression in songs and lyrics throughout his career. But as he grew older it was transmuted into serious preoccupation with humanity's serious interests. The three novels of his last period are realistic, rather than romantic. In places they are almost pathological. "Flags are Flying in Town and Harbor" (1884), translated into English under the title, "The Heritage of the Kurts," is a study in heredity. Here Björnson preaches again his gospel of a single-standard morality for men as for women, and emphasizes the growing importance of mesmerism and hypnotism. "In God's Way" is frankly didactic, teaching that conduct, not religious belief, is the important matter in life, and that virtue is a matter entirely of the heart, bearing no relation whatever to the statute books. A woman may be legally an adulteress and yet absolutely pure according to Björnson's ethics. The same theme—mental as opposed to physical chastity—is reinforced in "Mary" (1906). Of this novel, Professor Phelps tells us:

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"It is an interesting and powerful analysis of a girl's heart, written in short, vigorous sentences. Mary, after taking plenty of time for reflection, and without any solicitation, deliberately gives herself to her lover, in a manner copied exactly from a scene in Maupassant's novel, 'Notre Coeur.' Her fiancé is naturally amazed, as there has been nothing leading up to this; she comes to him of her own free will. Her theory of conduct (which exemplifies that of Björnson) is that a woman is the sovereign mistress of her own body, and can do what she pleases. There is nothing immoral in a woman's free gift of herself to her lover, provided she does it out of her royal bounty, and not as a weak yielding to masculine pursuit. The next day Mary is grievously disappointed to discover that, instead of the homage and worship she expected, the erstwhile timid lover glories in the sense of possession. She fears that she cannot live an absolutely independent life with such a husband—and Björnson's gospel is, of course, the untrammeled freedom of woman. So, altho she is about to become a mother, she deliberately cancels the engagement to the putative child's father; this puzzles him even more than her previous conduct, tho he is forced to acquiesce. Then, in a final access of despair, as she is about to commit suicide, she is rescued by a man whose love is like the moth's for the star—who tells her that no matter what she has done, she is the noblest, purest woman on earth, and the chaste queen of his heart. Thus, by a stroke of good fortune, rather than by anything inevitable in the story, the book ends happily, with Mary and her second adoring lover in the very delirium of joy."

Thus Björnson's literary output is seen to fall into two main periods, romantic and realistic, poetic and didactic, with dramas and poems bridging the gulf between the two. To those who look to literature for pure art, the stories of the first period are bound to be more appealing. They have the freshness of primitive instinct, and in their own field are unrivaled. Professor Phelps says: "In comparing the three late with the four early novels, the most striking change is instantly apparent to any one who reads 'Synnövé Solbakken' and then opens 'In God's Way.' It is the sudden and depressing change of air, from the mountains to the sickroom. The abundance of medical detail in the later novel is almost nauseating, and would be wholly so were it not absurd." But this verdict represents only one critic's point of view. The London *Saturday Review* and Chicago *Dial* find sublime meanings and deep significance in the last novels of Björnson. The *Dial* maintains:

"'Paa Guds Veje' (In God's Way) is a work so noble and rich and beautiful that it beggars critical appraisement. With its delicate and vital delineations of character, its rich sympathy and depth of tragic pathos, its plea for the sacredness of human life and its protest against the religious and social prejudice by which life is so often misshapen, this book is an epitome of all the ideas and feelings that have gone to the making of the author's personality and have received such manifold expression in his works. This is the book that illustrates Björnson's genius in its ripe fruitage, as its rich early flowering was illustrated by 'Arne' and 'Sigurd Slembe' and the lyrics."

The marked change of mood through which Björnson passed is sometimes attributed to the influence of Ibsen. It is possible that Ibsen's gloomy and pessimistic temperament somewhat modified his friend's sunnier disposition. But Björnson's development is paralleled by that of so many men of genius that it needs no explanation. He saw life from his own angle, as Ibsen saw it from his. "Björnson differs from Ibsen," Prof. William Henry Schofield, of Harvard, observes, "as much as two men living in the same land, age, and general environment could well do." He continues (in the *New York Evening Post*):

"By nature Björnson was akin to Thor, the Northern peasants' god, who gleefully swung his mighty hammer in giantland, ever eager to save the race of men from evil powers—yet naive, gullible, able to see only one thing at a time, sentimental, insensitive, fond of his kind. On the other hand, Ibsen seems like the heir of Odin, the god of viking chieftains, who from a high seat surveyed the whole world, whilst his ravens, Memory and Thought, perched on his shoulders, whispered words of wisdom in his ear—calm, cautious, critical, caustic, aloof, and alone. Björnson was beloved, to the point of reverence, for his geniality, his ready sympathy, his mighty blows against evil and the foes of his land—primordial virtues. Ibsen was admired, to the point of awe, for his subtlety, his keen intelligence, his dexterity of thrust in combats of the mind, his ability to win renown abroad—virtues of the sophisticated elect. Björnson, it is true, experienced often at home 'the proud man's contumely'; but he endured this with little pain, steadily encouraged by the confidence of many supporters: in life he had his reward. Ibsen was long disregarded, if not scorned, by his fellows both high and low; late and reluctant were the honors awarded him: in death his fame grows from more to more."

Björnson's rich and noble personality left a deep impression on all with whom he came in contact. He was often called the uncrowned Norwegian king. Brandes called him "un-

doubtedly the greatest orator of Scandinavia," and said further: "The mention of his name in a gathering of his countrymen is like running up the national flag." As illustrating the reverence in which he was held by his people, it is only necessary to mention an incident which took place not long ago in connection with the summer maneuvers of the Norwegian army. As the soldiers were on their way back to Christiania, so the account runs, their route took them past Björnson's house, and the general in command sent an adjutant ahead to ask if a demonstration by the men would be acceptable. Upon receiving an assurance in the affirmative, the troops came up. "With his family and guests assembled about him on the veranda, the monumental figure stood with bared head to receive the military greeting. As each regiment passed in review below, presenting arms as to their chieftain, there went up a deafening shout of personal salutation from each of the soldiers, who then joined in singing the national hymn, to whose author they were thus offering this spontaneous salute. There was the unique spectacle of a man in private life being accorded a military spontaneous demonstration by the nation's army which a king might envy." Compared with that, *The Evening Post* comments, such deference of the sword to the pen as Napoleon's attention to Goethe seems but a forced and hollow thing.

Björnson lectured in America in 1880, and has always had friends and admirers in this country. Bernard Stahl, who has lately published in New York a translation of "Wise-Knut,"* one of Björnson's most characteristic tales, gives an interesting account of his last meeting with "the master" in Christiania in 1902. The occasion was a birthday banquet held in honor of Björnson's seventieth anniversary. There were two main tables. At the head of one sat the guest of honor, at the other Nansen, recently returned from his memorable trip to the North. "Many a merry jest," Mr. Stahl records, "flew from one table to the other; and tho it might be difficult, at a glance, to tell which of the two giants looked the younger, it was easy enough to determine which of the two swords beat sharpest. The author had the readier wit." Mr. Stahl's narrative proceeds:

"The famous master had a cordial handshake and a cheerful word for all. I was introduced to this uncrowned Norwegian king by his son

Björn Björnson, who at that time was director of the new National Theater for which the old master had done so much. I have met many a big man whose thoughts have been far away while apparently speaking with interest to his listener, but not so with Björnson. If he spoke or listened at all, he put both his soul and body into the subject, so to speak. Speaking about his old love for America, he said: 'Several of the enterprising American managers have tried hard to get me across the water again, but so far I have resisted the temptation—tho with a sore heart. Not that I'm afraid of touring the country and turning out a hundred lectures, no sir; but what I'm afraid of, I am sorry to say, is the hospitality of the American people. Look at Nansen there! He seems quite able-bodied, doesn't he? Well, sir, he had to "beat it," as they say in America; and why? On account of too much champagne!' And his eyes sparkled with mirth as he emitted a roar of buoyant laughter. 'However, I may risk it,' he continued seriously. 'I shall have to say many a harsh word to young America, tho, because she has deprived Norway of her best children, altho she deserves praise for the great opportunities she has given most of them. She is a dangerous stepmother because she is rich and beautiful. And most rich and beautiful women are dangerous through their power over young men.' And again he laughed. And the five hundred guests joined him, joined him heartily, because his laughter was such that it could set the sun dancing on the mountain tops in mid-winter, and that means much in Norway."

Richard Le Gallienne also bears witness to the spell of this masterful personality. When Björnson's illness reached a critical stage several weeks ago, Mr. Le Gallienne wrote:

"I have read in the papers that Björnson is dying. I hope not yet. For his death will make the world still smaller. Nearly all the giants are gone. When Björnson dies there will be only one giant left—Tolstoy.

"Björnson is more than a writer—beautiful writer and singer of lovely songs as he is. We all know 'Arne,' and a Norwegian friend of mine has translated for me his poems.

"I, too, have heard him speak. He is one of the greatest orators in the world. Whether or not he was wise in using the force of his great and gentle personality in severing Sweden and Norway and giving them separate flags is a question for the future to decide. I am not the Future.

"The morning, many years ago, when I had the honor of being his guest in his house in Aulestad, near Littlehammer—in company with my friends John Lane, Osman Edwards, and Rosencrantz Johnson, Johnson being one of the famous representatives of the Norwegian 'Bohème'—he talked to me about Norway and Sweden as he paced

* WISE-KNUT. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Brandu's.

his room. Talked wonderful English, as most Scandinavians can. I knew very little about it. I was only a boy, and he was a very great man. Of course, I didn't try to talk. It was wonderful enough to listen.

"We had arrived at Aulestad quite early in the morning, riding in carioles. Herr Björnson's house is built in a long pine-clad valley, a verandaed house, American fashion, and, as we arrived in our funny little carioles, Björnson was standing awaiting us with outspread arms, like a patriarch, with his beautiful white locks, and his broad, strong, glorious, gentle face, and he said to us: 'Welcome to Aulestad.' On his shoulder he carried a towel. 'I am going to take my bath,' he said, 'up here in the ravine. Will you join me?'

"So we walked up through pine trees with him, and came where a torrent of thirteen feet of white water fell among the rocks.

"I shall never forget the beauty of that great

old man, standing, like the god Saturn, with the white water pouring over his shoulders, among the rocks and the pines.

"Then we went down again to the house and met his beautiful wife, his beautiful daughter, Bergliot, and his strong son, the director of the Royal Theater in Christiania. And Herr Björnson and his wife, after the old saga fashion, sat together at the head of the table, like a King and a Queen, on a raised dais, and all drank 'skale' to their four guests.

"Afterward Björnson took me up to his study, and we talked about Ibsen, whose son, Sigurd, Bergliot Björnson married afterward.

"'Ibsen,' said Björnson to me, 'is not a man—he is only a pen.'

"'A wonderful pen, tho, don't you think?' I answered.

"But in my heart I said: 'It is far more wonderful to be a man like you.'"

THACKERAY BROUGHT UP TO DATE BY MR. CHESTERTON

IN a critical essay* that positively sparkles with thought-provoking epigrams and generalizations, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has lately summed up Thackeray as a sort of romantic pessimist. To call him a pessimist only would be, Mr. Chesterton argues, both harsh and ludicrous. To describe him merely in romantic terms would be equally unsatisfactory. The closest definition of his spirit Mr. Chesterton finds in this—that he loved all fresh and beautiful things, like other romantics, but loved them with a deliberate recollection of their eternal recurrence and decay. "Human history had for him the high monotony of an everlasting song, in which every verse is beautiful, but the tune is always the same."

It is in this sense and from this point of view that Mr. Chesterton considers the Thackeray masterpieces. He speaks of "The Book of Snobs," that satire on human weakness, as "a work much needed and very admirably done," for "snobbishness is indeed a disease in our society requiring a large and responsible analysis." The mere title of "Vanity Fair," Mr. Chesterton continues, was an inspiration. "It produces on the mind the same impression of mixed voices and almost mad-dening competition as a crowded square on market day. Everyone in this tale is filled with a futile energy." As the author of "Van-

ity Fair," Thackeray has been accused of cynicism. He makes the good woman of the story, Amelia Sedley, so soft, and the bad woman, Becky Sharp, so interesting. But the charge, Mr. Chesterton maintains, will not stand. "I hardly think," he says, "that modern critics see Thackeray's point."

"His point surely is that Amelia was a fool; but that there is a certain sanative and antiseptic element in virtue, by which even a fool manages to live longer than a knave. For after all when Amelia and Becky meet at the end, Amelia has much less energy, but she has much more life. She is *younger*; she has not lost her power of happiness; her stalk is not broken. She could really, to use Thackeray's own metaphor, grow green again. But the energy of Becky is the energy of a dead woman; it is like the rhythmic kicking of some bisected insect. The life of the wicked works outwards and goes to waste. The life of the innocent, even the stupidly innocent, is within; if anyone dislikes the battered sentiment of the word 'love,' I will say that innocence has more *sest*, more power of tasting things. Hence Thackeray's thought is really suggestive; that perhaps even softness is a sort of superiority; it is better to be open to all emotions as they come than to reach the hell of Rebecca; the hell of having all outward forces open, but all receptive organs closed. For the very definition of hell must be energy without joy."

"It was very specially in connection with 'Vanity Fair' that the great accusation of 'cynicism' broke about Thackeray's ears. The argument is a mere logomachy, the trick of taking a

* SELECTIONS FROM THACKERAY. Edited with an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. The Macmillan Company.

vague word and then asking if it applies precisely. If cynicism means a war on comfort, then Thackeray, to his eternal honor, was a cynic. If it means a war on virtue, then Thackeray, to his eternal honor, was the reverse of a cynic. It is absurd, in this sense, to call a man cynical whose whole object it is to show that goodness, even when it is silly, is a healthier thing than wickedness when it is sensible. The truth in the accusation is probably this: that his vile characters are drawn a little more vividly than his virtuous characters. So, in the small artistic sense, Dante is more successful with hell than with the beatific vision."

"*Vanity Fair*" was described by Thackeray as a novel without a hero. He might also have called "*Pendennis*," says Mr. Chesterton, a novel with nothing else than a hero—"only that the hero is not very heroic."

"*Pendennis*" is an epic, because it celebrates the universal man. But it is also a medieval and even a late medieval epic; because it celebrates not the strength of man but his weakness.

"In the character of Major Pendennis, of course, Thackeray did splendidly a work which wanted doing. It is in a subtle way more effective than the whole of the '*Book of Snobs*'; for it vividly presents, in the person of a not unsuitable man, the fundamental truth that the worship of this world is a superstition, and has all the limitations of a superstition. Religious people speak of worldlings as gay and careless; but such religious people pay the worldlings far too high a compliment. Major Pendennis was not particularly gay; and he certainly was the very reverse of careless. He had to walk more cautiously and seriously than the adherent of any elaborate theology. Worldliness and the worldlings are in their nature solemn and timid. If you want carelessness you must go to the martyrs."

Colonel Newcome is interpreted by Mr. Chesterton as one who has taken his place with Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverley, Uncle Toby, and Mr. Pickwick in a great catalog of great attempts to capture and describe "the almost eerie fascination of simplicity." He is probably the only character in "*The Newcomes*" who lives vividly in the public mind, yet all the rest of the *Newcomes*, Mr. Chesterton assures us, are good and worth remembering—Hobson Newcome, "with the straw in his mouth and the hands in his pockets, and the truly masculine decision to mind his own business and let his wife mind everything else"; Lady Anne Newcome, "a fool with one infallible feeler or sense left in her, the power of knowing a gentleman, with which she salutes the Colonel"; Barnes

Newcome, "the neat and nasty young man from the City, who is safe and successful enough to conquer the world, and has a soul like a small dried pea"; above all, Ethel Newcome, "who is really a vision, who walks the world like a Diana."

Of "*Esmond*" Mr. Chesterton speaks as indeed the most romantic of Thackeray's works, but as much the saddest.

"The most dreadful and blood-chilling thing in this world is a tired kindness. And Colonel Esmond is the type of that weary and tasteless magnanimity; his large dark eyes darken the universe; I am sure that Lord Bolingbroke had converted him to irreligion. The tale is a high and chaste tragedy, which one reads through once with reverence and austere profit, as one reads '*Macbeth*' or '*The Master of Ballantrae*'. But I never feel that I can return to the coffee-house with Steele and Addison as I return again and again to the '*Cave of Harmony*' with Warrington and Bayham and Pen. They are all alive and my friends forever. But over the great Queen Anne romance there broods a peculiar conviction that Queen Anne is dead."

Proceeding to contrast Thackeray with Dickens, Mr. Chesterton finds that the latter may be distinguished by his conciseness, the former by his diffuseness. Dickens, "by a sort of extravagant lucidity, by a grotesque symbolism almost like that of heraldry," stamps and brands on the brain in a few words all that it is essential to say about anybody. But Thackeray works entirely by diffuseness, "by a thousand touches scattered through a thousand pages." This method, Mr. Chesterton suggests, is admirably suited to Thackeray's particular purpose, that of "half-ironically worming himself into the center of a subject, politely insinuating himself into the secrets of everybody before he begins to treat them satirically." The point is illustrated further:

"Brevity may be the soul of wit, but it would be quite as true to say in such cases that lengthiness is the soul of satire. To batter the worldly castle with the artillery of open derision, as Dickens did, is a much swifter task than to blow it up from within with one carefully constructed bomb of irony. This was indeed one of the essentials of Thackeray's power and position; he was attacking '*Vanity Fair*' from the inside, and must have been at least sufficiently polite to get inside it. Some might even have said that he was betraying his class; there is no doubt at least that he was betraying himself. That noble title, '*The Book of Snobs*,' would not have been so effective if he had not been able to add 'By

One of Themselves.' By the very nature of his satire it had to be a slow satire. He could exhibit a stir of anger at the luxury of the rich. But he could not pretend to exhibit a start of surprise at it as Dickens could. He could not speak of ladies and gentlemen as monsters whom he had just met on his travels; that was the great specialty of Dickens. He has awakened to the evil of his world; but it is essential to his method that he should have awakened slowly; therefore it is natural that the method of satiric revelation should be also slow. Even the bodily description of his characters is scattered and disseminated. The Dickens method is to say: 'Lord Jones, a tall man with a hook nose and a white pointed beard, entered the room.' Thackeray's method is to say, in Chapter I: 'Lord Jones, being very tall, had just knocked his head against the chandelier, and was in no very agreeable temper'; in Chapter VII: 'What jokes Jemima made about Sir Henry's bald head, Lord Jones's hooked nose, and so on'; and in Chapter XXIII: 'Little Mr. Frizzle, the hairdresser, had pursued Jones for years, advising his lordship to blacken artificially the white pointed beard that he wore.'

Many people feel that irrelevancy is one of Thackeray's special weaknesses. Mr. Chesterton urges that it is rather one of his strengths. "His rambling was all strategy, his artlessness was precisely his art." There are so many things in life that can best be expressed by indirect methods. It may be true, for instance, that a man drinks too much, yet to call him a drunkard would be to convey an entirely false impression. A woman may have much to put up with in her marriage, yet it may be quite untrue to call it an unhappy marriage. It was just such cases that Thackeray treated so well by methods of "allusive irrelevancy."

There were always big backgrounds, Mr. Chesterton goes on to remind us, behind all that Thackeray did. His favorite sages were Aesop, Horatius Flaccus and King Solomon. They were meant to stand as an enduring rebuke to those who rebelled against the vital recurrences of existence, lovers who were certain that no man had loved before, prophets who were certain that no man would doubt afterward. "All three sages stood to cure the mere hot sickness and malady of novelty by pointing out that even such maladies were old. Solomon bore testimony that there is nothing new under the sun—not even the sunstroke. Horace testified that there were strong men before Agamemnon—and weak men, too, minor poets and mad decadents before the birth of Achilles. Aesop bears witness to a tremendous and primal

tradition that the very beasts are human in many of our human vanities and vulgarities, morbidities and sophistries. Perhaps we were madmen even before we were men." Mr. Chesterton goes on to comment:

"It is in consequence quite unfair to Thackeray to talk as if these classical allusions and fabulous parallels with which his work is strewn were either the mere padding of a man who had nothing to say or the mere senile loquacity of a man who could not stop saying it. They were introduced to create that very air and light of antiquity and eternal human nature in which alone he could see his characters move. If in writing of his fashionable heroine whirling round a ballroom in Mayfair he always said something like *neque tu choreas sperne, puer*, it was not pedantry but a melancholy passion for reminding people how many *débutantes* had come out since the age of Horace or the end of Eden. If he always called a humbug a wolf in sheep's clothing or an ass in a lion's skin, he was not using commonplace phrases, he was seeking to remind us that there is in modern sin and folly something as fierce and primitive as a wolf, something as plain and comic as a donkey. And if he ended the first verse of his finest poem with 'mataiotes mataioteton,' it was not to air his Greek, nor even to rime to 'treat on,' but in order to put once more in a new tongue and see suddenly in a new aspect his everlasting refrain of *vanitas vanitatum*."

The conclusion of the argument is that Thackeray was a man of impressions, rather than a man of convictions. "He was not one who made up his mind, but one who let his mind make him up." As a result of this attitude, while he lay naturally open to all noble influences flowing around him, "he never bestirred himself to seek those that were not flowing or that flowed in opposite directions." Mr. Chesterton adds:

"He was a great sensitive. The comparison between him and Dickens is commonly as clumsy and unreasonable as a comparison between Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade or Bulwer Lytton and Anthony Trollope. But the comparison really has this element of actuality: that Dickens was, above all things, creative; Thackeray was, above all things, receptive. There is no sense in talking about truth in the matter; both are modes of truth. If you like to put it so, the world imposed on Thackeray, and Dickens imposed on the world. But it could be put more truly by saying that Thackeray represents, in that gigantic parody called genius, the spirit of the Englishman in repose. This spirit is the idle embodiment of all of us; by his weaknesses we shall fail and by his enormous sanities we shall endure."

Recent Poetry

WHO are the leaders of thought? Not the political leaders, says President Eliot—"they are generally trying to induce masses of men to act on principles thought out long before"; but "the real leaders of American thought have been preachers, teachers, jurists, seers and poets." "Have been," he says, changing his tense, perhaps unconsciously; for it is hard to get people to admit that the present is a time of great art, dramatic, poetic, pictorial or plastic. There has been and there will be, but there never is great art. Even the optimistic Ella Wheeler Wilcox looks far ahead for the sources of her hope in art. In an interview in the London *Chronicle*, she derides those who call this a machine age and despair of art; but her derision is based not upon what is, but what is to be; "for," she says, "this machine age is the promise of art. . . . The women of the modern world are going to breed great sons."

The same note prevails in Great Britain, in literary circles at least. A writer in *The Athenaeum*, in an essay on "The Present State of Poetry," concludes as follows: "Only by means of the drama can poetry resume its close connection with our national life, and thence recover its ancient power over the mind of the people."

Well, let them talk, these critics. They were ever talking thus. The fact is, poetry never did exert a very great direct influence "over the mind of the people." Most of the people never get farther along in a poetic way than "Horatius at the Bridge" and "Lives of great men all remind us." The appreciation of fine poetry is to-day, as it ever was, one of the surest tests of a fine mind and a true culture; and the best of our writers—novelists, playwrights and all—continue to bow at the Shrine of Poesy and aspire to become her devotees.

Even Mark Twain—or ever the "Innocents Abroad" had fixed the orbit of his flight—was wooing the muse. The Cleveland *Plaindealer* has unearthed a manuscript of his, written at the request of Mrs. S. L. Severance, of that city, when he was nearing the close of that famous first trip he made to the Old World. It is entitled "Good Bye," and the latter half of the poem is pretty ragged. The first half, which is all that we reprint, can hardly be

called excellent; but it shows a real sense of poetic quality. We give it a new title and we change one word in the first line, substituting the word "ships" for the word "fleet."

THE PARTING OF THE SHIPS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Their voyage done, the ships that plowed
Together o'er the main
Spread their broad sails and speed away,
No more to meet again!

And one shall dance o'er tropic seas
And under splendid skies,
And float like a dream through purple haze
And the sunset's golden dyes,
Or swim in the glory of amber light
Under the mellow moon,
And drink the odors that steal on the night
From the zone of eternal June!
And anchored at last by the beautiful isles
That garland those tranquil seas,
Shall fold her white wings and fall asleep
In the hush of an endless peace.

And one shall go forth in the pride of her
strength,
With the northern blast to play,
Where the storm-bird shrieks o'er a billowy
waste
In a driving mist of spray,
And the spume-flakes fly from the plunging prow
Far down on the whistling wind,
And blend their snows with the foamy wake
That follows far behind;
And the sullen gloom of the brooding sky
Hangs low its awful pall
And darkens the tossing world beneath,
Where the winking foam-crests crawl!

The thunder peals and the good ship reels
Under the tempest's spell,
And the lightnings glare on the murky night
Like the fateful fires of hell!

Something has happened to Alfred Noyes, or so it appears to us in reading his new book of poems, "The Enchanted Island" (Stokes). He seems, at times, to hypnotize himself with his swinging lines and to lose his sense of direction. He reminds us of one of the performers in Buffalo Bill's show. A number of Mexicans exhibit their skill in throwing the lariat, catching galloping horses and riders in the coils with unfailing regularity. But one

performer, and he apparently the most skilful of all, contents himself with whirling the lariat in a great variety of ways, over, under and round about himself in graceful circles, now small, now large, the lariat seeming like a thing of life as it writhes and coils and sings through the air. *But it never catches anything!* Mr. Noyes is often like that, coiling and uncoiling his melodic lines with wonderful skill, but leaving you very doubtful of his purpose, doubtful, indeed, whether he has any purpose except to exhibit his skill. Not, of course, that he is always that way. Here is one of the poems from his book that is very soul-satisfying:

THE SKYLARK CAGED.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

Beat, little breast, against the wires,
Strive, little wings and misted eyes,
Which one wild gleam of memory fires,
Beseeching still the unfettered skies,
Whither at dewy dawn you sprang,
Quivering with joy from this dark earth and sang.

And still you sing—your narrow cage
Shall set at least your music free!
Its rapturous wings in glorious rage
Mount and are lost in liberty,
While those who caged you creep on earth
Blind prisoners from the hour that gave them birth.

Sing! The great City surges round.
Blinded with light, thou canst not know.
Dream! 'Tis the fir-woods' windy sound
Rolling a psalm of praise below.
Sing, o'er the bitter dust and shame,
And touch us with thine own transcendent flame.

Sing, o'er the City dust and slime;
Sing, o'er the squalor and the gold,
The greed that darkens earth with crime,
The spirits that are bought and sold.
O, shower the healing notes like rain,
And lift us to the height of grief again.

Sing! The same music swells your breast,
And the wild notes are still as sweet
As when above the fragrant nest
And the wide billowing fields of wheat
You soared and sang the livelong day,
And in the light of heaven dissolved away.

The light of heaven! Is it not here?
One rapture, one ecstatic joy,
One passion, one sublime despair,
One grief which nothing can destroy,
You—tho your dying eyes are wet—
Remember: 'tis our blunted hearts forget.

Beat, little breast, still beat, still beat;
Strive, misted eyes and tremulous wings;
Swell, little throat, your *Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!*
Thro' which such deathless memory rings:
Better to break your heart and die
Than, like your gaolers, to forget your sky.

Julia Stockton Dinsmore, in her volume "Verses and Sonnets" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), gives us the products of a meditative mind. Her themes are Wordsworthian and so is her style, which is simple and pleasing. Here is one of the best of her poems:

TO AN AEROLITE.

BY JULIA STOCKTON DINSMORE.

Thou mass of molten metal, hard as stone!
What mine in space, unfathomed, unexplored,
Produced thine ore? Where flames, unseen, un-
known,
The furnace whence thy seething substance
poured?

Doubtful intruder in an alien land,
Like the wrecked sailor by the sailless sea,
Scanning the startling footprint on the sand,
We feel misgivings as we gaze on thee.

Art thou a relic of a ruined world,
A world like ours, perhaps, once young and fair,
Grown old in sin and from its orbit whirled,
Its fiery fragments scattered to the air?

And art thou come to warn us of our doom?
Of judgment rendered ere the final day,
Of homeless souls deprived of even a tomb,
Vagrants dismantled of their native clay?

I lay my hand upon thy formless mass,
Strange, stranded messenger, deaf, dumb and
blind,
But with the touch no subtle currents pass
To reach the subtler currents of my mind.

In fiery lines along the darkness traced
Or soon or late thy destined course is run;
Perchance the nucleus of some orb displaced,
Perchance the dross from some extinguished
sun.

What lent thee wings for thine aerial flight
Across the vast and violet vault on high?
Thy royal progress through the realms of night,
Shaming the scintillant splendors of the sky?

What bade thee light on our grave-nourished grass
And quench thy lustre in its tear-like dew,
No more along ethereal paths to pass,
Inert beneath the enticements of the blue?

Forgotten now thy boundless, ardent quest,
Forgot thy meteor-mates that miss thee not:
Old earth receives her strange, unbidden guest,
Turns round again, and thou, too, art forgot.

A high level is maintained in "Flowers O' The Grass," by Ada Foster Murray (Harper Brothers). She does not reach the supreme heights, but her lines seldom lack distinction. A minor poet, but a minor poet.

CONVALESCENT.

BY ADA FOSTER MURRAY.

Thou hast come back from deserts vast and wild,
From twilight wanderings by a shadowy sea,
From the far glory of the Undefined—
Thou hast come back to home and love and me.

Tho heavenly meadows stretched before thy gaze,
Thick flecked with amaranth and asphodel;
Tho angels tended thee, and all thy days
Were palpitant with music as a bell,

Yet wouldest thou choose these low cloud-shad-
owed skies—
These tranquil hours with my hand in thine,
Gazing forever into answering eyes:
What sphere could be thy heaven that was not
mine?

The best things in Elsa Barker's notable volume, "The Frozen Grail and Other Poems" (Duffield), have already been reprinted in these pages. We must content ourselves at this time with some of the second best; but even her second best is well worth while.

COME TO ME, LITTLE ONE.

BY ELSA BARKER.

Come to me, little one, drowsy and dear;
Mother will spare me her darling awhile.
I am so lonely when twilight is here!
Lie on my bosom, and nestle, and smile.

I have no little one, dearie, like you,
No little hand to hold close in the night,
No one to dream of the lonely hours through,
No one to wake for when God sends the light.

You are so sorry? Oh, bless you, my sweet!
Dear little fingers that wipe off the tears!
Little soft body and little white feet,
How will they treat you—the terrible years?

Life is so fair to a baby like you;
All things are wonderful under the sun,
Rainbows are real, and all stories are true.—
Would they might be so when childhood is
done!

Wide little eyes that are questioning so,
Life is no stranger to you than to me.
The secrets worth knowing I never shall know,
The end of the rainbow I never shall see.

So, little drowsy one, nestle and sleep,—
Lullaby, baby, O lullaby-low!
There always is peace in the dreams that are
deep,—
Lullaby, little one, lullaby-low.

There is something essentially poetical in the vanished gods and their ruined shrines. Professor Woodberry brings it to our mind anew in his long poem filling five pages of *The Outlook*. We reprint a number of the first and last stanzas:

DEMETER.

BY G. E. WOODBERRY.

Here stood thy temple, on the mountain's horn,
Lifted high over the subjected plain;
Here rose the sower's incense in the morn;
Here pealed his loud thanksgiving for the rain.
Demeter, goddess of the fruitful earth,
Our Mother of the Wheat, behold thy hearth!

Vacant the rock, of every herb swept clean,
Juts naked in the blue sky,—all is gone;
Tall grow the crops beneath; the fields lie green;
The rain cloud has not failed; the sun has
shone.

Were the hands crazed that reared thy altar-stone
And laid the first-fruits of the world thereon?

Long generations knelt in this hoar place
And filled thy marble hall with prayer and
praise;
And sire and stripling of the mountain race
Paid here thy golden dues and went their
ways,—
Thy children,—vanished all in Time's advance,—
Vanished their temple! O dense ignorance!

Yet surely there are gods—thou or another,
Some happier offspring of eternal mind;
Nor halts man's adoration, mighty Mother,
Nor all his yearning through the world to find;
All things have had his worship,—earth, sea, air;
Oh, unto whom now shall he lift up prayer?

From old religion and that fair array
Of beauty and of love once eminent,
He turned unto the light, clearer than day,
Within his breast, and thought it heaven-sent;
He thronged invisible a world ideal;
Again the thousand years their will reveal.

Crescent and Cross, with equal carnage wet,
Rode a long age the aye-revolving skies;
They are declining now; soon shall they set;
But over man shall other heavens arise,
And other thoughts and other rites appear,
And other forms shall the old faith endear.

Temple and shrine have fallen to the ground;
Minster and spire with truth deserted lie;

Minaret and mosque have heard a far roar sound,
And tremble in their little squares of sky;
All ancient superstition has been doomed—
Soon shall the stars see the old world entombed.

The sorceries of midnight and moonshine,
Brewers of witchcraft, dabbling in eclipse,
Went out long since on that dark border-line
Where the old world into the new world slips;
Now go the gods from every land away—
So great a dawn is broadening into day.

* * * * *
Each race in turn a mighty harvest reaps,
And shares with gods the glory of its toil;
And old divinity forever keeps
Some portion in the consecrated soil;
And what was sacred once is sacred still—
Lo, great Demeter, I salute thy hill.

Tho born too late to bring unto thy shrine
From scanty stores a poor man's offering,
The empire of another world is mine,
Whose only treasure is the lyre I bring;
I lay it down upon the naked rock,
And on thy gates invisible I knock.

O Giver of the Corn, thy child is dead,
And Greece lies buried by the sounding sea;
A greater sun uprears a mightier head
On a new land where many oceans be;
And where the bison and the reindeer ran
A world of wheat renews the hope of man.

I thank thee for our food through sun and rain,
The summer's wealth, the winter's garnered
store;
I thank thee for the rising of the grain;
And ever thee I thank, and more and more,
For the hope hid in kernels of the corn,
Great Mother, vanished from the mountain's horn.

Miss Guiney, so it is rumored, is going to leave us to reside abroad. But she cannot take from us the inspiration that her lines have from time to time given us, nor the pride we take in her as a product of the intellectual life in America. Here is one of her latest poems, from "Happy Ending" (Houghton, Mifflin Co.):

THE KINGS.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A man said unto his Angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O brother! where might I go?"

"The terrible Kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:
"Thou wavering, witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only event of things:
The puniest heart, defying,
Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Tho out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain;

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringleted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken saber
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."

Here is something different, something with the "modern spirit" in it, as the Socialists would say. It appears in the London *Labour Leader*:

THE FLUNKEY.

BY LANGDON EVERARD.

In spotless livery arrayed,
I see you, like some well-groomed brute
Standing, impassive as a mute,
Outside the Burlington Arcade.

A carriage rug—a leopard's skin,
Expensive, finely-marked, and warm—
Is laid upon your bent left arm
(The stuffed head wears a savage grin).

Your garb proclaims your servitude
And brands you "slave" in honest eyes.
Those whom you serve are serpent-wise;
They keep you docile and subdued.

Your life's a well-planned, well-oiled round
Of shopping, theaters, and balls,
Linked up each day with morning calls.
Your economic base is sound!

Those shining horses there, who chew
Their bits and tug the bearing-rein,
Are slaves to man's superior brain:
Yet they have spirit, friend! Have you?

Your slave-life seems an easy task.
Sometimes I think I'd like to trace
The thoughts behind your rigid face:
I wonder if it is a mask?

Why is it that so many critics, when they wish to give rein to their enthusiasm for a fine piece of work, deem it necessary to disparage, in sweeping terms, the work of others? In *The Smart Set*, H. L. Mencken pays a glowing tribute to the poetry of Miss Reese, but prefaces it with superfluous and undeserved flings at Gilder and Rice and Dr. Mitchell and Woodberry. Mosher has recently collected Miss Reese's poems into a volume entitled, "A Wayside Lute." The sonnet below elicits Mr. Mencken's especial praise. "We have here," he says, "a sonnet that no other American has ever approached." It is not a new sonnet,—Stedman placed it in his anthology years ago,—but it is well worth calling attention to again.

TEARS.

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

When I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains and bards and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

Another of the many songs of youth, and by no means the poorest of them all, we find in the eclectic magazine *Littell's Living Age*. It is presumably reprinted from some English periodical.

YOUTH.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

His song of dawn outsoars the joyful bird;
Swift on the weary road his footfall comes;
The dusty air that by his stride is stirred
Beats with a buoyant march of fairy drums.
"Awake, O Earth! thine ancient slumber break;
To the new day, O slumbrous Earth, awake!"

Yet long ago that merry march began;
His feet are older than the path they tread;
His music is the morning-song of man;
His stride the stride of all the valiant dead;
His youngest hopes are memories, and his eyes
Deep with the old, old dream that never dies.

Much newspaper talk has been excited by the case of a poetical convict in the Minnesota state prison, George Carter. He is an Englishman, twenty-four years of age, who, one night six years ago, "starving and cold," robbed a railway station of \$24.00, and was sentenced to ten years in prison. He began to write verse for a prison paper and lately *The Century*, *Harper's Weekly* and other periodicals have printed his poems. As a result of interest in his case, he has now been pardoned and released. He is a musician as well as a poet and expects to devote himself to music hereafter. The following poem was printed a few weeks ago in *The Bellman*. It seems incredible that such a finished product could really come from the hand of one who, according to an interview, never wrote any poetry until six months ago.

BALLADE OF MISERY AND IRON.

BY GEORGE CARTER.

Haggard faces and trembling knees,
Eyes that shine with a weakling's hate,
Lips that mutter their blasphemies,
Murderous hearts that darkly wait;
These were they who were men of late
Fit to hold a plow or sword.
If a prayer this wall will penetrate,
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord.

Poets sing of life at the lees
In tender verses and delicate—
Of tears and manifold agonies—
Little they know of what they prize.
Out of this silence passionate
Sounds a deeper, wilder chord.
If song be heard through the narrow grate,
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord.

Hark that wail of the distant breeze,
Piercing ever the close-barred gate,
Fraught with torturing memories
Of eyes that kindle and lips that mate.
Ah! by the loved ones desolate,
Whose anguish never can pen record,
If thou be truly compassionate,
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord.

L'ENVOI.

These are pawns that the hand of fate
Careless sweeps from the checkerboard.
Thou that knowest if the game be straight,
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

APRODIGIOUS worker is Mr. Wells. On the heels of "Tono-Bungay" and the sprightly "Ann Veronica" in stalks Mr. Polly.* Mr. Polly is a little cockney tradesman, but he is really much more. For in him Mr. Wells shows the pulsation of the strange life-

THE HISTORY OF
MR. POLLY

force that always gropes for expression, but blunders more often than it succeeds. Mr. Polly was one of its blunders. Mr. Wells strikes a note new in fiction. He is probably the first novelist who actually delineates in a novel the processes of metabolism and katabolism in the anatomy of his hero. Mr. Polly's tragedy is the result of insufficient mental and physical nourishment. He is a slave to indigestion. "Drink," Mr. Wells remarks, "our teachers will criticize nowadays both as regards quantity and quality, but neither church nor State nor school will raise a warning finger between a man and his hunger and his wife's catering."

"So on nearly every day in his life Mr. Polly fell into a violent rage and hatred against the outer world in the afternoon, and never suspected that it was this inner world to which I am with such masterly delicacy alluding that was thus reflecting its sinister disorder upon the things without. It is a pity that some human beings are not more transparent. If Mr. Polly, for example, had been transparent or even passably translucent, then perhaps he might have realized, from the Laocoön struggle he would have glimpsed, that indeed he was not so much a human being as a civil war."

Mr. Wells, thinks Francis Hackett, is doing in fiction much the same thing that Münsterberg is doing in science and James in philosophy: he pre digests thought for his readers. "The History of Mr. Polly," in Mr. Hackett's opinion, will take a place as a companion to "Tono-Bungay," tho lighter and slighter in every respect. It covers a less significant area; it is less universal and less dramatic; it is not in the same category. "But," he goes on to say (in the Chicago *Evening Post*), "The History of Mr. Polly' has its own reason for being. Not only is it vital as a so-

cial comment, but it is decidedly entertaining as a story."

Polly is a member of "that vast mass of useless, uncomfortable, uneducated and under-trained and altogether pitiable people we contemplate when we use the inaccurate and misleading term the Lower Middle Classes." He is an untidy fattish person of about thirty-five who runs a small gents' outfitting establishment, who is married to an untidy and fattish wife, suffers from chronic indigestion and a perpetual thirst for romance. If Mr. Wells were a Russian, Mr. Hackett observes, he would see tragedy in this character. But being a clever man, he sees, for the most part, indigestion of mind and body. Polly's intelligence is maimed at the age of fourteen by a gentleman who "wrote copperplate and explained nothing." Before he is out of his teens he is trapped into marriage. His married life goes on for fifteen years of increasing lassitude and ill temper. He neglects his business and conceives a morbid dislike for his wife. But the queer little flower of his imagination is not altogether withered and dead. "He still read books when he had a chance, books that told of glorious places abroad and glorious times, that wrung a rich humor from life and contained the delight of words freshly and expressingly grouped." At last, however, life becomes unbearable. He determines to die by the razor. But, to make certain that Miriam, his wife, will get all the insurance money, he plans to upset a paraffin lamp in his establishment at the same time. He accidentally soaks himself with paraffin and his clothes catch fire. Here follows one of the most delightful touches in the history of Mr. Polly. He had nerved himself for throat-cutting, but this was *fire!* The instinct of self-preservation violently asserts itself. Luckily he escapes, saves a dear deaf old lady, and behold! he goes to bed—a hero.

The fire opens his eyes. "When a man has once broken through the paper walls of everyday circumstance, those unsubstantial walls that hold so many of us securely prisoned from the cradle to the grave, he has made a discovery. If the world does not please you *you can change it.* Determine to alter it at any price and *you can change it altogether.* . . . There is only one sort of man who is

* THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY. By H. G. Wells. Dufield & Company.

absolutely to blame for his own misery, and that is the man who finds life dull and dreary."

Without a twinge of conscience Mr. Polly deserts his wife and home, changing the dross of his humdrum existence for the pure gold of adventure. Five years later, he happens to pass his former home, Fishborne. "Look here, Miriam," he says. "I haven't come back and I'm not coming back. . . . You shut up about me and I shut up about myself. I came back because I thought you might be in trouble or hard up or some silly thing like that. Now I see you again—I'm satisfied. I'm satisfied completely. I am going to absquatulate, see? Hey, presto, right away."

Wells, avers Mr. Hackett, writes of the same people whom Dickens has made his own. He avoids the sentimentalism of Dickens, but lacks his feeling of fraternity:

"With all the intelligence of 'The History of Mr. Polly,' there is an agacement, a contraction of the skin, at the crudities and vulgarities of the people he describes. Mr. Wells is witty but not conspicuously good-humored. He is much better humored than in 'Ann Veronica,' and he does Polly himself with sympathy; but the others he makes a little unpleasant or a little ridiculous. He is not enamored of the mother-in-law. 'Mrs. Larkins was from the first flushed, garrulous, and wet and smeared by copious weeping; an incredibly soaked and crumpled and used-up pocket handkerchief never left the clutch of her plump red hand.' And after the wedding the bride: 'Ain't you going to kiss me, Elfrid, now we're alone together?' Mr. Polly assumed an expres-

sion of avidity becoming to the occasion. . . . 'Be careful of my 'at,' said Mrs. Polly, yielding awkwardly."

"This bantering tone is natural to Mr. Wells. But it is so easy to banter the Larkinses! It is so much harder to justify the Larkinses, as Dickens did, that one would like to see Mr. Wells do it rather more."

The *New York Tribune*, on the other hand, is impressed with the kindliness of the author's interpretation.

"'The History of Mr. Polly' begins by threatening to be a bore and ends by looking very like a work of art. It is, at all events, not the work of an unimaginative realist, as the earlier chapters suggest, but the work of a man who has searched out some of the secret places of human nature and touched them with the hand of kindly understanding. In the long run we come to feel something like tenderness for Mr. Polly, and what is more, we recognize in him the traits of a really representative creature. There are, we daresay, thousands of Mr. Pollys in the world, if not millions of them. For what Mr. Wells has sought to interpret is nothing more nor less than the average soul starved in all its aspirations by every-day life; not the rebellious individual of conventionally romantic fiction, who kicks over the traces and thereby gives the storyteller his 'action,' but the docile type whose life generally flows on in an untroubled stream of dulness."

"The History of Mr. Polly," declares the *Boston Transcript*, is "a merry tale of people and incidents that have nothing of merriment in themselves."

HER latest novel* sets forth another phase of Mrs. Humphry Ward's discovery of America. The distinguished novelist has transferred her allegiance as a writer of fiction from old-world England to the America of the twentieth century. She is

LADY MERTON, proud of exploiting this COLONIST *terra incognita*; she has

the ardor of the great propagandists. Canadians, remarks the *New York Globe*, should like Mrs. Ward's story; "the C. P. R." will consider it a masterpiece. . . . There won't be any farmers left in Iowa if they get hold of this book." And yet Mrs. Ward is not at her ease with us. While the action is upon American soil, a writer in *The World* ingeniously points out, Mrs. Ward does not write at all like herself.

* LADY MERTON, COLONIST. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Doubleday, Page & Company.

Only when she has crossed the ocean and entered again the familiar British drawing rooms does she become for a brief spell the author we long ago have known.

The story itself is almost negligible. Lady Merton, a refined English woman, becomes enamored of a robust young Canadian with an impossible father. After a prolonged sentimental duel between the two, they marry and settle down to live by a beautiful mountain lake in British Columbia. Interspersed with the commonplace narration are eloquent bits of description. Mrs. Ward, remarks Mr. Chamberlin in *The Evening Mail*, is a good painter, and is not afraid to use her color.

The critics, on the whole, regard "Lady Merton" as disappointing. "Cheaply written, superficial, almost yellow," remarks the *Sun*. "It is to be hoped that it will bring a handsome revenue to its author, for it is inconceivable that she could expect to gain any-

thing else from such a piece of work." The editor of the *Times Saturday Review of Books* seems to be more prepossessed with the book than is his reviewer, for while the headlines, arranged by a fine Italian hand, speak of Mrs. Ward's venture as "the premier novel of the year," the reviewer, Mr. Christian Gauss, takes great pains to explain why this "admirably and occasionally beautifully written book" is "disappointing in its ineffectiveness and futility." He asks: "Can a woman so tenderly nurtured, with such traditions, leave the great house at home where everything runs on wheels: the old servants, everybody at their post, no drudgery, no disorder; rooms paneled in stamped Cordovan leather, fitted with rare and beautiful things; ebony cabinets and fine lacquer, the rarest of Oriental carpets with carved chairs and luxurious sofas—the gleam of old silver or rock crystal, or agate. Can she leave all this for a 'raw, untamed land where the house of life is only now rearing its walls and its roof timbers,' and become a woman who must put her own hands to the drudgery of life, to the cooking, sewing, baking that keep man—animal man—alive?"

Mr. Gauss himself, he tells us, comes from the West. Those who inhabit that region, he insists, were drawn thither by the spirit of

adventure. That spirit, he thinks, is sadly lacking in Lady Merton. "There is no fever in her blood, she is incapable of any 'grande passion,' she is merely trying to provide a little distraction for a convalescing brother, the dear ghost of the story."

"Mrs. Ward is not a critic of life, she is life's apologist. The problem here mooted is not a problem at all; it is not necessary for either England or Canada that quiet dispassionate Lady Mertons should exile themselves in the Northwest. . . .

"The novel reminds us of those novels which George Sand wrote between the forties and fifties, like 'Consuelo' and 'The Miller of Angibault,' where a plebeian woman always falls in love with a noble husband or a plebeian man with a noble lady. Love levels all distinctions and marriage comes in to break down the foolish relics of the old feudal system. So it is here. But such marriages prove nothing. They are the kind made in heaven and in novels, and the world knows nothing about them. In fact, as experience should have taught George Sand, marriage does not solve problems, it creates them. And to have made a serious study of the problem here presented, granted its possibility, Mrs. Ward should have expanded her idyllic epilog dealing with the honeymoon on the unnamed lake in the mountains into a careful and earnest portrayal of the life together under strange circumstances of two fundamentally diverse temperaments."

THE story of Samson and Delilah, wrought into legend and opera for centuries, finds new and memorable setting in the novel* of Cora Bennett Stephenson, of Marion, Indiana. Mrs. Stephenson treats the subject in typically

modern spirit. Her book is
THE HAND OF GOD not a religious novel, but an absorbing love story. She

takes Rodin's sculpture, "The Hand of God," with its impressive conception of the giant Hand that clasps a clod of earth and amorous male and female, as her point of departure. Her Samson is "a sun-god, the symbol of the active element in procreation," her Delilah "a personification of what is essentially feminine."

Choosing to treat her theme from the point of view of one who would show that "human passion is merely a means to an end," and that natural law decrees "the absorption of the progenitors in the thing produced," Mrs. Stephenson departs far from the original

tradition. She portrays the love of Samson and Delilah not as sensual liaison, but as a marriage-union hallowed by solemn betrothal and resulting in child-birth. The story is "brutally biologic"—to quote her own phrase—in that, after procreation, Samson disappears and after parturition Delilah dies.

The scene of the narrative is laid in the Philistine city of Sorek. Mesech is ruler of the city and Delilah is his daughter. In Sorek are Jews in bondage. Delilah's own mother is a Jewess. There is stirring of revolution among this captive people, and Samson, a priest in the temple, a judge among them, is their leader. He is described as a man of magnificent physique, with blue eyes and bronze hair "bright as the sun at noon." Mesech, fearful of Samson's power, plots his death; but Delilah loves him. In the hour of crisis, she runs to him to warn him of the dangers that beset him. The elemental physical instincts of both overmaster them, and the two are married in the temple by a ceremony self-performed. The shearing of Samson's locks, the treachery of Delilah, are no

* *THE HAND OF GOD.* By Cora Bennett Stephenson. The Ball Publishing Company.

part of the story. Instead, Delilah clips a curled lock from her mate's forehead as a keepsake. When Samson is carried from Delilah, it is only by brute force of his enemies. He is taken across the desert to Gaza with eyes eaten out by rotting bandages. Many miles away in Sorek, Delilah grieves for him, and, hearing his cry, as she thinks, starts from her restless bed to find him. She is held back by servants. In the meanwhile, Samson, confined in prison, waxes strong. On the feast day of Dagon, he is led out before a crowd of spectators to exhibit his prowess. Lightning bursts above him, and because it seems to linger about him no one dares to touch him or speak with him. Then he turns to the queen's portico, with its slender marble pillars hung with purple, clasps them, and falls beneath their weight. At the same time, Delilah dies in Sorek as the result of illness following the birth of the new Samson.

Some criticism of "The Hand of God" is evoked by the liberties that the author has taken with the Bible story. But in view of

the fact that the romance is not intended as an historical sketch nor as a religious novel, these liberties, so F. Dana Reed, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, thinks, are permissible. "Also," he adds, "it illustrates admirably the excellent material which may be found in the historical portions of the Old Testament for pictorial construction." The Indianapolis *Star* declares:

"It is in reproducing the thought and atmosphere of an age long dead that Mrs. Stephenson's work is wonderful. In this book the very life of Syria of the eleventh century is lived again. The characters live, talk and act as they probably did in truth, and in no other way. Realism is a large factor in the strength of the story. But idealism also has its place.

"Here is the philosophy of the book: 'There are two motives in human doing: the preservation of the individual and the reproduction of kind. Man is great and good and godlike in so far as he follows in the path of these two purposes unerringly.'

"The student of oriental archeology will find the story fascinating. The reader who knows nothing of archeology and cares nothing for it will find the tale alluring as a simple love narrative."

THE TEAR-VENDER—A PROVENCAL SKETCH

The subject of this sketch, Monsieur Bédawide, is rather lachrymal but wholly delightful. His creator, Jean Aicard, is one of the latest comers into that charmed circle, l'Académie Française, being formally welcomed, a few weeks ago, in a speech by Pierre Loti. This sketch is translated for us from the French by Edward Tuckerman Mason.

ABOVE all else the southern man loves to take his ease. When a pale little cloud makes its appearance in their indigo sky, everyone takes advantage of it to quit work.

Some ten years ago, in the little town of Aiguebelle, a droll thing happened. A friend of mine, Larroi of Lyons, came to Aiguebelle to settle for the rest of his life. He wanted to build a villa in an excellent situation upon the side of a hill. The laborers began their work deliberately. The building, however, was going forward well enough when one day the seven or eight masons perched upon the scaffoldings all raised their heads anxiously toward the sky. What had happened? One of the men, named Darboux, a famous practical joker, deemed it funny to point to a great puff of smoke which he had blown out of his pipe, and to exclaim: "See! See! Look at that cloud! It will rain very soon! Be careful!"

This alarming cry produced the usual effect. Altho the sky was absolutely clear that day, all the masons abandoned work. But the rain which hindered them from working did not prevent them from amusing themselves, and they wound up their day with a game of bowls.

The contractor, being a southerner, considered the thing quite natural; but my friend, Larroi of Lyons, declared that he would not put up with this style of work. He foolishly insisted that the master-mason should procure other laborers. There was a strike. All the masons of the region

gave up their work, and there were not balls enough to supply the demand in Aiguebelle and in the neighboring communes. All the strikers had the bowling mania.

At last Darboux, chief of the strikers, went to the contractor and said: "We began this man's villa, and we will finish it. Your man from Lyons is a jackass, a fellow who has no idea of our natures. For a joke's sake he cannot be allowed to ruin our country!"

Darboux was right. But my friend Larroi was a stubborn man. He would not listen to reason, and he talked of nothing less than leaving Aiguebelle forever. I went to see him in order to try to arrange matters, for they had put themselves into an ugly snarl.

When I arrived five thousand men (half the population of Aiguebelle) had surrounded the country house which Larroi had rented while waiting for the completion of his villa. From jests the crowd soon passed to threats. All the bowlers, that is to say all the strikers, were there and carried their iron-bound balls, which they were beginning to throw at the windows.

Larroi said to me: "Go and speak to them—you who pretend to understand them. Explain to them that I am quite at liberty to quit the country, and that I will do so. That is my last word."

I went down and confronted the threatening crowd. Unfortunately at that time I was not very well known in Aiguebelle. Mounting upon a chair which I had brought, I cried: "My friends, a

little silence! I have come to give you some explanations, after which I hope that everyone of you will go back to his own home, for it is now the close of the day and it is high time to go to supper."

"Who is this braying donkey?" shouted a voice, and a little boxwood ball struck me full in the chest, with a shock which was highly unpleasant. "To the water with him!" they exclaimed on all sides.

I was not at all at my ease, when suddenly a man started from the crowd and came to my side.

"Come down, sir, from your chair," he said to me. "I myself am going to address them."

I obeyed, mastered by the decided tone of this queer-looking personage. He was young, very thin, and dressed in a very long, black frock coat, with waistcoat and trousers to match, and a high silk hat such as the peasants wear but once in their lives—on their wedding day. This hat was surrounded by crape. This man, having mounted upon my chair, exclaimed in voice of thunder:

"Fellow citizens! I myself know the citizen who has just spoken to you. He is a good man. I will be responsible for him. Retire, since he has assured you that everything is properly arranged. M. Larroi asks your pardon. To-morrow you will resume work upon his house."

"Permit me!" I exclaimed.

"Let me attend to this," said the man; "I know what ought to be said to these people better than you do."

But the front ranks of the crowd, having seen my action of protest, shouted to my defender: "Who will guarantee to us that this man whom you are guarding will not betray us?"

"I!" said the man with the long frock coat and the silk hat. "I myself, I tell you!"

The crowd murmured, still irritated but undecided. Then the dark man exclaimed in an outburst of popular eloquence which was really magnificent:

"Besides, fellow-citizens, what time is it?"

"Quarter of seven!" said the crowd.

"Ah, well, fellow-citizens, it is not only time to go to dinner, but it is the hour when night begins. The night, fellow-citizens! The night is not the day! It is not in the night, like malefactors, but in the day, that you ought to debate the interests of liberty! You all desire justice, do you not? Ah, well, justice will make its appearance with the sun. Justice will be done you to-morrow, at cockcrow, at the sunrise of the republic! Go to your repose."

A resounding cry of "Long live the republic!" greeted this address, and the crowd, entirely satisfied, retired in good order.

Then I said to the dark, thin young man: "Who are you, then, my friend, young as you are, to have such an influence over all these people?"

"I," he replied with a calm smile, "I, sir? I do not know anyone here, and nobody knows me. I merely know how to speak to them—that is all."

"But," I said to him, "you knew me, did you not?"

"Surely! I have sometimes seen you pass my little place near Draguignan when you were hunting. When I was plowing and you passed by you always asked me whether the soil was hard or soft, and that showed that you were not haughty. So, you see, it was a pleasure to me to have this

chance to do you a little service. You do not know my name? They call me Bédawide."

"Ah!" I said to him, much surprised. "Thanks, I did not recognize you."

"That is because of my costume, which I have not worn since my marriage with my poor wife, who, alas! died three weeks ago!"

"But," I asked, "why are you dressed like a merchant, you, a tiller of the soil, and on the very day of a popular disturbance?"

"Ah!" he said gravely, "I made myself fine on purpose to come to see a little of this revolution!"

My friend, Larroi, was disarmed, and the strikers, finding that he understood them, joyfully built his villa. He has good hopes of spending the rest of his days in this land of gaiety.

As to the orator, he became a trader in tears. His wife's death had inclined him toward funeral things. Farm work did not interest him because he had the making of a public man, the temperament of a demagogue, and a genuine oratorical gift. The primary school had given him aspirations beyond his condition in life. He saw everything on a large scale and dreamed of a life superior to his fortune. What was he to do? He had a happy thought: he would establish himself as a trader in tears.

One day I learned that a strange personage was haunting the Aiguebelle cemetery. My informant drew a portrait of him which I thought that I recognized. It surely was my man. I wanted to assure myself of it. The thing was easy, as, I was told, he did not leave the cemetery until the gates were closed. He came there in the morning and did not go away even for his lunch. At noon, sitting under a cypress tree, on the edge of a tomb, he crunched a piece of bread, drank some water or wine from a flat bottle which he afterwards replaced carefully in his pocket, and resumed his post of observation in the clumps of funereal trees.

One morning I went to the cemetery to learn whether this was indeed that tamer of crowds whom I had known. It so happened that I reached the gate at the same time with a funeral of the second class. I followed it, making the last of the procession. We had scarcely passed the first cypresses of the principal roadway when my man appeared upon it. He wore the same old costume, his dress for wedding days and for days of disturbances. Its blackness had grown a trifle yellow. The high hat, well brushed, glistened its very best above a narrow strip of crape. His shirt was clean, his cravat somewhat crumpled but almost white. His shoes were well polished. His gaze wandered slowly from the head to the tail of the procession. He observed me and came to me with a measured gait and a sorrowful bearing.

"Good day, sir," he murmured in a very low, mournful voice.

"Good day, my friend Bédawide!"

"Whom are they going to bury?"

"I do not know. I came to see you, to hear you."

"Ah!" he said. "Then you know about my new employment?"

"I have been told about it."

"Ah, well, then, permit me to attend to my duty."

Addressing one of the shopkeepers close at hand, he said:

"Who is to be buried?"

"Mademoiselle Adélaïde Estocofy."

"Believe me, I knew her!"

"Who in all Aiguebelle did not know Adélaïde?" replied the other. "One of those two devoted women! The grocers who sold the best coffee in the city!"

"Yes indeed!" answered Bédawide. "To whom do you think that you are talking? I knew her coffee!"

Then, after a brief silence:

"Her poor sister must be broken-hearted! She is the eldest, I think?"

"Yes, Anastasie is the eldest, and, alas! she has seen her younger sister depart!"

Bédawide left the latter part of the procession and gained the middle of it. I followed him. He observed an aged woman who was wiping her eyes and said to her:

"How old was she, our poor Adélaïde?"

The woman replied: "She was sixty-five years old, alas!"

"Alas! I should not have guessed it from her appearance!" said Bédawide. "You loved her greatly, Madame—, Madame—?"

"Madame Labandufle."

"You loved her greatly, did you not, Madame Labandufle?"

"Ah, indeed!" groaned the matron. "We were brought up together in the Rue l'Aubergine, where she died in the very shop in which she was born. As you know, her mother was a fruiter and kept a grocer's shop, dating from the last century, alongside the old Marionette Theater, where they used to play the Holy Manger at Christmas-time!"

"I, also, loved her greatly," said Bédawide; "poor Adélaïde!"

They were now close to the open grave, which awaited the remains of Adélaïde Estocofy. Bédawide quickly reached the front of the procession and easily recognized Anastasie by her grief. He stood close beside her. The coffin was lowered into the grave. The priest blessed the open grave and chanted the funeral prayers. Bédawide leaned toward Anastasie and said to her in a tearful voice:

"Poor lady! I share your sorrow, in company with the whole city!"

Anastasie sobbed. Bédawide continued, in a lower tone, confidential, but with a more assured manner:

"Will someone make an address at her grave?"

"Alas!" sobbed Anastasie, "poor people like us are buried without any address! Who would speak at her grave?"

"I," said Bédawide, with sober energy; "I, if you wish it, my poor lady, for I knew her virtues, the poor departed one, even as I know your own. I am M. Bédawide."

Anastasie stifled a sob deeper than the others. The prayers were ended.

"Do you still wish me to speak?" asked Bédawide.

"You will do me much honor, M. Bédawide."

He stepped forward to the edge of the grave, and, holding his hat in his left hand, with a sweeping gesture of his right hand he waved back the men who were already preparing to throw the first handfuls of earth upon the coffin. Then, pale,

thin, dark, standing erect upon the mound formed by the earth freshly taken from the grave, deeply moved himself, he thus addressed the deeply moved assemblage:

"Ladies, gentlemen, all of you, friends known and unknown, receive the thanks of a mourning family—of a sister overwhelmed by the most inconsolable of all griefs—as the tomb has never yet given back its prey! At least, dear Mademoiselle Anastasie"—(here Mlle. Anastasie sobbed wildly), "at least you have this consolation, desired by all worthy people, of seeing a whole city press round about you, in an outburst of sympathetic participation in your sorrow, a participation the greatness of which can only be equaled by the greatness of your sorrow! Dear and hapless Adélaïde, look about you! All Aiguebelle has for thee the eyes of Madame Labandufle, which are drowned in tears!"

"Ah! she loved thee, that venerated dame, Madame Labandufle, even as we all loved thee! All Aiguebelle pays homage at this grave to the elevation of sentiments and to the commercial probity of these two sisters, whose famous coffee has never suffered the least eclipse of reputation for more than a century. For it was a century ago—forget it not!—that the mother and the ancestors of these celebrated sisters established the fame of their unrivaled house, situated close beside those theaters—now, unhappily, no more—in which the marionettes used to play the 'Mystery of the Manger,' and the story of 'Geneviève de Brabant' for the edification of the people. These, ladies and gentlemen, these are titles of nobility more valuable than most. Rejoice, then, even through your tears, rejoice in the very depths of your hearts in the hope—what am I saying?—in the certainty of the eternal recompense which Heaven owes to commercial probity united with those elevated sentiments which are the glory of humanity! Adieu, Adélaïde! It was impossible for thee to depart without a word of justice, of recognition and of love being pronounced over thy tomb. Adieu, pious Adélaïde, so pious that thy shop is known in Aiguebelle under the name of the Two Devotees—for thy dear and afflicted sister shares in this world thy pure renown, as she will one day—far distant be that time!—share thy immortal glory in Heaven!"

Bédawide was silent. He dried his eyes, from which real tears were flowing. He leaned toward me and said: "You may believe it or not, sir, but I did not know her in the least! Ah, well, it seems to me as tho I had always known her!"

Anastasie, shaken by her sobs, fell, half fainting, into Madame Labandufle's arms. Then, gently, very gently, Bédawide whispered to her:

"I hope that you were pleased, my good lady!" He paused an instant, and then added: "It is five francs!"

The honest tradeswoman mechanically put her trembling hand into her pocket.

"No, no!" said Bédawide discreetly. "I will pass by your house. Not here! Here, you see, that would be too painful for me!"

He disappeared, after squeezing my hand. He had wept as actors and novelists weep over the affecting situations which are vividly pictured before them by their own imaginations. Only he had wept, aided by his imagination, over sorrows which were quite real.

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FICTION.

Bella Donna, written by Robert Hichens, author of "The Garden of Allah" (published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 12mo., decorated cloth, \$1.50), is a story of the mystery of the Orient, idealism, romance and the desert. A woman without the "finer conscience" or "soul," and a man who always sees in the material the ideals of life, are the principal characters. The scene is laid, for the most part, in Egypt.

The Clyde Fitch I Knew, written by Archie Bell (published by the Broadway Publishing Company, New York, illustrated, \$1.00). The life of Clyde Fitch, whose successful career as a playwright was so recently ended by his death, will interest a great many theatergoers. Anyone who has spent many evenings at the theater has been entertained by Mr. Fitch's work. It has been his name which has been known, and not the man. The author of the present volume knew the playwright and the man, and undertakes to tell us what Fitch was like. A list of sixty plays, mostly successful, by Clyde Fitch, is given.

The Danger Mark, written by Robert W. Chambers, author of "Special Messenger," "The Firing Line," "The Fighting Chance," etc. Mr. Chambers' fourth novel of New York society has equaled the popularity of his previous successes in this field. This story of a love that prevailed over heredity and environment is told by Mr. Chambers in a love-story style. (Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell, 12mo. cloth, \$1.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Third Degree, written by Charles Klein and Arthur Hornblow (published by C. W. Dillingham Company, New York, 350 pp., illustrated 12mo. cloth bound, \$1.50), is a revelation of the abuses of the police system, showing how an innocent man may be made to confess that he committed a crime. The same authors wrote "The Lion and the Mouse."

The Silver Horde, by Rex Beach (illustrated, 8vo., pictorial cover in color; cloth; published by Harper & Bros., New York). The author relates a romance of the Alaska salmon fisheries. They are at their best in the summer, when the fish run up against the strong current of the streams flowing into the ocean. A young civil engineer undertakes to break the cannery trust in order to make a fortune large enough to gain the consent of his sweetheart's father, a

Chicago financier, to their marriage. The book is in Mr. Beach's characteristic style, made famous by his many previous successful ventures.

The White Prophet, by Hall Caine, author of "The Christian," "The Eternal City," etc. (Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, 12mo. cloth, \$1.50; published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.) "An excellent piece of historical fiction, as well as a most entertaining romance." There is a regular Hall Caine brand of enchantment, characterization, events and coloring. The scene is in Egypt, and Mr. Caine has drawn a realistic Cairo and desert.

Lady Mechanic, or Life as it Should Be, by Gelett Burgess, author of "Are You a Bromide?", "The Maxims of Methuselah," etc., with eight full-page illustrations by the author. (Square 12mo. cloth, \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.68.) This novel is perhaps the most whimsical and fanciful of Gelett Burgess's works. The action takes place in four cities—London, where Lady Mechanic seeks in vain for an interesting man; San Francisco, where she cajoles a community with her hypnotic league; Boston, where she upsets the sobriety of the Hub, and finds a new religion, and New York, where she foists a coal-heaver upon society. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg, by Charles Major (illustrated, cloth, 12mo., The Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.50). Since the publication of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," the name of Charles Major has been associated with a group of stories which have delighted the lovers of historical romances. Mr. Major selects his historical theme and then studies the environment and the requirements of an interesting book. Above all, Mr. Major is a story teller, rather than a novelist. His latest book deals with the boyhood of Frederick the Great, and the wooing of his charming sister, Wilhelmina. Of course, the usual Major plot is developed through a series of surprising situations, running over with brave talk and daring deeds.

The Calling of Dan Matthews, written by Harold Bell Wright, author of "The Shepherd of the Hills," "That Printer of Udell's" (published by the Book Supply Company, of Chicago. The book is illustrated in color by Arthur I. Keller, 12mo., cloth, \$1.50).

Book News Department

FICTION (Continued)

Irene of the Mountains, a romance of Old Virginia, by George Cary Eggleston (illustrated by Frank T. Merrill; 12mo., cloth, decorated cover; published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Co., Boston). A story by the successful Southern writer, in which a political election, the development of a young lady of the mountains (Irene) and a deserving young man play important parts. Mr. Merrill's illustrations are pronounced especially satisfactory by the author, and will be found so by many readers.

The Demagog, a novel of to-day, written by William Richard Hereford (published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, Oct. 30, 1909; 12mo., 364 pp., \$1.50), is a timely political newspaper story with human interest. The main figure seeks the presidency. In a vigorous campaign his chief opponent is an eloquent and forceful district attorney. There is a big convention scene, and many other dramatic events. The author is a newspaper man of wide experience.

Where the Fishers Go: The Story of Labrador, by Rev. P. W. Browne. (Published by Cochrane Publishing Company, New York; Crown, 396 pp., profusely illustrated; postpaid \$1.90.)

Penguin Island, translated from the French of Anatole France, by A. W. Evans. (Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

The Question of the Hour, written by Joseph Conway (12mo., \$1.25 net; published by the John McBride Company, New York). A survey of the position and influence of the Catholic Church in the United States.

Old Rose and Silver, by Myrtle Reed, author of "Flower of the Dusk," "Lavender and Old Lace," "At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern," "The Master's Violin," "A Spinner in the Sun," "Love Letters of a Musician," "Later Love Letters of a Musician," "The Spinster Book," "The Shadow of Victory," "Love Affairs of Literary Men." (Cloth, \$1.50 net; published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Trailing and Camping in Alaska," by Addison M. Powell (published by A. Wessels, N. Y., 378 pp., \$2.00 net.), relates the experiences for a period of years of a United States scout and trail maker while prospecting for copper in the Copper River district (and elsewhere) of Alaska. The book is filled with many stories, both real and imaginary. Considering the fact that most books on Alaska, its resources (?) and wonders (?) are made up of a mixture of truth and fiction, mostly fiction, the author does very well. With some exceptions, the returned Klondiker and Alaskan prospector constitute a class which Baron Munchausen would have been proud to enter as a modest freshman. "Trailing and Camping in Alaska" has an acceptable amount of the avowed fairy story about it, and it makes very good reading. We commend it, as a present, for returned Klondikers.

Into the Night, by Frances Nimmo Greene, (illustrated by C. F. Neagle; published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.20 net; by mail \$1.32). Based on the activities of the Mafia in New Orleans, and begins with an exceedingly graphic picture. The clue of the story is well followed.

The Foreigner, a tale of Saskatchewan, by Ralph Connor, author of "The Sky Pilot," "The Doctor" and "The Man from Glengarry." (Hodder & Stoughton, New York, \$1.50.)

NON-FICTION.

Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley, edited by his wife, Lady Dorothy Stanley (published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; contains 16 photogravure illustrations and a map, 8vo., cloth), is, of course, his own story of his career. His lowly birth, his life at sea, his coming to America, and his service in the Confederate army, are here described. Later, it will be remembered, he returned to England, explored Africa ("Through Darkest Africa"), founded the Congo Free State and served in Parliament.

Success in Music, written by Henry T. Finck (published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$2.00), is a sort of a symposium in which many of the world's greatest singers, pianists, violinists and teachers tell the stories of their success. The book is made interesting and instructive by Finck's broad knowledge of the subject, which his wide experience has given him.

Etiquette for Americans, written by a Woman of Fashion (published by Duffield & Co., New York; bound in limp leather, red, with gold stamping and gilt tops; \$1.50 net; postage 10c.), is a reissue of a work that has been steadily popular since its first appearance. The new edition contains illustrations showing the proper way of costuming housemaids, nurses, etc., the setting of tables, etc.

Psychology and the Teacher, written by Hugo Münsterberg, Ph. D., LL.D., M. D., Professor of Psychology, Harvard University (published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; 12mo., cloth, \$1.50). This book aims to take up the study of the school child and the modern psychology of imitation, suggestion, memory, attention, emotion, intellect, fatigue, etc. The work should have a general sale among thinking persons who are interested in modern psychology.

New Poems, by William Watson (published by the John Lane Company, New York; 44 poems, \$1.25), will, no doubt, have a larger sale because of Mr. Watson's visit to America and because of the wide amount of advertising the book and author are receiving by the publication of his stinging poem "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue." The statement by Mr. Watson that the poem refers to two very prominent ladies of English politics, has added interest.

Old Boston Days and Ways, by Mary Caroline Crawford. (With full-page plates and many other illustrations; 8vo., Little, Brown & Co., Boston; cloth, \$2.50; half morocco, \$5.00.)

Book News Department

NON-FICTION (Continued)

"Science of Organization and Business Development," by R. J. Frank, of the Chicago Bar (published by Samuel A. Bloch, *The Bookman*, Chicago, Ill.; price \$2.75). This book is designed to be a direct treatise on the law and procedure of organization. Some of the important chapters are entitled: Business Building, Corporate Financing, Corporate Management, Reorganization and Consolidation of Enterprises, and Promotion of Enterprises. It will be found helpful to those who are directly or indirectly interested in business affairs.

"The Great Wall of China," by William Edgar Geil (published by Sturgis & Walton, N. Y.; 393 double pages; illustrated, \$5.00). It is a travel book describing the author's explorations and studies of the Great Wall of China, from the Yellow Sea to Thibet. New theories of the building of the wall are advanced. In fact, Dr. Geil's argument is that this great monument is composed of many walls built during several centuries. The pictures, from photographs by the author, are interesting and helpful.

"Recollections of Washington Gladden" (published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 431 pages, \$2.00.) is the latest work of this widely known Congregational preacher. While Dr. Gladden disclaims any effort of writing a serious and pretentious work, the book is full of historic incidents, and covers a period of over fifty years of active life. Dr. Gladden's large experience as a writer of books and as an editor and contributor has enabled him to make matter of no great importance readable and interesting. In this, his well-known, luminous style materially contributes. Dr. Gladden's large personal following will find this book filled with interest.

Intimate Recollections of Joseph Jefferson, written by Eugenie Paul Jefferson, his daughter-in-law (published by Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., \$3.50 net.) contains many anecdotes, letters and documents, concerning the great actor never before published. It gives us the picture of Jefferson in his family circle as a painter and collector of pictures; as a home builder and house decorator; as a student of literature; fisherman, philosopher and friend. Everybody will remember that Joseph Jefferson was known throughout the world in his favorite characterization of Rip Van Winkle, a part that he reproduced on the stage something over ten thousand times, to the great delight of almost the entire theatre-going public of the United States and England. This tribute to his memory will find, therefore, a demand already created.

Hunting in British East Africa, by Percy C. Madeira. With a foreword by Frederick Courteney Selous. (More than 100 illustrations, 8vo.; J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, \$5.00.)

The Meaning of Truth, by William James, Professor of Psychology at Harvard College. A sequel to "Pragmatism." (8vo., Longmans, Green & Co., New York, \$1.25.)

Masters of the English Novel, a Study of Principles and Personalities, by Richard Burton (published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, Oct. 2, 1909; 12mo., 331 pp., and index; \$1.25). By Richard Burton, professor of English literature, University of Minnesota, author of "Literary Likings," "Forces in Fiction," "Rahab" (a poetic drama, etc.). Contents:—Fiction and the Novel—Eighteenth Century Beginnings; Richardson—Eighteenth Century Beginnings; Fielding—Developments; Smollett, Sterne and Others—Realism; Jane Austen—Modern Romanticism; Scott—French Influence; Dickens—Thackeray—George Eliot—Trollope and others—Hardy and Meredith—Stevenson—the American Contribution—Index.

Great English Novelists, The Lives and Works of Great English Novelists, by Holbrook Jackson, author of "Bernard Shaw." (With 32 illustrations, 12mo.; uncut edges; George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, \$1.50 net.)

After Death—What? Spiritual Phenomena and Their Interpretation, by Prof. Cesare Lombroso. (8vo.; Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, \$2.50.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Girls of To-day, a book of pictures, by Clarence F. Underwood (with 23 full-page illustrations in full color, 49 in black and white and 22 vignettes; cloth, quarto, gilt top, decorative end papers, boxed, \$3.00 net; postpaid \$3.27.) The first representative collection of Mr. Underwood's work, this large volume presents in addition to many new heads, in his most popular pictures in full color, and many others in black and white. The text consists of appropriate *vers de societe*. Many moods and stories are illustrated by these pictures of beautiful young American girls and their friends. Each picture is designed to "tell a story," usually pleasing to young people. "Girls of To-day" makes a good gift book.

The House of the Heart, and other plays for children, written by Constance D'Arcy Mackay (published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, November 27, 1909; 226 pp., 16mo., \$1.10 net; by mail \$1.15). Ten one-act plays to be acted by children, to fill a real need. Each play contains a distinct lesson, whether of courage, gentle manners, or contentment. The settings are simple and the costumes within the compass of the school-room. Full directions for costumes, scene setting, and dramatic action are given with each play. All of them have stood the test of actual production. Contents:—"The House of the Heart" (morality play). "The Gooseherd and the Goblin" (comedy suitable for June exercises). "The Enchanted Garden" (flower play, suitable for June exercises). "Nimble Wit and Fingerkin" (industrial play). "A Little Pilgrim's Progress" (morality play, suitable for Thanksgiving). "A Pageant of Hours" (to be given out of doors). "On Christmas Eve," "The Elf Child," "The Princess and the Pixies," "The Christmas Guest" (miracle play).

BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS

To our Readers: We have inaugurated in alphabetical order this New Book Department, for our readers' benefit, in which we include the latest publications offered by the several publishers. We believe this will be of especial interest to you. We shall be glad to furnish, upon request, further information regarding any book in which you are interested, it being our desire to co-operate most fully in giving you the benefit of our close connection with all the publishers.

Flute of the Gods, The

A dramatic romance of the American Indian of the desert, pronounced by an eminent scholar the most truthful Indian novel ever written. The 24 photogravure illustrations by Edward S. Curtis are of remarkable beauty.

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Hodder & Stoughton, New York.

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"The story of a cowboy, told by himself; it abounds in rolicking fun, daring adventures, thrilling encounters and romance."—*Springfield Union.*

"The question is: Has any novel of the West as good as this been written since 'The Virginian'?"—*The Nation.* *Small, Maynard & Company, Boston.*

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Robert Alexander Wason

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George Cary Eggleston

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

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Henry Holt & Company, New York.

William De Morgan

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Little, Brown, & Company, Boston.

Eliza Calvert Hall

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Ambrose Bierce



FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

Financial and industrial conditions vitally affect every phase of national life, as well as the material welfare of every individual. In this section we shall give each month not only the financial and industrial news essential to students of all national problems, but in addition such information as may serve to guide the individual investor and to safeguard him against the financial faker. The better to carry out this purpose we will gladly furnish to our subscribers, by mail and without charge, any confidential information about particular forms of investment that they may wish and we can secure. Full name and address should be furnished. Address: CURRENT LITERATURE Bureau of Information, New York City.

HIGH PRICES AS AN UNSETTLING CAUSE.

ANY one asked as to what is the most notable visible proof of the 1909 prosperity movement, as a whole, would probably reply—the high prices ruling not only for securities but for nearly all classes of commodities. Yet these high prices contain in themselves perhaps the most unsettling features to be found in the financial and commercial situation. Already the seamy side of the prosperity movement has given rise to some misgivings in financial circles. The one uncertainty in the cotton goods situation arises from this fact, and it has already resulted in actual or contemplated short hours here and abroad. The first of the great strikes proceeding from labor's efforts to recoup itself for higher costs of living has interfered with the movement of produce and goods in a large part of the northwest, and in a myriad of lines the complaint is that, while the turnover is large, the advance of all costs has been such as to restrict profits.

This expansion in the cost of conducting all business, which may be summed up in the term "increased cost of living," is practically world wide. From Germany as from Japan comes the complaint of the enlarging expense of food and other products, and from England (as per the latest compiled index numbers), there is but one story, that of the pushing of the level of quotations up close to the highest known in recent years. Our Secretary of Agriculture, who is no mean word-painter, bubbles over with enthusiasm as he tells in his annual report what a vast sum the farmer is getting, as a result largely of advances in prices of staple farm products. Mr. James J. Hill, after leaving the White House one day last month, described extravagance in living, due to this advance in prices, as the one serious danger threatening the country's future welfare; and questioned as to a statement by *Bradstreet's* that higher food prices, despite abundant yields, "lend support to the theory that consumption may have overtaken production," said: "We are approaching dangerously near to that limit."

While wage earners, manufacturers, business men and employers of labor are struggling with the actual conditions, economists, statisticians and publicists are busily engaged in studying the causes and assigning reasons for the great up-

ward swell in prices so soon after a world-wide panic. Mr. Hill says it is a matter of supply and demand. Others say the world has caught up with its supply of raw materials for manufacture. Others again say the doubling of the world's gold output in one decade is the reason. Others again suggest a world-wide raising of the standard of living as responsible. Others still say extravagance, pure and simple, is the cause, citing as an example the well known fact that during and since the panic the one trade that has been driven full time almost continuously has been the manufacture of automobiles.

With all this expansion, the circulating medium itself, money, is feeling the effect in stiffening rates. Money is worth more than it was, and some of the autumn liquidation in securities, in grain and in cotton, is due to the attractions offered for money by general business. How much of the past two years' advance in securities and commodities has been due to the vast supply of money made idle by the 1907 panic cannot be measured.

THE BOND MARKET.

Fisk & Robinson, writing of the bond market, say: "Looking back over the past ten years, each successive wave of high prices falls below the previous one. This has been particularly pronounced in issues of the highest grade. Since 1897 the highest prices have been reached in 1900, in 1905 and in January, 1909. In 1900 issues, such as New York City bonds, Chicago & Northwestern 3½s, New York Central 3½s, Lake Shore 3½s, etc., sold at prices to yield on the average about 3.20 per cent.; in 1905 the highest average prices were about a 3.60 per cent. basis, and in 1909 about 3.85 per cent. This tendency to lower prices on bonds bearing a fixed rate of interest, where the security of the principal is unquestioned, has been brought about by a number of economic conditions, among them being higher prices for practically all commodities; higher wages and increased extravagance, all of which seem to have more than offset the effect of increased gold production, the result being that money is expected to earn a higher yield. Five per cent. bonds and even 6 per cent. issues are now purchased by the conservative investor who a few years ago would have looked with suspicion upon a bond yielding over 4½ per cent."

Finance and Industry

THE HESITANT STOCK MARKET.

FOR a period of three months the securities markets have been in a sort of waiting stage. Back of this hesitation has been the consciousness that the course of values has been upward for an unusually long time past, that much of the prosperity now in evidence has been already discounted, and that, with the apparent culmination of the rally from the great crash of 1907, new ground is to be explored and new views of the outlook are to take form.

As to what was accomplished in the great upward swing of 1908-1909 and what has occurred in the past few months, the following tables of stock movements will be found interesting.

	High	Low	High	Dec. 14,
INDUSTRIALS	1906	1907-08	1909	1909
Allis-Chalmers Pref.....	67	14	57½	53½
Amalgamated.....	118½	41½	96½	87½
American Cotton Oil.....	44½	21	79½	69
American Locomotive.....	78½	31½	69½	61
American Car & Fdy.....	47½	24½	76½	72½
American Woolen.....	48	12½	40½	38
Central Leather.....	40½	11½	51½	46½
Colorado Fuel.....	83½	14	52½	52
National Lead.....	95½	33	94	87½
Pressed Steel Car.....	64½	15½	56	52
U. S. Rubber.....	59½	13½	57½	52½
U. S. Steel.....	50½	21½	94½	91½
Va-Car. Chemical.....	58	12½	56½	50½
Am-Agl. Chemical.....	34½	10	50	46
Average 14 stocks.....	64.19	19.77	66.57	61.43

	High	Low	High	Dec. 14,
RAILWAYS	1906	1907-08	1909	1909
Atchison.....	110½	66	125½	121½
Balt. & Ohio.....	125½	75½	122½	117½
Clev., Cin., Ch. & St. L.....	109½	47½	79½	78½
Denver & Rio Grande.....	51½	14½	54	50½
Erie.....	50½	12	39	34
Illinois Central.....	184½	116	162½	147½
Louis. & Nash.....	150½	85½	162½	153
Mo., Kan. & Tex.....	43½	17½	50½	49½
New York Central.....	156½	89	147½	123½
N. Y., N. H. & Hart.....	204½	127½	174½	159
Norfolk & West.....	97½	56	102	100
Reading.....	164	70½	173½	168½
Rock Island.....	32½	10½	42½	44½
Southern Pac.....	97½	63½	139½	132½
Southern Ry.....	42½	9½	34	32½
Union Pacific.....	195½	100	219	202½
Average 16 stocks.....	114.00	60.00	114.25	107.20

Taking the average of the fourteen industrial stocks, it is shown that from the high level of 1906 to the low after-panic level there was a drop of about \$44.42 per share, while from the depths of depression there was a rally of \$46.80 per share. In other words, the general average was higher in 1909 than in 1906. From this high level a recession has occurred in turn of slightly more than \$5 per share. The present (December) level is seen to be \$2.75 below the high of 1906. In the railway group there was a drop of \$54 per share from 1906 to 1907, a rise of almost identically the same amount to the high of 1909 and a recession of about \$7 per share, leaving the general level of railway share values about that much below the 1906 high level.

These figures in themselves spell the growth of a more cautious spirit. There is still a considerable bullish feeling manifest, but it seems disposed to search out individual directions instead of, as in the recent past, following a broad general course upward.

FINANCIAL DIARY.

Nov. 15. Reform in British Indian government—Arkansas Supreme Court decides national banks taxable—Apple show at Spokane, Wash., opens.

Nov. 16. Panama Canal 2s of 1936 sell below par—Western Maryland Railroad sold under foreclosure—Record "melon" cut by Wells-Fargo Company; cash dividend \$300 per share—Gould interest in Western Union sold to American Telephone Company.

Nov. 17. French Chamber of Deputies increases cottonseed oil duty.

Nov. 18. French budget shows increase of \$40,000,000—President Gomez petitioned to make United States money currency of Cuba—First train through Pennsylvania tube, under Hudson River, Manhattan Island and East River, from Jersey City to Long Island.

Nov. 20. Standard Oil Company of New Jersey declared illegal by United States Circuit Court for Eastern District of Missouri.

Nov. 24. Wright aeroplane company incorporated.

Nov. 29. State wide prohibition defeated in Alabama.

Nov. 30. House of Lords rejects British budget, 350 to 75—Railway switchmen strike in Northwest.

Dec. 1. Secretary Wilson places value of agricultural products in 1909 at \$8,760,000,000—Diplomatic relations with Nicaragua severed—Rock Island Railroad sells St. Louis & San Francisco—Chicago Subway defaults on interest.

Dec. 4. New York Stock Exchange membership sells at record price of \$96,000.

Dec. 7. New York Court of Appeals decides against Public Service Commission in Delaware and Hudson stock issue case.

Dec. 8. Gould directors resign from Western Union Telegraph Company; control of 28 years ended.

Dec. 10. Department of Agriculture estimates cotton crop at 10,088,000 bales—New York City bonds (4 per cent.) \$12,500,000, bring 100.34—American Ice Company found guilty of monopoly; fined \$5,000—Live hogs bring highest prices ever known in West. Average 8½ cents per pound.

Dec. 11. Tarrens land title law upheld by Appellate Division of Supreme Court (Brooklyn).

Dec. 12. Corporation tax regulations issued by Treasury Department.

Dec. 13. French United States Steel syndicate dissolved—Drought in Atlantic coast region broken.

Dec. 14. Northwestern switchmen's strike reported broken—Three large savings banks reduce annual interest rate to 3½ per cent.—American Federation of Labor war on United States Steel Corporation's open shop policy.

Dec. 15. Reading dividend increased to 6 per cent. basis—Government estimates give record oats crop; next to record corn and wheat crop.

Dec. 16. Decrease in Bank of England gold holdings of nearly \$7,000,000.

RAILWAY MEN MOVE FOR IMPROVED AGRICULTURE.

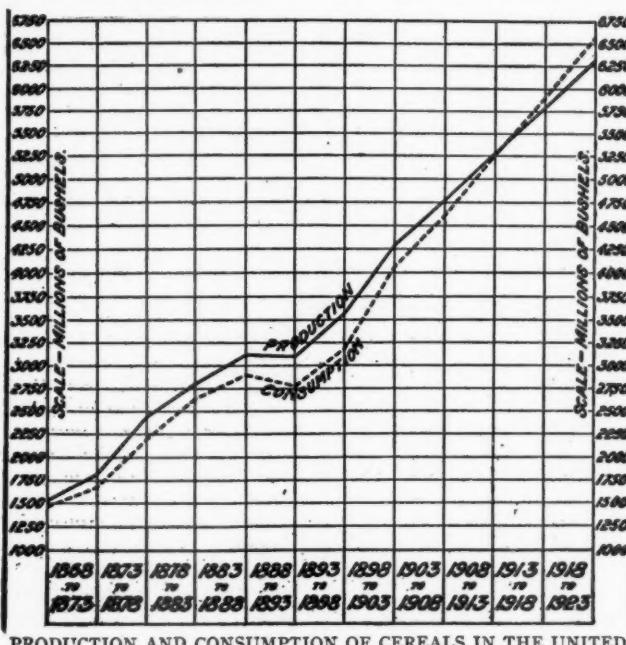
A CONTRIBUTION to the literature of crop production was made by W. C. Brown, President of the New York Central Railway system, in an address made early in November to the Railway Business Association. Mr. Brown agrees fully with James J. Hill as to the necessity of enlarging the yield per acre of our leading crops and of bringing back to the soil some who have left it to seek a living in the great industrial centres. He proposed the broadening of education along trade lines, giving less attention to the education of professional men and more to turning out young men with a knowledge of a useful trade and he advocated making the agricultural colleges of the state places to study scientific agriculture in order that first-class farmers shall be graduated. Mr. Brown made up a chart showing the production and consumption of the five leading cereals by five-year periods from 1868 onward, which shows that the line of consumption will pass beyond the line of production within a few years. The inference to be drawn is that we must either increase our production per acre or import bread-stuffs to supply our needs. "If the converging lines of production and consumption in the United States continue to approach each other as they have during the past ten years," says Mr. Brown, "before the middle of the next decade the last vessel loaded with agricultural products of this country will have left our shores, and this great nation, like those of the Old World, will be looking for a place to buy the necessities of life."

Mr. Brown has asked the directors of the New York Central to help him establish schools on farms in central New York, where young people may be taught the science of agriculture.

THE LAND TAX IN THE BRITISH BUDGET.

Some of the underlying causes for the strenuous opposition in the House of Lords to the new British budget are explained by Robert Donald, editor of the London *Chronicle*, in a letter to Clark Howell, of the Atlanta *Constitution*. Land as such, Mr. Donald explains, is not really taxed in Great Britain. Only the revenue from the land is taxed. Thus it may happen that vacant land of immense value may return nothing to the municipality. A landlord often leaves sites a long time vacant. Lord Salisbury, for instance, destroyed a lot of old houses, facing Trafalgar Square, and left the site without improvements for years. During that time he paid no taxes, while each year the value of the land increased. When its value had advanced enough he sold a lease-hold of it, then and only then, being taxed on his income therefrom. On the same plan agricultural lands pay local taxation on the actual return therefrom.

The injustice of the plan is that this land profits by all public improvements, but does not contribute to pay for these improvements. The budget just rejected proposed to fix the taxation ac-



PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF CEREALS IN THE UNITED STATES

From the way in which the dotted line (indicating consumption) and the continuous line (indicating production) are coming together in the above chart, they seem likely to coincide about the year 1914. After that, unless there is an increase in production per acre, the consumption will exceed production and we shall have to import cereal foods. The chart was made for W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railway, and used by him as an object lesson in a recent address.

cording to the capital or assessed value, instead of on its annual or revenue value. The taxes would apply to all land, whether vacant or not.

A cable dispatch to the New York *Sun* says that none of the lords own so little as a thousand acres. Most of their holdings can be reckoned in tens of thousands, while the holdings of twenty-three members exceed 100,000 acres each. The latest survey from which figures can be compiled shows that the peers of all parties hold 16,411,986 acres, or one-fifth of the total area of the United Kingdom. The peers who defeated the budget hold together 10,078,979 acres.

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FICTION.

It Never Can Happen Again, written by William De Morgan, author of "Joseph Vance," "Alice-for-Short" and "Somehow Good" (published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, Nov. 16, 1909, 12mo., 688 pps., \$1.75). Members of various classes of English society are brought together in a series of events in "It Never Can Happen Again." Mr. De Morgan's books are so well known to our readers that it would hardly be useful to describe the author's style. The author of "Joseph Vance" has favored the public with another popular and successful story.

"**Emily Fox-Seton**," being "The making of a Marchioness" and "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "The Shuttle" (published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; cloth, 12mo., \$1.50). "The Making of a Marchioness" and "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst" are actually continuous and require to be read in succession, having originally been published in England as one novel. The heroine, Emily Fox-Seton, is a charming girl with unusual simplicity and integrity of character, who has her own way to make in the world. Through her social secretaryship for a delightful old lady, she meets a number of people in the highest society. Her natural cleverness and constant good spirits in the face of adversity make her a universal favorite. Her romance with a marquis follows, as of course.

Jack Hall at Yale, by Walter Camp (published by D. Appleton & Co. New York: illustrated in color. 12mo., cloth, \$1.50). author of "The Substitute," a story following Mr. Camp's successful juvenile story. It deals principally with football in college, and gives a picture of the Glee Club Concert, Giving Away the Fence, Tap Day, and a Yale-Harvard game.

The Rosary, by Florence L. Barclay (G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York. \$1.35 net. Postpaid, \$1.50), is a love story in which "there is but one adventure, the love of two real persons capable of a real love," the sacrifices they make for it, the sorrows it brings them, and the reward.

The Up Grade, by Wilder Goodwin (Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston, illustrated, cloth, \$1.50), is a story of the Southwest, having for its theme man's regeneration from weakness and failure.

On The Branch, by Pierre de Coulevain, is the title of a French "best seller" shortly to be published in America. It is said that this novel has passed through over a hundred edi-

tions in France.

The Song of Songs (Das Hohe Lied), by Hermann Sudermann, translated by Thomas Seltzer, New York: (B. W. Huebsch, publisher, New York. \$1.40). This book gives us the history of the education of the soul of a girl who has "too much love" and too much trouble. An insane mother, a runaway father, together with personal beauty, an artistic temperament and a general lack of stability, it seems, is too much even for a heroine of Sudermann. The different stages of her life, poverty, riches, failure, success, happiness, misery, hope and disappointment, are portrayed through the master's hand. The translation is excellent, retaining much of the spirit of the original German.

When a Man Marries, a new novel, by Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of "The Circular Staircase," "The Man in Lower Ten," etc., is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co. It is from this book that the play "Seven Days" has been taken. There are fifty illustrations, many of them in colors.

Truxton King, by George Barr McCutcheon. A Story of Graustark. (Illustrations in color by Harrison Fisher. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50)

NON-FICTION.

The Handy Man's Work Shop and Laboratory, by A. Russell Bond (published by Munn & Co., New York, \$2), is a compilation of the most important parts of the Handy Man's Work Shop of the "Scientific American" in which are detailed occasionally instructions for both the amateur and professional, for the exercise of ingenuity in handling unexpected situations. The book will appeal to most men who find use for tools either in the home or in the shop. The suggestions are practical and the situations to which they refer are of frequent occurrence. The illustrations are well chosen, and it is generally easy to understand the apparatus described.

Lake Victoria to Khartoum, With Rifle and Camera, by Capt. F. A. Dickinson, D. C. L. I. (with an introduction by the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, M. P. 8vo. Profusely illustrated. New York: John Lane & Co. \$4 net. Postage, 20 cents), is an account of Captain Dickinson's experience in the White Nile and Uganda districts of Africa.

The Evolution of Worlds, by Percival Lowell, A. B., LL. D. (University course of eight lectures given at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; with additional notes.

BOOK NEWS DEPARTMENT

NON-FICTION (continued)

Index, Frontispiece. Twelve plates. 56 illustrations appearing in text. 262 pages. The MacMillan Co., New York. \$2.50 net). As its name implies, this volume tells us how worlds are born and how worlds die. While Prof. Lowell is a well known astronomer, he has succeeded in making the volume non-technical, interesting, and, withal, almost romantic. Even the layman will be surprised at the popular treatment.

The Valor of Ignorance, by Homer Lee (Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.80) is an alarming argument setting forth that the United States had better hurry up and build up a strong army and a strong navy. Even though most readers of "Current Literature" will disagree with Mr. Lee, the subject is one that should be considered by every one. Many officers of the army and navy believe that there is much in the theory, often presented in the press, that the United States is really unprotected from invasion by Japan, Germany, or any other strong power.

The Mystery of Education, by Prof. Barrett Wendell (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25) contains several addresses delivered during the past year by Prof. Wendell. They are: "The Mystery of Education," "The Study of Literature," "The Study of Expression" and "Edgar Allan Poe." These titles indicate, of course, that the book deals with educational matters and methods.

NEW BOOKS.

The following books have recently been published:

James Grant, A Model American, by W. B. Dowd. Boston: Riverdale Press, Brookline.

The Conquest of the Missouri, by J. M. Hanson. Chicago: McClurg & Co. \$2, net.

Intercollegiate Debates. Edited with introduction by P. M. Pearson. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge. \$1.50.

Poems, published in 1820, by Keats. Edited with introduction, by M. Robertson. 85 cents.

A Night in Alexandria. A Dramatic Poem by L. Lewisohn. Moods Publishing Co.

The Mask of Christian Science, by F. E. Marsten. American Tract Society, New York.

Memorial Edition of Works, by G. Meredith. First two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Sold in sets or by sub., \$2 per vol.

Each for All and All for Each, by J. Parsons. Sturgis & Walton. \$1.50 net.

A History of Architecture, by Russell Sturgis. 8vo. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. Volume II. "Romanesque and Oriental."

How to Understand the Words of Christ, by Alfred A. Butler. 12mo. New York: Thomas Whitaker. 90 cents.

Sailing Sunny Seas, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 12mo. Chicago: W. B. Conkley, \$1.50. (Travel and description.)

The Pride of the Rancho, by Henry E. Smith. 12mo. New York: The J. S. Ogilvie Co. \$1.

The Library and the School, by Claude G. Leland. 12mo. New York: Harper & Bros. **A Central Bank**, by Robert Emmett Breton. 12mo. New York: The Anthony Stumpf Publishing Co. \$1.

The Amber Army and Other Poems, by W. T. Allison. Toronto: Williams, Briggs.

Wise-Knut, by B. Bjornson (from the Norwegian by Bernard Sahl). Brandu's. \$1 net.

Talks on Drawing, Painting, Making, Decorating for Primary Teachers, by L. E. Colby. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. \$1.50.

History of Medieval Philosophy, by M. De Wulf. Third Edition. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$6 net.

Wayside Wisdom, by E. M. Martin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50 net.

Richard Jeffries: His Life and Work, by Edward Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$3 net.

Scottish Paintings, Past and Present, by James L. Caw. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$8 net.

The Religion of the Future, by Charles W. Eliot, is just published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

The Life and Memoirs of Comte Regis de Trobriand, Major General in the Army of the United States, by his daughter, Marie Caroline Post. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5. (Biography.)

Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, by A. M. Broadley. 8vo. New York: The John Lane Co. \$5. (Biography.)

The Treatment of Nature in English Poetry, by Myra Reynolds. 8vo. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

The Rough Rider and Other Poems, by Bliss Carman. 12mo. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.

Roses and Rue, by A. Maria Crawford. 12mo. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Life and The Great Forever, by E. Chesney. 12mo. New York: The John Lane Co. \$1.50.

A Sieneze Painter of the Franciscan Legend, by Bernard Berenson. 12mo. New York: The John Lane Co. \$2.

A Brief History of German Literature, by George Madison Priest, preceptor in modern languages, Princeton University. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

A History of German Literature, by Calvin Thomas, LL. D., Professor of Germanic languages and literatures in Columbia University. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

Marie Antoinette, by Hilaire Belloc. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.75 net.

Charles Darwin and the Origin of Species, by E. P. Poulton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Shelley's Literary and Philosophical Criticism. Edited, with intro., by J. Shawcross. Frowde.

BOOK NEWS DEPARTMENT

NEW BOOKS (continued)

Court Life in China. The Capital. Its Officials and People. By Isaac Taylor Headland, Professor in the Peking University. Illustrated with photographs. New York: The Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 372. Price, \$2.50.

Houseboat Days in China. By J. O. P. Bland. Illustrated with sketches by W. D. Straight, and a map. London: Edward Arnold. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 289. Price, \$5.

The Gilds of China. By Hosea Ballou Morse. Illustrated with photographs. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 92. Price, \$1.20.

The Face of China. By E. G. Kemp, F. R. S. G. S. Illustrated by the author. New York: Duffield & Co. Pp. 276. Price, \$6.

A Scamper Through the Far East. By Major H. H. Austin. Illustrated with photographs and two maps. London: Edward Arnold. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 336. Price, \$5.

The Chinese. By John Stuart Thomson. Illustrated with photographs and three maps. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Pp. 441. Price, \$2.50.

The Land of the Blue Gown. By Mrs. Archibald Little. Illustrated with photographs. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 304.

John Chinaman and a Few Others. By E. H. Parker. Illustrated with photographs. Price, \$1.25.

The Prodigal Father, a novel by J. Storer Clousten, is published by the Century Company, New York.

LITERARY NOTES

The Bobbs-Merrill Co. will soon publish "The Kingdom of Slender Swords," by Hallie Erminie Rives, author of "Satan Sanderson" and "Hearts Courageous."

Edward J. Clode has just published Louis Tracy's new story "A Son of the Immortals," full of plots, counter-plots and intrigue. The book is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

A publication by Willis L. Moore, on the science of weather is announced.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, publish a list of books called "Every Man's Library" (cloth, 25 cents; leather, 70 cents, net; postage, 10 cents). Four hundred and three volumes have now been issued.

17,500 sets of the "Science-History of the Universe" were sold by the publishers in six weeks. The matter, filling ten volumes, is authoritative and interesting, and yet is put in simple, non-technical language so that any one can understand it.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, have just published a new Williamson story, "Lord Loveland Discovers America."

A timely and interesting book has just been published by F. B. Vandegrift & Co., 15 Whitehall street, New York, which gives in detail information concerning the Tariff Act of 1909. The title of the book is "Hand Book of the United States Tariff." It contains the Tariff Act of 1909, and schedules of articles with rates of duty; also law on the administration of the Custom service as amended by the August 5, 1909, Act.

The Macmillan Co., New York, have just announced the 22nd volume of the new edition of the "Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Sir Leslie Stephens and Sidney Lee. This volume completes the set, and gives the biography of persons who died at too late a date to be included in the recently published edition.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will, prior to removal into their new building, Fourth avenue and Thirtieth street, New York City, close out their entire miscellaneous retail stock. After January 1 the retail department will be confined to the sale of their own publications and to rare and choice books, in which department they have occupied an enviable position for the last half century. It is a fine opportunity to obtain fine bound sets, standard works, new books, stationery and art novelties, etc., at much reduced prices. Special prices will also be made on everything in the rare book department, as the publishers do not wish to take their great miscellaneous stock to their new establishment.

The selection of books is a subject of great interest; it has ever proved a most difficult task to the conscientious, for "of the making of books there is no end." The first notable attempt to select from all the world's good literature the very best was Sir John Lubbock's famous list of "One Hundred Best Books." Since then many other selections have been made by noted scholars and educators. The latest contributions are Dr. Eliot's "Five-Foot Library" and ex-President Roosevelt's "Pigskin Library."

All of these, and many others are given in a little book just issued by the Globe-Wernicke Company, Cincinnati, and which it sends for the asking. It gives not only lists of five, ten, twelve, twenty-five, fifty and one hundred, but there are special selections for children, for boys and for girls graded according to age; lists of great books and lists of entertaining books; classified lists of novels, etc. Not only the classics, but the really good books of today are included in these selections.

The contributors, besides the famous men named, are such noted authorities as James Baldwin, Hamilton W. Mabie and Professor W. D. Howe. The arrangement is admirable. Those who are giving thought to the selection of a home library will find this compact and convenient book a veritable treasure house of information.

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Charles Edward Russell shows clearly and definitely how the colossal fortunes of Huntington, Harriman and others were made out of the Southern Pacific and other railroads.

Other articles of importance by Lincoln Steffens, Vance Thompson, Judson C. Welliver, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Judge Harris Dickson, John L. Mathews, Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., General Theodore A. Bingham, Alexander Hume Ford, Rheta Childe Dorr, Thomas E. Green.

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In February: "The Consuming Flame," a great tragic love story of sea-life written by that master narrator of sea stories, **James B. Connolly**, whom Roosevelt chose to be the Kirling of our Navy.

"The Eleventh Hour" is the next of the famous "Luther Trant, Psychological Detective" Series—the newest idea in detective fiction by Edwin Balmer.

"Vox Populi Vox Deae" by Caspar Day is a humor story of charm and ingenuity.

"Opportunity" by Helen Brooks, is a terse, sardonic tale of a man who did not make good.

Other stories by Clara Morris, Honore Willsie, Sarah Josephine Bayless.

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THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

PROMPTED and encouraged no doubt by the wonderful recovery shown in American industry in the past two years, the general consensus of opinion of leading American bankers, merchants and manufacturers and trade journals is that a very prosperous year awaits this country. In a philosophic editorial the *New York Journal of Commerce* says: "We face 1910 with a confidence strengthened by the experience of a year's recovery from conditions that were undeniably adverse. The recovery of all branches of trade and industry has been rapid enough to justify the most sanguine expectations, and the activity of production in our great basic manufacturing industry is reaching figures which exceed all precedent. There is no occasion this year to seek to dispel gloomy anticipations. Rather is there need of caution against over-confidence, overtrading and excessive haste to grow rich." The *New York Times* in its review dates the beginning of the 1909 expansion from "the sweeping reductions made in iron and steel prices in February," and as to the outlook says: "When it is recalled how numerous and highly important were the court decisions of the year affecting corporations and how far-reaching are the issues in the cases about to be reviewed by the Supreme Court of the country, it becomes apparent that we are dealing here with one of the factors which will determine the history in a business and financial way of the year 1910." It ends by saying "the country at large will need once more bountiful harvests, helpful money markets, and unflinching optimism."

Speaking of the past year's failure record, *Bradstreet's* says, "Failure returns for the year 1909 portray the vast improvement shown in all lines of finance, trade and industry, as compared with 1908, in one-sixth fewer failures; one-half reduction in liabilities; the smallest proportion of assets to liabilities reported for seven years past; a record number of new enterprises started, and a smaller commercial death rate or business mortality than in all but five of the past twenty-five years. What the past two years' failure returns in fact show is that the root of the entire trouble of 1907 lay largely in the financial situation of the country rather than in the commercial or industrial systems." As to the future the same journal says that the advances in commodity prices "have already lessened profits and bid

fair to be productive of much friction in industrial lines. If the activity confidently looked for eventuates, active money markets and firm rates would seem probable. Indeed, the calm in speculation after earlier activity resulting in new high record price levels is taken by some to indicate that the securities markets have already discounted much of the future. Conservatism and tact in dealing with the labor situation and with the politico-economic questions which are pressing for solution would seem necessary if what now looks like a very excellent trade outlook is to be fully realized in 1910."

Turning to the foreign press a very optimistic view is expressed by the *London Statist* in its money review, which says in part: "International peace, for a couple of years at all events, seems to be assured. Trade is improving all over the world. The improvement has made considerable progress already in the United States, Canada and Argentina. Here at home, in spite of the political crisis and of dear money, the trade revival steadily makes way. On the Continent improvement is perceptible in all the leading countries. Even in Germany, where the improvement made itself felt late, there is now a very optimistic feeling. In Australia and the Far East trade promises to be exceedingly good during the year. That being so, there is every ground for anticipating that money will be in strong demand and that rates will be comparatively high. Over and above this, the increasingly large production of gold tends to raise rates." As a balance to this view, however, the Editor of the "*L'Economist Francais*," writing in the *New York Times*, says: "Europe still finds herself a prey to nervous financial and monetary difficulties." The economic evil he says, "is much graver in England and Germany. Both countries are far from having recovered the equilibrium they had before the American crisis of October, 1907." Finally he says, "The New World, if it were well directed, would be able to turn to account this uneasiness and depression in the principal European countries. The money of the rich old countries of Western Europe, if a well-guaranteed interest of 4½ to 5 per cent were offered it, would willingly cross the Atlantic. There is in this for the United States and especially for Canada, an opportunity which should not be allowed to pass. But the countries on the west of the Atlantic must offer European capital indisputable guarantees from the point of view of a political and fiscal future."

PRICES STILL RISING

THE high cost of living still occupies a prominent position in public and private discussion and it is in a measure amusing to see the efforts made by newspapers and men of all shades of opinion to place the responsibility for the uprush of commodities where they think or hope it belongs. Fashion has changed in prices as in some other things and one looks in vain for the expressions of satisfaction at the advance in prices that one time characterized the utterances of some public men. Remarks about cheap coats making cheap men, once credited to a President of the United States, are now frowned down. High prices never troubled Secretary Wilson of the Agricultural Department until recently, but now the Secretary has turned loose the entire personnel of the Agricultural Department to locate the wicked people who are getting all the excess in prices of farm products, because, he claims, the farmers are not getting it.

Senator Elkins has offered a resolution for a Senate Committee to investigate the cause of the trouble and a House Committee investigation is proposed by Representative Howland. President Taft is reported to favor an investigation, but he has said in his message that the tariff is not responsible. Senator Clapp of Minnesota has expressed the view that a combination of causes but especially the tariff and national extravagance, are responsible. Some observers blame extravagance only and cite the craze for automobiles as a symptom, though none has yet specifically named "auto-suggestion" as the impelling force. The January circular of the National City Bank says that a redundant circulating medium is one of the causes for high prices of commodities and points out that the national bank note circulation has increased from \$238,000,000 in 1900 to \$711,000,000 in 1910, and it holds that "inflation as to prices and currency are usually found together." *Bradstreet's* which finds a new high level of prices ruling as of January 1, qualifies its cheerful view as to the business outlook for 1910 by saying that the high cost of living "bids fair to be productive of much friction in industrial lines." The *Financier*, New York, says that "no one disputes the fact that as between average income and average expenditure, there is today a slighter margin of surplus than was the case a decade ago," and also says "if a dollar today will only buy three-quarters of what it might have bought a few years ago, it stands to reason that a 6 per cent interest rate becomes in reality a 4½ per cent interest rate compared with the former return." The New York *Journal of Commerce* prints the opinions of many economists as to the causes of the rises in prices, but it warns its readers not to let their "thinking be carried by the theoretical reasoning too much in one direction." One of these contributions is from M. Yves Guyot, Editor of the *Journal des Economistes* of Paris, and takes issue sharply with the idea that the quantitative theory

of money is responsible, while some American college professors as strongly lean to the view that the increased gold production is largely responsible. The *Journal of Commerce* itself says, "after all it is chiefly the all-prevailing law of supply and demand that has raised commodity prices."

THE BOND MARKET

Fashions in investment change almost as completely as the styles of garments. Taking the last ten years, there has been a series of well marked changes in income-yielding securities. The Western farm mortgage, as an investment medium for Eastern capital, passed out of sight, and generally low rates for money led to the creation of an active market for 4 per cent. and even 3½ per cent. bonds of railroad corporations, and the establishment of high prices for such issues. This, in turn, passed away, and increased dividends or hopes thereof, such as prevailed in the period of inflation preceding the panic of 1907, brought railroad and high-grade industrial stocks to the front.

This tended to create the desire on the part of small investors to put their money into broken lots of stocks, which movement still endures, and its aggregate has been a mighty force in finance. Inability on the part of corporations to sell 4 per cent. bonds any longer caused them to take refuge for their capital requirements in the issuance of short-term notes, paying as high as 5 or 6 per cent., which, for a time, were readily absorbed. In the confusion of the panic, investment securities suffered with all the others; but when normal conditions again prevailed there was witnessed, during 1908 and the earlier part of 1909, a strong disposition to put idle funds into approved bonds, many banks throughout the country adopting the course. Still there was little opportunity for the successful flotation of large new bond issues, and with the gradual reassertion of a demand for capital and consequent higher rates for money, bonds selling on a 4½ per cent. basis lost their attractiveness. Indeed, since last mid-summer the course the leading railroad companies have taken in order to raise fresh money has been to do so by sales of new stock.

These circumstances have left the bond market in an inert state, with generally lower prices than those which prevailed in that department last spring. Nor is the immediate future of bonds—meaning, of course, non-speculative issues—easy to foresee. People have lately preferred to become partners rather than creditors, i.e. they have preferred to purchase stocks in railroads, etc., over bonds. Still indications at the present time point to some renewal of a demand for bonds, but with the impression, nevertheless, that this demand will be centered in bonds paying a comparatively high income return. Indeed, this has apparently been recognized by the bankers who have brought out the last few issues of railroad bonds in making the rate thereon 5 per cent. and in offering them to the public at prices to net more than that rate.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT

FINANCIAL DIARY.

Dec. 14. Bill for establishment of a central national bank introduced in Congress.

Dec. 18. Secretary McVeagh excludes state, city and railroad bonds as security for bank deposits.

Dec. 20. Railway trainmen (75,000) ask increased wages.

Dec. 22. U. S. Steel Corporation distributes \$2,000,000 bonus.

Dec. 23. E. H. Harriman's estate estimated at \$200,000,000.

Dec. 24. Vanderbilts sell 1,000 shares of Union Trust Company stock—Kansas Bank Guarantee law declared invalid.

Dec. 27. Flurry in Rock Island common stock. Opening 50½, highest 81, lowest 49½, closing 51½.

Dec. 29. Turkish ministry resigns.

Dec. 30. National anti-trust, anti-high-prices league formed.

Jan. 1. New incorporations in New York State in 1909 total \$700,000,000.

Jan. 3. U. S. Supreme Court declares Minneapolis ordinances regulating street-car fares invalid—New York call money rate 8 to 12 per cent.

Jan. 4. Southern cotton yarn manufacturers adopt higher price schedule—Secretary Wilson, Department of Agriculture, orders inquiry into cost of living.

Jan. 5. Cotton prices break on bear raid—Some switchmen in Northwest decide to arbitrate under Erdman law—Sleet storm East and South—Guaranty, Morton and Fifth Avenue Trust Companies merged, deposits \$122,000,000—Big Four railroad resumes dividend on common stock—Governor Hughes opposes Federal income tax—U. S. invites neutralization of Manchurian railways.

Jan. 6. American Federation of Labor accuses U. S. Steel Corporation of being an illegal combination—Bank of England rate reduced from 4½ to 4 per cent.—Chicago Terminal Railroad sold under foreclosure to Baltimore and Ohio for \$16,000,000.

Jan. 7. President Taft issues message on trusts and railroads—New York State Supreme Court rules corporations must pay interest on unpaid franchise taxes—West Virginia natural gas deal reported involving \$200,000,000—Highest price paid for hogs at Chicago (\$9.05), in seventeen years—Coal famine feared in Chicago.

Jan. 8. Paper Board Association (140 members) indicted by Federal Grand Jury.

Jan. 9. Pennsylvania collieries idle for want of water—St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico Railroad will issue \$25,000,000 in bonds.

Jan. 10. Leading insurance companies sell 13,000 shares of Lawyers Title Insurance and Trust Company stock—Slump in cotton futures, price 1 cent off from top of season—Pres-

ident Taft favors inquiry into cost of living—Increase of \$267,000,000 in New York City real estate assessments, increase in borrowing capacity \$44,000,000—Four sugar checkers sentenced to one year's imprisonment—U. S. Supreme Court decides Interstate Commerce Commission has right to regulate distribution of empty cars—Bill amending Interstate Commerce law introduced in House.

Jan. 11. Belgian cotton mills shut down one day each week—Public Service hearings on New York Central bond issues—Examining stock brokers' books illegal, according to New York Court of Appeals—United States government notifies Germany that proposed potash law is discriminatory.

Jan. 12. American Sugar Refining Company's annual report denies complicity of its executive officers or directors in fraudulent under-weighing—Break in cotton. Future prices 110 to 140 points below high of season—Governor Harmon (Ohio) recommends inquiry in cost of living.

THE STATISTICAL STORY OF 1909

AGRICULTURAL YIELDS.

	Yields, from 1909	1908	Records	Year
Corn, bushels	2,772,276,000	I 3.8	2,922,416,091	1906
Winter wheat, bushels	445,366,000	I 2.0	492,588,034	1908
Spring wheat, bushels	290,823,000	I 28.3	293,185,322	1899
Total wheat, bushels	737,189,000	I 10.9	748,460,218	1901
Oats, bushels	1,007,353,000	I 24.7	987,842,704	1902
Barley, bushels	170,284,000	I 2.0	178,516,484	1905
Rye, bushels	32,239,000	I 1.2	24,589,592	1902
Buckwheat, bushels	17,438,000	I 10.1	22,791,839	1866
Total six cereals	4,736,879,000	I 8.7		
Flaxseed, bushels	25,856,000	I 2	25,294,880	1902
Potatoes, bushels	375,537,000	I 34.7	332,530,300	1904
Hay, tons	64,938,000	D 8.3	70,798,000	1908
Tobacco, pounds	940,357,000	I 4.8	821,823,963	1902
Rice, bushels	24,368,000	I 10.9	21,890,000	1908
Cotton, bales	10,088,000	D 37.0	13,825,000	1908
Sugar, tons	1,548,000	I 4.9	1,476,817	1908
Wool clip, pounds	328,110,749	I 5.4	348,538,138	1903

AGRICULTURAL VALUES.

	Values, from 1909	1908	Change from 1908	Past Records	Year
Corn	\$1,552,822,000	I 2.2	\$1,616,145,000	1908	
Wheat	730,046,000	I 18.5	616,826,000	1908	
Oats	408,174,000	I 7.0	381,171,000	1908	
Barley	93,971,000	I 1.6	102,290,000	1907	
Rye	23,809,000	I 1.7	24,589,217	1891	
Buckwheat	12,188,000	I 1.8	16,812,070	1906	
Total six cereals	2,921,010,000	I 6.5	2,742,043,000	1908	
Flaxseed	39,466,000	I 29.1	30,814,661	1902	
Potatoes	206,545,000	I 4.8	197,039,000	1908	
Hay	689,345,000	I 8.5	743,507,000	1907	
Tobacco	95,719,000	I 29.1	76,234,000	1907	
Rice	19,341,000	I 8.9	17,771,000	1908	
Cotton	678,000,000	I 22.9	640,311,533	1906	
Value agricultural prod.	\$8,760,000,000	I 12.6	\$7,778,000,000	1908	

FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

	Change from 1909	1908	Past Records	Year
Bank clearings	\$164,000,000,000	I 24.9	\$159,135,000,000	1906
Imports mdse., est.	\$1,476,000,000	I 32.2	\$1,423,169,820	1907
Exports mdse., est.	\$1,750,000,000	D 1	\$1,923,426,206	1907
Total trade, est.	\$3,226,000,000	12.4	\$3,346,596,025	1907
Circulation, D. 1.	\$3,000,000,000	I 14.4	\$2,700,000,000	1906
Bldg. expenditures	\$850,000,000	I 40.0	\$770,000,000	1906
N. Y. stock sales	215,000,000	I 9.2	233,662,848	1906
N. Y. bond sales	\$1,312,000,000	I 21.5	\$1,060,728,000	1908
Business failures, No.	11,868	D 15.6	15,500	1893
Failure liabilities	\$138,500,000	D 53.3	\$83,700,000	1907
Pig-iron output	25,700,000	I 61.6	25,781,361	1907
Iron-ore shipments	42,850,000	I 65.4	42,245,070	1907
Anthracite shipments	62,695,000	D 3.0	67,109,354	1907
Bit. coal product	365,000,000	I 8.4	394,000,000	1907
Lake tonnage	79,040,000	I 34.0	82,940,841	1908
Stock market cases	4,000,000	I 13.4	5,128,000	1903
Labor strikers	223,000	D 9.0	65,000	1907
Immigration, total	980,000	I 136.0	1,334,166	1907
Copper products, lbs.	1,400,000,000	I 47.0	942,570,721	1908
Railway built	3,748	I 16.0	12,963	1887
Railway receiverships	869	D 90.0	29,340	1893

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The recent death of Clyde Fitch gives interest to the re-issue of his only novel, *A Wave of Life*, (Mitchell Kennerley, publisher, New York), which was first published in Lippincott's Magazine in February, 1891, before the days of Fitch's great success as a playwright. It is an exciting love-story with a sad, distressing ending. The book has an interesting portrait of Clyde Fitch and a friendly estimate of his character.

There is no pretense on the part of Leonard A. Lyall that the matter contained in his book entitled *The Sayings of Confucius* (Longmans, Green & Co., New York) comes to us duly authenticated as an example of the great Chinaman's philosophy. It is impossible to prove that the sayings he has translated from the Chinese fell from the lips of Confucius. He undertakes to say that it is probable that disciples of Confucius, about the year B. C. 400, made up the sayings from the oral and written accounts their master had given them of conversations alleged to have taken place in the early years of the fourth century before Christ.

His publishers, John Lane Company, announce that they will bring out this spring W. J. Locke's new novel, *Simon the Jester*, at present running serially in the American Magazine.

The three volumes of *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, which have already appeared, have become almost indispensable works of reference to the student of English literary history. The result of the combined efforts of many scholars, each one of whom is an authority on the subject of which he treats, forms the nucleus of a work which promises to be an important history of English literature. G. P. Putnam's Sons, the publishers, announce that Vol. IV. of the series will soon be published.

Elements of Transportation, by Prof. Emory R. Johnson (D. Appleton & Co., New York), is a discussion of specific transportation topics which are now uppermost in the minds of students of public affairs. Both land and water transportation problems are discussed. The various kinds of transportation methods, steam, electricity and wind, are discussed independently and in relation to each other.

In a volume entitled *The Women of a State University*, which the Putnams have just published, Helen R. Olin has set forth the results of an investigation into the problem of coeducation.

She has made a special study of conditions prevailing at the University of Wisconsin in the hope that the experience of this great university, which has been graduating women for forty years, might be a helpful one.

The annual Baedeker books have been augmented by the volume on *Northern Germany* (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.40), which covers, with the usual fullness and detail, brought down to date and carefully revised for this, the fifteenth, edition, all that portion of the Kaiser's domain which stretches from the northern boundaries as far as the Bavarian and Austrian frontiers. It contains forty-seven maps of varying sizes and eighty-one plans of cities. The division into four sections—Berlin and Potsdam, Northwestern Germany, Central Germany, Northeastern Germany—is such that each part can, with little trouble, be removed from the volume and used separately.

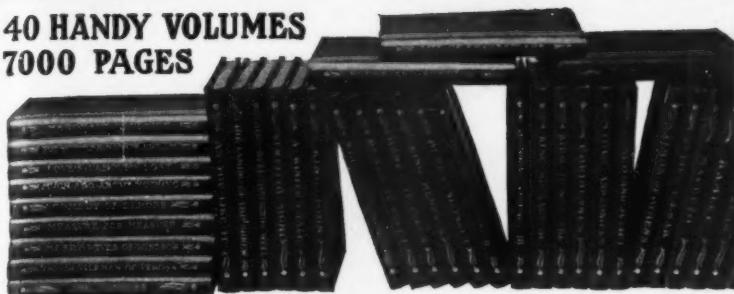
C. T. Winchester has written a book entitled *A Group of English Essayists* (The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50). Haslitt, Lamb, De Quincey, John Wilson and Leigh Hunt are the men of whom Mr. Winchester writes. He also gives us an essay on the modern English essay. The author, in this book, treats the works of each man as being the expression of his inner life, going on the assumption that, in order to know a man's book, you must know the man. While many readers will find fault with this method, it cannot be denied that Prof. Winchester has made an interesting book for the general reader.

The third and concluding volume of *The Literary History of the English People*, by J. J. Jusserand, has just been published by the Putnams. This volume is devoted primarily to the Elizabethan drama. A large part of the book is taken up with an account of Shakespeare's life and with an analysis of his art and of the qualities which gave his work pre-eminence. His immediate predecessors and his contemporaries also receive attention.

Essays on Modern Novelists, by Prof. William Lyon Phelps (The Macmillan Co., New York; cloth, \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.60). There is nothing more interesting than to compare notes on one's recent reading, and nothing more difficult than to obtain sound opinions on contemporary writers. Of the value and interest of these critical estimates by Prof. Phelps, who has taught in both Harvard and Yale universities, there can be no

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question. Among his subjects are Wm. De Morgan, Mrs. Ward, Björnson, Kipling, Howells and Ollivant.

Religion in the Making, A Study in Biblical Sociology, by Samuel G. Smith, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Head Professor of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology in the University of Minnesota (The Macmillan Co., New York; \$1.25 net). The volume is a fresh study at first hand of the Bible in the light of the principles of sociology. The author has for many years been teaching the Bible to special classes in connection with the People's Church of St. Paul and sociology in the University of Minnesota.

The Last American Frontier, by Frederic L. Paxson, illustrated (The Macmillan Co., New York). This work narrates vividly the struggle to gain the frontier west of the Mississippi. The story of the Oregon and Santa Fé, the gold rush to California, the coming of the railroads, and the perennial battle with the retreating Indians supply varied and abundant romance and pictur-esque ness.

Sheridan. From New and Original Material; Including a Manuscript Diary by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. By Walter Sickel. Illustrated, with pedigrees inserted. Index and bibliography. Two volumes. Pp. xviii.-630; viii.-547. Ornamental cloth. 8vo. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$7.50 net.) This is an important and highly entertaining biography of a many-sided character, playwright, wit and statesman. It gives some new light on his associations with the Prince of Wales, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and gives us further insight into a romantic courtship.

The Rise of Louis Napoleon, by F. A. Simpson, with unpublished documents and illustrations. (8vo. Pp. xxiv.-384. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$3.50.) Mr. Simpson, in this work, gives us a vivacious and interesting study of the early struggles and ultimate success of Louis Napoleon. Mr. Simpson holds that his hero was "no common King-born King," but was a maker of his own destiny. He calls Louis Napoleon the ideal pretender, because he succeeded. The author attributes his success to his "persistent parade of his claims, an incessant exploitation of his name and the sheer opportunity of his suit."

The Life of the Universe. By Svante Arrhenius, Director of the Physico-Chemical Nobel Institute, Stockholm, author of "Worlds in the Making," etc. Translated by Dr. H. Borns, London. Preface by the author. Illustrations and diagrams. Two volumes. Pp. 268. Index. (New York: Harper Brothers.) In this work, Prof. Arrhenius has, by many references and quotations from his earlier work, developed more fully the historical account of the ancient theories of the origin of the universe, tracing the growth of men's

ideas regarding the nature of the cosmos matter up to the time of Newton.

A good deal of interest has been aroused by an article in the Atlantic Monthly for December, entitled *The Confessions of a Best Seller*. This article has been ascribed to various authors, among them Mr. Robert W. Chambers and Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. The author admits that for six years before January, his books appeared fifteen times in the first place among the six "best sellers," as published in the Bookman, and that one of his novels headed the list for three consecutive months. This would convict Mr. Meredith Nicholson, of Indianapolis, author of "The Main Chance," "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Port of Missing Men," "The Little Brown Jug of Kildare" and "Rosalind at Red Gate," as the anonymous author of the article.

Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have a new success, called *The Up-Grade*, by Wilder Goodwin.

A Book of Operas, Their Histories, Their Plots and Their Music, by Henry Edward Krehbiel (The Macmillan Co., New York; \$1.75 net). Mr. Krehbiel, who is a scholar as well as a critic, has given us a delightful book for all the real music lovers, whether operagoers or not. The author is master of a pleasant, easy style which makes his book readable and entertaining, as well as authoritative. By outlining the plot briefly and describing the score in plain language, he has made for the general reader a work which every music lover can understand and appreciate.

Savoy Operas. By W. S. Gilbert. With illustrations in color by W. Russell Flint. London: George Bell & Sons. (Imported by the Macmillan Company.) \$5 net. The text of four of the most popular of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, which made the London Savoy Theater famous—the mirthful and ever enjoyable "Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Princess Ida" and "The Yeomen of the Guard"—a foreword in which Sir William tells briefly something of the early history of each libretto, and thirty-two pictures in colors, make up one of the finest volumes of the season.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, publish a list of books called *Every Man's Library* (cloth, 35 cents; leather, 70 cents, net; postage, 8 cents). Four hundred and three volumes have now been issued.

Another book published lately by B. W. Huebsch is *The Poet of Galilee*, by William E. Leonard, of the University of Wisconsin. This is an attempt to give an account of Jesus of Nazareth in the many-sided personality that the Gospel narrative, according to the author, gives him. Thus, Prof. Leonard pictures Christ as a poet, a satirist, a humorist, a seer, a story-teller, a hero, an observer, etc.

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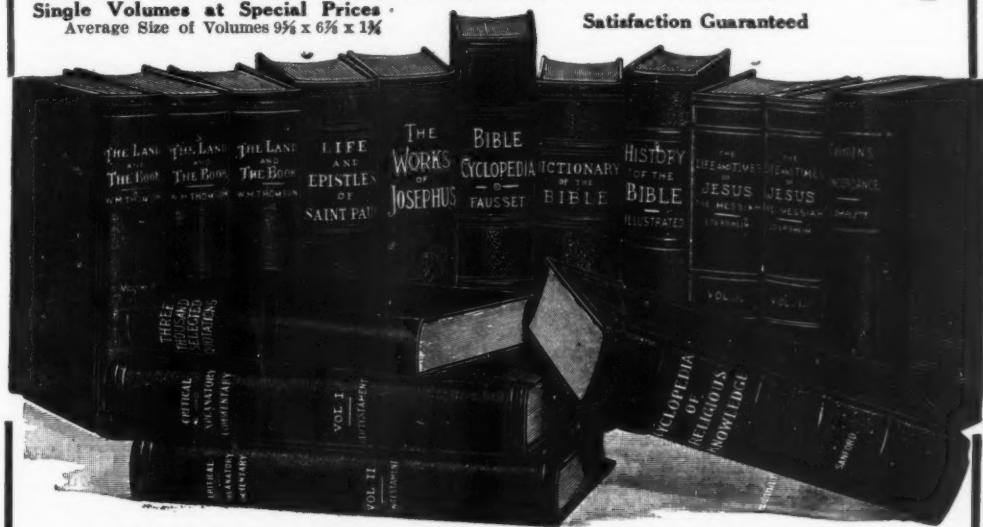
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Financial and industrial conditions vitally affect every phase of national life, as well as the material welfare of every individual. In this section we shall give each month not only the financial and industrial news essential to students of all national problems, but in addition such information as may serve to guide the individual investor and to safeguard him against "wild-cat investments."

IT is not the purpose of this article to review the securities markets or to suggest what securities are especially attractive in their respective classes. The financial journals should be consulted for the former and the Investment Bankers for the latter. The purpose of this article is to present some of the fundamental facts concerning conservative investment and investment securities.

The public need of the dissemination of investment principles is proven by the known success the get-rich-quick promoters meet with in offering their wares to the credulous American public. A facetious gentleman not long ago remarked that more gold had been put into gold mining stocks than had ever been mined by gold mining companies. In January, 1907, Mr. Frank Fayant in "Success" published the result of an investigation of 150 companies which had advertised their stocks about five years previous in a single New York paper. He estimated these companies had sold stocks running into the millions. The majority had promised alluring returns. Yet, after five years, Mr. Fayant found just one then paying dividends. Of the 150, over 100 were literally dead. Another illustration is found in the enormous losses sustained by those who so faithfully followed the advice of a certain well known Boston tipster whose guns were trained on Wall Street. The public, ever ready to believe ill of Wall Street, has only lately some to realize that Wall Street was right in discrediting the sincerity of their self-appointed champion.

The real Wall Street, that is, the constructive and dominating part of it, stands for investment interests. It stands for the prosperity of the country. In its larger sense, Wall Street includes the financial centers of the Nation, and it is the economic focus of national enterprise. Nowadays, a man may go to even the largest investment firms, regardless of the amount of his funds, and obtain just as efficient service as the largest buyer on the firm's books. He can, in fact, transact his business entirely by mail to as great advantage as in person, and with entire safety to himself, for the securities purchased, if desired, will be delivered through his local Bank.

INVESTMENT VS. SPECULATION

Investment contemplates safety of the funds employed coupled with adequate return thereon. Speculation, on the other hand, involves risk. Speculation has its place in economics. But we will leave it for those who can afford to indulge in it. This the average man and woman cannot

afford to do. The average individual should endeavor to save all he can; then to invest it where it will be safe and earn its way. This is the best formula we know of for the attainment of independence.

FORMS OF INVESTMENT.

All investment begins with the Savings Bank, and it is a very trustworthy form of investment. These institutions are organized, however, to handle only small amounts. Naturally, their interest rate is not as high as may be obtained with safety. Therefore, when a man's funds become sizable, he usually looks around for a suitable channel of investment. Then it is that the lurid literature of the get-rich-quick promoter is apt to claim his attention.

Throughout the country will be found many worthy avenues of investment, some of which are purely local. We will consider only the most important forms of investment securities.

Selected first mortgages on Real Estate are undoubtedly good, but require constant care to keep them safe. They are also open to the objection of being unmarketable as a general proposition.

The best class of stocks are freely bought for investment. It must be borne in mind, however, that the stockholder is a partner in the enterprise. Ordinarily the dividend is not guaranteed. Then, too, there may be many obligations ranking ahead of the stock which, in the event of liquidation, would absorb all the assets.

Mortgage bonds comprise the safest, most convenient, and most marketable form of investment. It is to be expected, therefore, that bonds are freely bought by Banks, insurance companies, and other institutional investors, as well as by Estates and individuals. As a natural result, many firms have been established to deal exclusively in this form of security. Some of these firms command large cash resources and facilities of the highest order, and have an enviable business record. The very nature of their business requires strict integrity and fair business methods. Such firms are entitled to the confidence of investors (and only such firms will be admitted to the columns of this magazine).

DIFFERENT KINDS OF BONDS.

Government bonds need no explanation. Their value depends upon the credit of the issuing Government. U. S. Governments are unattractive for individual investment by reason of the artificial market created for them through the law which makes them a basis for National Bank circulation. Bonds of the various states are more at-

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tractive. While it is of small importance in these times, it is an interesting fact that payment cannot be enforced by an individual. A sovereign state can only be sued by a sovereign state.

MUNICIPAL BONDS.

Municipal bonds rank next. They are direct obligations of Counties, Cities, Towns, School Districts, etc., and are issued to provide funds for water works, sewers, court houses, schools, parks, and various other corporate purposes of a similar public improvement nature. Such bonds have back of them the property of the citizens. Municipal bonds derive their strength from the following protective features:

Amount that may be legally issued is limited by law to a small percentage, usually from 3 per cent. to 13 per cent., of the assessed value of real estate liable to taxation.

Imperative duty of the Municipality to levy a tax to provide for payment of interest and principal as they fall due, and these taxes must be paid. This virtually amounts to a prior lien against taxes which takes precedence over all other obligations.

Rigid laws, the validity of which has been proven by repeated court decisions, intended to keep municipal indebtedness within safe limits and to compel payment as contracted.

In view of the nature of municipal bonds, the quality of the security underlying them, and the protection afforded the holders by the Courts, such bonds have come to be regarded as a premier security.

The investor should purchase of a Dealer rather than direct of the municipality, because there are points to be considered requiring expert knowledge. For instance, inadvertently, the issue may not conform to the law under which it is issued. If the issue is a "special assessment," it does not have back of it the faith and credit of the whole community but only a part of it, the security of which may not be adequate. The Dealer investigates thoroughly before buying. He will take into consideration, among other things, the state of the market; geographical location; character, size and thrift of the population; public improvements; tax valuation; municipality's assets in the way of water works, etc.; condition of the sinking fund; ratio of tax assessment to appraised value of property in the community; and the total amount of indebtedness and of what it consists. He also obtains an attorney's opinion as to legality of issue. By purchasing of a Dealer, the investor has at least one channel through which to resell should occasion require. Of course, the more important issues have a reasonably broad market. New York City bonds, for example, have an international market.

RAILROAD BONDS.

This is a large subject and can only be discussed here along general lines. Railroad bonds possess elements of superiority peculiarly their own which make for stability in value and market. They

are by nature a favored investment and are probably more extensively held by individuals than any other class of *investment* security.

Railroad bonds precede the stocks and are usually a mortgage on road, equipment, and general assets, or a part thereof, either through direct lien or collaterally.

Issues are of so many different kinds that it is impossible to classify them here. Analyses of the issues of any road will place them in their relative positions in point of security. The necessary data may be found in the standard reference manuals. It is a part of the Investment Banker's business to know the exact position of the railroad bonds in which he deals and to inform investors contemplating their purchase.

As a general proposition, the bonds of a road are originally issued to cover a major part of the actual cost of construction and equipment, while the stocks represent any remaining cost, and speculative possibilities. It is easy to understand why growth and prosperity over a period of years, often leading to large improvement and extension expenditures out of surplus earnings, or with the proceeds of junior issues, has caused some of the underlying issues to become so well secured that they are unqualifiedly "gilt-edged" and dominate the *conservative* markets.

Inquiring minds may ask what effect Government regulation will have on Railroad bonds. There is no serious reason for apprehension. The problem will work itself out on sane lines without doubt. The Railroads are a public necessity and must be protected. The public investment in the Railroads is very large and this investment must be protected. In any event, it is a question that concerns the stockholder more than the bondholder.

Railroad bonds are based upon the commercial value of the security back of them, which in turn depends upon earning power. Hence the importance of examining into surplus earned over expenses and fixed charges for a period of years.

The two documents for the investor to examine are—the mortgage securing the bonds and the last annual report—supplemented, if desired, with an inquiry into the market condition and history of the issue and the condition and possibilities of the territory served.

PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS.

Street Railways, gas, telephone, and electric light and power companies are known as public utilities because, as the title indicates, they are companies whose services are necessary to the general public and which have come into being through grants of rights (franchises) by the public. Necessity gave birth to these Companies, and the very life of our communities has become dependent upon their continuance. Their securities, therefore, under proper conditions, must be regarded as reasonably safe.

In 1907 a New York Banker stated, "The earnings of railroad corporations are subject to less variation than the earnings of any other line of

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Often a thousand such liens, on a thousand separate farms, are deposited with a trustee as security for the bonds as a whole. Thus an occasional individual delinquency cannot affect the security.

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The installments which the farmers pay on their liens are used to retire the bonds as they mature. Thus the security while ample at the start, is increased by each annual payment.

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The bonds are additionally secured by a first mortgage on all the property of the corporation which is reclaiming the land. The investment in this property is sometimes twice the bond issue. Thus we combine prompt and business-like corporate management with farm lien securities.

Some of these bonds are "Carey Act" bonds, where the State supervises the project. Some are Municipal securities, issued by organized districts. Such bonds, like school bonds, form a tax lien on the district.

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industry." It was a well founded opinion then. It would not be so regarded now. The depression following the 1907 panic witnessed a large falling off in the earnings of railroads (though in few cases was it serious), while, with few exceptions, the earnings of the better grade of public utility companies were well maintained and in numerous instances exhibited an increase.

The importance of buying bonds from well informed and reliable Dealers applies with special force to public utility issues. The Dealer with a reputation at stake will not invest his money and assume the responsibility of giving an issue his O. K. without thorough investigation, including physical appraisal by expert engineers, audit by reliable accountants, searching examination by competent attorneys, and general investigation by one or more bond experts who are business men of sound judgment and conversant with the requirements of safe bonds of this class. Very often the Dealer will acquire a stock interest and representation in the management in order that he may be sure the security of the bonds is well maintained. The sale of bonds, more than any other commodity, rests upon the foundation stone of confidence. It is a precious asset to the Dealer in investment securities, and he cannot afford to take chances with it if he expects to remain in business very long. The law of self-preservation as applied to his business requires that he exercise every precaution to see that his clients receive a square deal, for *clients*, not transient buyers, is his imperative desideratum.

STREET RAILWAYS.

In this modern age, nearly everyone uses the street cars, or some form of electric rapid transit, either local or interurban. Accordingly, it is not strange that, whereas a very few years ago traction securities were looked upon with suspicion, today many of them are as freely purchased and as highly regarded as steam road securities.

Nowadays, first class street railways are operating as efficiently and profitably as steam roads. They have passed the "uncertain" stage and are established profit-earning properties serving prosperous and populous territories. The recent demand for steam road bonds has served to materially raise prices and lower the net return. Bonds of first class street railways are gradually going through the same process, experiencing a constantly broadening market, but they still may be had to yield from $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 1 per cent. more than the corresponding grade of railroad issues.

GAS BONDS.

Gas bonds have maintained so good a record that they must be recognized as a substantial form of investment security. They are steadily growing in favor, and are preferred by many investors who seek a return of from $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their money and a gradual appreciation in intrinsic value over a period of years.

The manufacture of gas is on a thoroughly scientific basis and does not vary greatly from year to year in cost ratio, while operating ex-

penses over and above cost of manufacture are not large. Manufacture is not restricted to a single process, so that local conditions can be taken advantage of. The original cost of laying mains and building plant is very heavy. Once the plant is established, with a complete distributing system, there is very little incentive for competition even though a franchise were obtainable. The American people are coming to realize that one Company properly established and properly operated can give more efficient service to a community at a lower cost than if the field is divided between two or more companies which to a greater or lesser extent must be competitive and represent a duplication of production and distributing energy.

It is important to note that the rapidly increasing use of gas as a fuel provides a field not at present open to competition from electricity.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER BONDS.

Electricity has made gigantic advances in utility and diversity of use. Electric lighting is to-day as much a necessity as gas. The electric lighting business doubled in five years. Many prefer electric lighting on account of the cleanliness and freedom from heat. Electric lighting and gas, in a given community, may be competitive to an extent, but experience has demonstrated that the competition is not serious and often is beneficial to both. In many communities the same Company controls both the gas and electric plants.

Electric power, also, is in strong demand, particularly in the operation of street and interurban cars and in industrial plants. Its use increases rapidly with the introduction of new methods of utility. A valuable feature of many electric properties is their ownership of water powers.

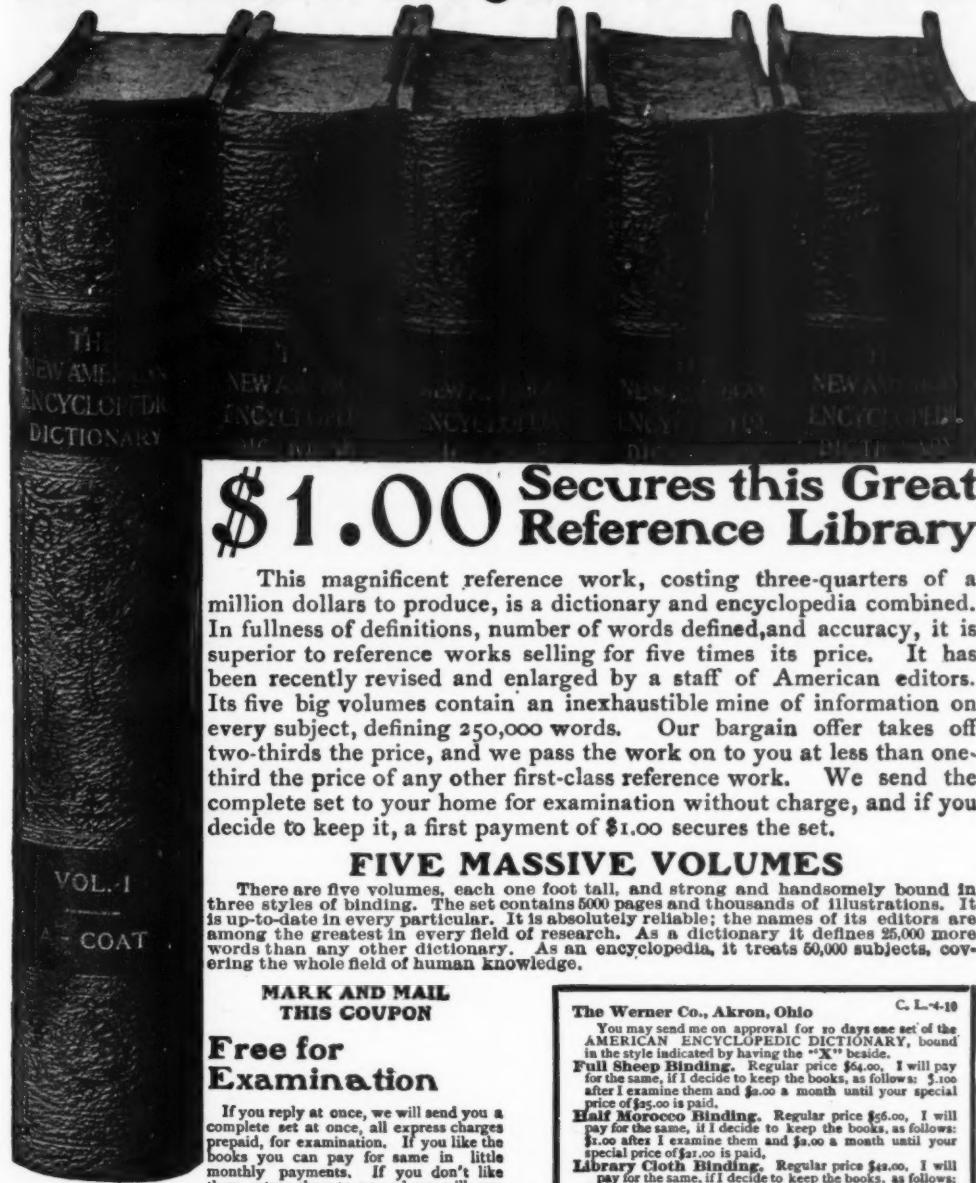
There are numerous electric light and power company bonds on the market. Where the properties are in course of construction or have recently been placed in operation, there may be some risk involved. But if a plant, situated in a substantial and growing territory, is well established and managed, and has demonstrated an earning power considerably in excess of fixed requirements, its bonds must be regarded as safe, providing they are protected by adequate mortgage security and conform in other respects to a proper standard.

INDUSTRIAL BONDS.

Some industrial bonds are safe. Most of them are more or less speculative. Manufacturing, merchandizing and like enterprises are somewhat uncertain in their stability of earning power. Earnings are liable to serious shrinkage in times of business depression. Unlike the public utilities which are protected by franchise and supply the public with necessities, industrials cannot legally be protected from competition and are always subject to the uncertainty of a continued demand for their products.

Industrial bonds, with few exceptions, must be regarded as a business man's investment and should not be purchased for women or with trust funds.

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One of the new spring publications just brought out by the John Lane Company, New York, is *The Thief of Virtue*, by Eden Phillpotts, in which the author returns to Dartmoor as the scene in which the book is laid, and which he made real to so many readers in his earlier novels. The new book shows all the masterly delineation of character, the touches of descriptive power, which have made Mr. Phillpotts one of the foremost word-painters of landscape, and it will appeal to all readers of fiction, whether interested merely in the so-called "popular novel," or in the more enduring works of the masters of English literature.

Privilege and Democracy in America, by Frederic C. Howe (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.65). In this work Mr. Howe takes up the problems which now chiefly oppress this nation—those of monopoly, conservation, labor, etc. He shows how this country, like Rome, and other empires of the past, has spread over all available lands; how these lands and resources once annexed are swiftly accumulating into the hands of a few, and how, there being no more territory for the overflow, the classes that have and have not are coming into critical opposition.

Hopalong Cassidy, by Clarence Mulford (A. C. McClurg, & Co., Chicago). Three editions before publication tell the story of this real cowboy tale, by the author of "Bar 20" and "The Orphan." The book is splendidly illustrated in color by Maynard Dixon.

For girls, big and little, a most useful book has just been published by Harper & Brothers, New York, entitled *Harper's Handy Book for Girls*, edited by Anna Parmly Paret, (\$1.75). The first section tells the young girl how to arrange and decorate her own room, and then in many chapters gives her suggestions about how to utilize her taste and skill in the beautifying of other parts of the house. The arts and crafts are taken up in the second section, which contains chapters on stencil work, candle and lamp shades, leather working, wood carving, etc. Other sections take up needlework, millinery, dressmaking, home amusements, and out-of-door occupations.

"A novel to read, and then to read again" is *Tess of the Storm Country*, by Grace Miller White (W. J. Watt & Co., New York). "Tess" is the most original, unusual and lovable char-

acter that has appeared in American fiction in many a long day.

The Fortune Hunter, by Louis Joseph Vance (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, \$1.50), is a novelization of the play of the same title, which has been running on the boards in New York the past winter with great success. The book bids fair to parallel the success which has attended the play since its first performance.

Mary Cary, by Kate Langley Bosher (Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.00). The story is that of a twelve-year-old girl who has been in an orphan asylum ever since she can remember. It is told in the first person, as the little girl writes it down in her diary. As a whole it is far too cleverly done to be convincing, but it has many touches of genuineness, and altogether it is so quaint and reveals so clearly the personality of an impish but lovable child that it makes a readable and amusing story.

Sally Bishop, by E. Temple Thurston (Mitchell Kennerley, New York, \$1.50), is a story concerning a young woman, a stenographer, who falls in love with a gentleman who doesn't believe in marriage—for himself. So, as Paula Tanquary says, she "goes to housekeeping" with him. In the course of time the gentleman falls in love with another woman and marries her—whereupon the ex-stenographer commits suicide.

Panama and the Canal, by Alfred B. Hall and Clarence L. Chester (Newson & Co., New York), relates "how Uncle Sam does things on the Isthmus." Some of the chapters are: Roadways and Waterways—The French at Panama—The Conquest of Disease—Sea Level and Lock Canals Discussed—Gatun Dam, Culebra Cut and Chagres River problems explained. The book contains 140 wonderful photographs, drawings and maps, illustrating progress of the great work from Atlantic to Pacific.

A book that has set the country talking is *The Seventh Noon*, by Frederick Orin Bartlett (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, \$1.50). The scene of the story is laid in New York, and relates a manly man's revolt against his humdrum daily existence and his determination to know, for one week at least, what it really means to live as he would like to live.

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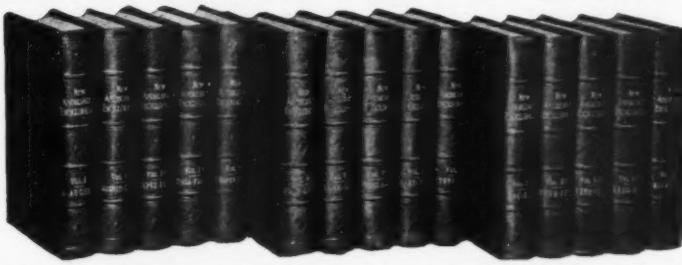
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Mosquito or Man. The Conquest of the Tropical World, by Sir Rupert Boyce, N. B., F.R.S. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, \$3.50 net). The discovery of the relation of insect life to the transmission of yellow fever, malaria, dengue, and other diseases which have effectually retarded the progress of tropical countries is, to date, the most important achievement of the twentieth century. The present volume reviews briefly the history and circumstances concerning the establishing of the facts, and then recounts specifically what has been accomplished in wiping out "vermin fevers" in equatorial climates.



Petrarch's Letters to Classical Authors. A Translation of Selected Epistolae, with Notes, by Mario E. Cosenza (The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, postpaid, \$1.09). In the works of Giovanni Petrarch the world of letters has found ample justification for the high place given him by his contemporaries of fourteenth century Italy. Not a little of his fame rests on the *Epistolae*, the letters addressed to the living and the dead, which display his subtle power over language and breathe the very spirit of the Renaissance. The reader who wishes to enjoy Petrarch for his own sake will find in Professor Cosenza's translation much of the beauty of the original. The translation will be useful also to the student and the literary investigator.



Women of All Nations; Their Habits, Types of Beauty, Marriage Customs, Social Status, Influence, edited by T. Athol Joyce, M.A., and N. W. Thomas, M.A. (Cassell & Company, New York, in 24 parts, \$6.00). This new and beautiful work presents an enthralling pictorial story of womankind, every paragraph of intense human interest. Every type of woman is described and lavishly illustrated, from the savage Samoan maiden to the society queen of New York. Legends, folk lore, customs, dress, courtship, marriage and other subjects concerning women everywhere are interwoven in its absorbing pages.



The Living Mummy, by Ambrose Pratt (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, \$1.50), is a thrilling tale, which fairly "out-Poes Poe" in its series of weird impossibilities.



The House of the Whispering Pines, is the newest detective story from the pen of Anna Katharine Green (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$1.50). It is considered to be better than the author's previous work, "The Leavenworth Case," and is full of thrills from beginning to end.



A Study of the Drama, by Brander Matthews (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$1.50; postpaid, \$1.64), is a helpful volume for the playgoer. A clear and able study of the actual stage play, showing the methods by which a play is constructed and which make for its significance

and success. In its helpfulness for the intelligent playgoer who wants to understand what he sees and judge plays readily and soundly, it is unique. The book is illustrated with plans and views of famous theatres.



"Who Killed Peter Somers?" is the mystery forming the plot of *The Snare of Circumstances*, by Edith E. Buckley (Little, Brown & Co., Boston). The story is exciting, and is fascinatingly told.



The Professional Aunt, by Mary C. E. Wemyss (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10). Whoever likes to read of the ways of children and enjoys a good love-story, will find this brilliant little novel an enchanting book. "Aunt Woggles" is a charming young woman, and her experiences are of the kind that win the reader at once.



The Crossways, by Helen R. Martin, author of "Tillie: a Mennonite Maid" (The Century Co., New York, \$1.50). A novel of unusual merit, of which Edwin Markham says, "You will not find a more thought-evoking story on the shelves of the season. A fine play of humor lights the pages all along."



Childhood, by Millicent and Githa Sowerby (Duffield & Company, New York, \$1.50 postpaid), is a volume of verses and pictures in color by two sisters whose work has attracted great attention in England. The art of Miss Millicent Sowerby, the artist of the combination, is called by the English critics a blend of Kate Greenaway and Boutet de Monvel, and there are twelve full pages of her work in color, with decorated borders.



Practical Hints for Art Students is another recent publication of Duffield & Company, New York, and is by Charles A. Lasar, "an English-speaking Frenchman." The volume is furnished with many illustrative sketches and diagrams by the author, who was a pupil of Gérôme's. It is intended as a help to the young painter.



An Admiral's Log, by Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, U. S. N. (retired), has just been published by D. Appleton & Co., New York (\$2.00 net). This is a continuation of Admiral Evans's "A Sailor's Log," and tells the story of his eventful career from the year 1899 up to the time of his retirement from active service at the age of sixty-two years. It is replete with incidents, told in his incisive, whimsical, picturesque manner, of the various important affairs in which he has been engaged since the Spanish War.



The Baker & Taylor Co., New York, announce that they will shortly publish *A Stepson of Fortune*, by Henry Murray. The book is said

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to contain matter that is calculated to be of special interest for "journalists, men of the world, etc." It gives portraits of various noted men, and covers a wide field of experience.

A new novel, *Blind Hopes*, by Helen Wallace, will soon be published by Cassell & Company, New York. A new edition of *A House of Lies*, by Sidney Warwick, is also announced by the same publishers, the first edition of this book having been exhausted two days after publication.

Two works of fiction dealing with two very different phases of life are just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. One of them, by E. F. Benson, is a novel entitled *The Fascinating Mrs. Halton*, and depicts the comedy of London society, forming a contrast in subject and treatment to Mr. Benson's "Sheaves" and "The Climber," in both of which the comedy element was not so much in evidence. The book contains four illustrations by C. Coles Phillips. The other volume is a collection of short stories called *The Awakening of Zojas*, by Miriam Michelson, author of "Michael Thwaites's Wife," etc.

A book just brought out by The Macmillan Company, New York, appropriate to the season, is *Manual of Gardening*, by Professor Bailey, Director of the Cornell School of Agriculture, and Editor of the Cycliclopedias of Horticulture and Agriculture. The book contains some of the material used in the author's two works, "Garden Making," and "Practical Garden Book," with the addition of much new material.

Something About Singlefoot, by John Hicks (Cochrane Publishing Company, New York, \$1.50), is a rather realistic story, which aims to recount the romance of pioneer and later life in the Northwest. Its scene is laid in Oshkosh, and its hero, John Singlefoot, is one of the early dwellers therein. The tale is especially concerned with his life and his various adventures, financial and matrimonial, through a period of some fifty years down to the present time.

The American Newspaper, by James Edward Rogers (The University of Chicago Press). This book is an intimate study of the American newspaper, and a reply to certain severe criticisms that have recently been made. The author has tried as far as possible to see both sides of the question, the subject of discussion being treated as one concrete fact, and he has therefore examined some fifteen thousand newspapers from all sections of the country as a means of getting acquainted with the necessary basis of an accurate judgment. The book discusses in succession the following topics: The Historical Evolution of the Modern Newspaper; The City and the Newspaper; The Nature of the American Newspaper; The Influence of the American Newspaper, and the Causes of that Influence. 228 pages, 12mo, cloth; net \$1.00; postpaid \$1.10.

Leroy Scott, author of "The Walking Delegate," is at work on a new novel of American life, which, when completed, will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

M. Rostand has entered into arrangements with his American publishers, Duffield & Company, New York, to publish his barnyard drama, *Chantecler*, in this country in book form, and in English. Just when it will appear, M. Rostand has not yet determined. Neither has he decided upon the person who will translate his drama into English. His publishers, however, express the opinion that probably "a young American poetess" will be chosen to turn into English this very much talked-of French drama.

Wild Ginger, by Matt Hoover (Broadway Publishing Co., New York, \$1.50), is a series of sportsmen's yarns, describing the doings of the "Cataract Club," and tells the story of many a camping trip. The author is a newspaper man of Lockport, N. Y., and has long been a member of the State Fish, Game and Forest League, and his keen interest in these matters has led him to pass much time in the open.

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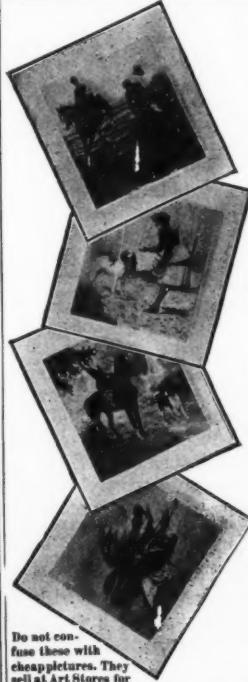
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Financial and industrial conditions vitally affect every phase of national life, as well as the material welfare of every individual. In this section we shall give each month not only the financial and industrial news essential to students of all national problems, but in addition such information as may serve to guide the individual investor and to safeguard him against "wild-cat investments."

LAST month's article presented some of the fundamental characteristics of high grade bonds as a desirable form of investment. The safety of selected issues was well established. We may now properly turn to the question of market.

Nowadays bonds are generally bought by dealers and distributed to their clients and investors. All established dealers have something of a clientele, some of whom are almost always in the market. Others are in the market at regular or irregular intervals. There is also open to the dealer a large investing class which may be reached through published announcements, circulars, etc.

There are different methods of distribution. The entire issue purchased may be disposed of at private sale, or it may be offered for public subscription, or part may be sold at private sale and the remainder offered for public subscription. A large volume of bonds is bought every year and distributed to investors without public offering. The larger retail bond firms maintain a selling organization which is in personal touch with investors in many states. A few of the leading firms for all practical purposes cover with their organizations the bond markets of the country and enjoy more or less representation abroad.

Sometimes two or more firms will act jointly. It often happens that public offerings are subscribed for many times over. Sellers provide for this contingency by reserving the right to reject any applications or to allot a smaller amount than applied for. If the total amount offered is not subscribed for, the remainder is sold privately in the same manner as bonds not offered publicly.

It may be years before an issue is absorbed so that it becomes difficult to execute an order to buy. But it is eventually the normal fate of every issue, no matter how large, to be taken practically out of the market; that is, practically all the bonds become laid away in the strong boxes of investors.

There are wholesalers of bonds and retailers of bonds, and some dealers who combine the two. Again, some firms deal exclusively in bonds while others deal in both bonds and stocks, that is, they buy and sell stocks on the Exchange on commission and for their own account as well as deal in bonds. There will be found among security firms representation of each of the almost imperceptible gradations between a purely bond-dealing firm on the one hand and a purely so-called "stock-house" on the other, the latter's

business being entirely confined to stock transactions except that occasional bond orders may be executed on commission.

It is a fact, not generally known, perhaps, that some of the largest bond firms are not even members of the Stock Exchange. It is not necessary for a purely bond firm to be. A great deal of its business is in unlisted specialties. Even with listed bonds, it can more often than not buy and sell to better advantage outside the Exchange. When occasion requires, it does business on the Exchange through a broker. The daily transactions in bonds "outside" the Exchange by dealers is a great many times the volume on the Exchange, and this is true of many listed issues.

From what has been stated it should be apparent that it is to the investor's advantage, particularly that of the individual investor, to become the client of a well equipped firm who will keep his requirements in mind and inform him of offerings likely to be of interest. If he depends upon the press to keep informed he will miss many advantageous offerings that are not publicly announced. Besides, the investor who shops around cannot command the same interest on the part of a dealer as they take in their "clients."

The Principal Sources of Investment.

The funds available for bond investment, which gradually absorb securities, come chiefly from the following sources:

1. The savings banks—representing the savings of the common people.
2. Funds of life and fire insurance companies.
3. Funds of educational, charitable and benevolent institutions.
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Legal Investment Bonds.

Bonds which are by law a legal investment for savings banks are known as "legal investment bonds" and are often purchased by trustees and others who seek for the ultra-conservative in securities. Among bond men, however, the class known as "legal investments" does not apply to the bonds which savings banks of all states may purchase, but more particularly to the bonds legal in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey.

In many states, the savings bank laws are not an unerring guide to a conservative investment. The fact that savings banks in such states are universally safe is largely due to the integrity and ability of their officers who appreciate that the savings deposit amounts to a "trust."

The four states named, however, have such stringent laws governing investments of savings banks that any bonds legal for them to purchase are generally regarded as gilt-edged. The investor, therefore, who wants gilt-edged bonds can find no better guide than the savings bank laws of the states named. Any investment banker will make offerings of bonds that conform to the statutes. The banker can also be of much assistance in making advantageous selections.

Many of the "legal" bonds have a broad loan and sale market. The individual can buy perfectly safe bonds which are not legal in the states named and obtain a more liberal yield.

Bonds as a Reserve for Business Men.

There is a growing tendency among business men to maintain a reserve in standard bonds against the time of stress. The panic of 1907, like every other panic, caught a great many business men off their guard. Some had taken the precaution in good times to prepare for emergencies; others, through superhuman effort, pulled through the trying period, but many are the stories that might be told of that strenuous time.

Most men of long experience have walked the floor in times of tight money. Many men frequently face a payroll hanging over a depleted bank account.

The great weakness of the average business man is to overreach. Because money employed in the business pays 20% or 30%, he crowds the earnings to the last notch. This is not wise. The conservative thing is to be prepared for emergencies which are bound to occur in every business.

A new business, perhaps, is forced to chance it with fortune. But as soon as possible some plan of protection against the time of stress should be adopted and adhered to.

The best plan of emergency protection ever devised, according to a well known authority, and one which is followed by thousands of business men, is to maintain a reserve in standard bonds. In some cases the business itself owns

the bonds; in other cases, the partners carry the reserve personally. But in either case, securities are owned which are readily available for loan or cash sale. A mortgage bond of the Illinois Central R. R., for instance, may not pay a high rate of interest, but it pays more than if the funds were on deposit, and it is salable even in panic times.

Some firms have acquired their reserve in bonds by putting their investment banker on the weekly or monthly payroll for a definite amount. A valuable feature of the plan, especially in a young business, is that it leads to saving instead of spending, a virtue as valuable for a business as for an individual.

Systematic Saving and Investment.

In order to have any kind of investment, it is necessary to save. Thrift is a habit. Saving has very well been called the corner-stone of all investment, and it is astonishing to realize to what imposing sums a very small amount of money will grow if only saved regularly.

Benjamin Franklin, who was an authority on such matters, once declared that it was by saving alone that the working man could ever attain wealth.

The business or professional man or woman whose income exceeds his or her requirements is likely to have more money safely invested at the end of one or five years if savings deposits are made or securities bought with regularity. Savings banks furnish an abundance of evidence that, other things being equal, the customer who deposits regularly every week or every month usually has a larger balance at the end of a given period than the customer who follows no regular plan of saving.

When it comes to investing the funds saved, the value of system is again apparent. Some investors are haphazard. They permit their funds to pile up in the banks, often without earning adequate interest return, simply because they have no adequate investment system. Often these people will decide in favor of a certain security but neglect to buy it at the time and when they get around to it find it necessary to pay a higher price in order to secure it.

Another application of system to investment is the diversification of the funds. This contemplates putting but a small proportion of one's resources into any one issue, class of issue or locality. Unforeseen circumstances which may have a negative effect on the securities of a particular locality, line of business or enterprise, will not seriously affect the investor's principal or income if he has systematically diversified his investments.

For bond buyers, a leading investment firm has suggested the following plan of diversification as calculated to afford the widest distribution, coupled with safety and the highest average yield consistent therewith. In special cases, of course, a modification of the plan to suit the requirements would be necessary.

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The last East Side stories by Myra Kelly have just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, under the title of *Little Aliens*, (\$1.50). Here once more the children of the East Side, with their queer notions and their picturesque manner of talk, are made to live in print. 

Among the novels published by Duffield & Co., New York, is *The Emigrant Trail*, by Geraldine Bonner, author of "Rich Men's Sons," etc. Miss Bonner's new book tells the story of the adventures that befall a band of emigrants who take the overland trail from the Eastern States to the Pacific Coast in 1849, and whose experiences are woven into a romance intended to be typical of that period. 

By Inheritance, by Octave Thanet (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, \$1.50 postpaid). This new novel by the author of "The Man of the Hour," is a ripe, many-sided, illuminative story of American life to-day, dealing with one of the most serious of our national problems. 

The River and I, by John G. Neihardt (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is the rather unusual title of the Nebraska Poet's latest book. In it he tells the story of his descent of the Missouri in quest of exercise, adventure, and impressions. That he got all he bargained for, and perhaps a little more is not to be wondered at. Being a poet as well as a man of action, the adventurer had an experience which his temperament and tastes qualified him to enjoy to the full—and his recital makes as thrilling a narrative as one is apt to find. 

A useful book for the housekeeper, and one that tends toward the modern idea of looking upon housekeeping as a science, is *The American Woman's Cook Book* (Laird & Lee, Chicago, \$1.50). In addition to a great number of household recipes of all sorts, including some that are new, there are several chapters dealing with various phases of the housekeeper's art and offering advice and suggestions in terse form. There are chapters devoted to menus and to foods for each month, and to instruction as to the time required to cook and digest different kinds of food. 

Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years, by Richard Hoffman, with Memoir by Mrs. Hoffman

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.65; illustrated), brings back to us delightful memories of musicians and musical affairs here and in England. The account of Mendelssohn's leading of the "Elijah" at Manchester; of Jenny Lind and her appearance at Castle Garden, and her tour of this country under P. T. Barnum; these and other reminiscences form a fascinating book. 

A courageous and brilliant story is *The First Round*, by a new author, St. John Lucas (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, \$1.25 net), in which a boy of unusual musical promise is introduced to us in the robust but uncongenial surroundings of an English public school. His life here, his bitter experience in a law office, his final rebellion and entrance upon his musical career are portrayed with admirable feeling. 

The Lord's Prayer, Its Meaning and Message Today, by Charles F. Aked (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, \$1.00 net), is a series of seven sermons on the Lord's Prayer, showing the aptness of the requests to present-day life. It is devotional and expository and stimulating, but not exegetical nor technical. The application to modern conditions is exceptionally good. 

Gwenda, the latest book from the pen of Mabel Barnes-Grundy, author of "Hazel of Heatherland," "Hilary on Her Own," etc., is just published by the Baker & Taylor Co., New York, \$1.50. It portrays the story of two loves—one that failed, followed by one that succeeded. A book that flashes with wit, and touches the feelings with the tenderest sentiment, and holds the reader's interest with the grip of a vital story. 

Another recent publication by The Baker & Taylor Co. is *The Owls of St. Ursula's*, by Jane Brewster Reid (\$1.25). The pranks and escapades of four girls at boarding school give the matter for this story. But it is told with a spirit and dash—a vivid realization of the time, the place, and the persons, and a delicate sentiment that suggests an autobiographic basis for the narrative. 

The Conquest of Disease Through Animal Experimentation, by James P. Warbasse, M.D., author of "Medical Sociology," treats of the relations of human life to the lower animals from the aspect of biology, with special reference to the in-

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The Master Girl, by Ashton Hilliers (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$1.25), is a vivid picture of prehistoric times, when the wife-hunter prowled around the cave of the savage woman he intended to appropriate. Into this life of hard necessity, of physical conflict, of constant peril and unceasing vigilance, is introduced a love affair between a savage man and a savage woman that presents a blending of tenderness and savagery typical of an age when love and hate were more deeply-rooted passions than they are to-day.



The History of the Confederate War: Its Causes and Conduct, by George Cary Eggleston (Sturgis & Walton, New York, 2 vols., \$4.00 net). This is a dramatic story of the great struggle between North and South, historically and critically accurate, free from bewildering detail, and with a stirring epic note in the narrative.



A valuable book to all who are interested in the New Thought is *The Hygiene of the Soul*, by Gustav Pollak (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, \$1.20 net). It brings before the American public for the first time one of the earliest and most successful attempts to present in popular form the question of the power of the will to influence the mind.



The Godparents, by Grace Sartwell Mason (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$1.10 net; postpaid, \$1.19). A unique and charming story, which relates how a young woman just about to sail for Europe is hurried from the steamer by a strange young man and, chaperoned only by her maid, camps out in the mountains of Pennsylvania for three idyllic weeks to save a young boy from designing persons.



The Making of a Play (Jerome H. Remick & Co., New York, \$1.00) is the latest, most concise, most complete publication on the art of playwriting. It deals with the stage as it is to-day; it explains technical terms; it sets forth certain rules that are inviolable in play-writing, and warns the reader against the many mistakes which are almost invariably made by the uninitiated; it tells what should be done and how to do it. In short, it shows just how a play should be built up from the rise of the curtain to the end of the last act, and gives all necessary information for negotiation of the manuscript after its completion.



Mrs. Voynich's new novel, *An Interrupted Friendship*, is just published by The Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.50. The author's work

has that wonderful quality in great fiction of making imaginary characters live with an insistent vitality, so that they haunt the memory as do only a few remarkable human beings. Her "Gadfly," who reappears in this volume, is a case in point.



Letters of a Physician to His Daughters, by F. A. Rupp, M.D. (The Vir Pub. Co., Philadelphia, board covers, 50 cents net). During the past few years not only physicians and surgeons, but even ecclesiastical conventions have advised the widest possible dissemination of judicious information concerning the influences which are annually sending so many innocent, unoffending and unsuspecting wives to the operating table. This booklet contains the earnest counsel of a judicious father, who is also a physician, to his daughters, and the information and counsel which it gives upon these vital subjects are couched in terms of utmost delicacy. They are heart to heart talks with young girls, seeking to safeguard them before marriage by intelligence upon the pernicious consequences of accepting without question the friendship of young men whose lives have been unrestrained by manly honor.



A Disciple of Chance, by Sara Dean (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, \$1.50), is a rapid story of swords, love and fortune. "One man's life against another man's fortune." These were the stakes of a wager made after a night of gambling. The consequences proved very exciting to the brilliant and reckless young Earl against whom the conspiracy was made.



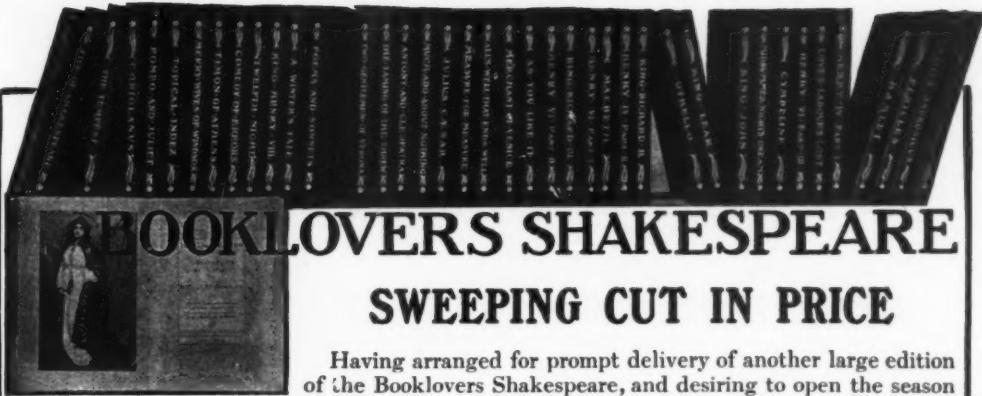
Bianca's Daughter, by Justus Miles Forman (Harper & Brothers, New York), is a society story—plus a mystery. A girl born to wealth who has lived in seclusion with her taciturn father, comes to New York and meets—a man, naturally. But when her father hears the man's name he is furious—and the story rushes on in a very original fashion.



White Magic, by David Graham Phillips (D. Appleton & Co., New York, \$1.50), is the story of a courtship, swift, graceful and bright, and shows how a woman may propose so that the man believes he did it. The book is illustrated by Wenzell.



Indoor Gardening, by Eben E. Rexford (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, \$1.50). Here the amateur gardener will learn much concerning the different kinds of flowers, their care and development, something of soils, window and veranda gardens, pots, drainage, fertilizers, insects, seedlings, bulbs, decorations, the implements required, etc. The book contains a colored frontispiece and 32 illustrations throughout.



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Legal Investment Bonds.

BONDS which are by law a legal investment for savings banks are known as "legal investment bonds," and are often purchased by Trustees and others who seek for the ultra-conservative in securities.

The nature of Savings Institutions and the character of their business requires the exercise of the greatest caution in the making of investments. It is but natural that the statutes governing such investments have come to be regarded as a valuable guide in the selection of investment securities. Particularly is this true of the states of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Connecticut, by reason of the greater stringency of their laws over those of most other states.

It is not feasible here to publish a digest of the statutes of the various states relating to investments in bonds. We do present the salient features of the New York law as regards bond investments since, taken as a whole, it is probably the best Savings Bank investment law in the Union. Those interested in securing a digest of all the States can doubtless procure same from one of the leading bond firms.

New York State.

The trustees of any savings bank may invest the moneys deposited therein and the income derived therefrom only as follows: (The following does not present the full enactment, but only the principal features relating specifically to bonds.)

In the stocks or bonds or interest-bearing notes or obligations of the United States, or those for which the faith of the United States is pledged to provide for the payment of the interest and principal, including the bonds of the District of Columbia.

In the stocks or bonds or interest-bearing obligations of this State, issued pursuant to the authority of any law of the State.

In the stocks or bonds or interest-bearing obligations of any State of the United States (under certain specific restrictions).

In the stocks or bonds of any city, county, town or village, school district bonds and union free school district bonds issued for school purposes, or in the interest-bearing obligations of any city or county of this State, issued pursuant to the authority of any law of the State for the payment of which the faith and credit of the municipality issuing them are pledged. Also in first mortgage bonds of railroads under certain restrictions.

Following the foregoing enactment is given

in the statute a list of mortgage bonds of railroads which are expressly made legal, within certain limitations. It is also provided that the mortgage bonds of railroads whose lines are leased or operated or controlled by any railroad in the list given may be purchased, providing such bonds meet certain requirements specified.

The statute further allows the purchase of mortgage bonds of any railroad corporation incorporated under the laws of any of the United States, which actually owns in fee not less than five hundred miles of standard gage railway, exclusive of sidings, providing such bonds conform to various specified requirements.

It is stipulated that not more than twenty-five per centum of the assets of any savings bank shall be loaned or invested in railroad bonds, and not more than ten per centum in the bonds of any one railroad corporation of this State or operated by such railroads, and not more than five per centum in the bonds of any other railroad coming within the statute requirements. (Chap. 689, L. of 1892; Chap. 440, L. of 1893; Chap. 813, L. of 1895; Chap. 454, L. of 1896; Chap. 386, L. of 1897; Chap. 598, L. of 1902; Chap. 401, L. of 1895.)

Other States.

Connecticut admits the stock of trust companies and banks in Connecticut, New York City and Boston; also municipal bonds in many States under certain restrictions.

Massachusetts admits approved bonds, under limitations, of street railways located wholly or partly in the State and incorporated therein.

The foregoing will serve to indicate the general trend of conservative enactments as regards bond investments of savings banks. It should be borne in mind, however, that the enactments of the different States vary considerably, and that in some States either there are no restrictions or their character is such as to be of little service to the general investor.

As evidence of the stringency of the New York State law to which we have paid particular attention herewith, it is claimed that no savings bank depositor in New York State has lost a dollar in over thirty years. Occasionally a bank has closed its doors, usually in panic times, and sometimes the depositors have had a long wait for all their money, but it eventually came through as securities were liquidated.

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FINANCE DEPARTMENT

The individual investor can buy perfectly safe bonds which are not legal in the four States previously named and obtain a much more liberal yield as a rule. A majority of individual investors wisely prefer to do so. At the present time, second grade bonds of assured safety and market are in greater demand with non-restricted investors.

Buying Bonds for Income Only.

Thousands of investors, and their number is rapidly growing, invest with a view to permanency. Now, if the investor does not need his money, why should he pay for a broad market?

Banks and certain other types of investors want bonds of assured market, because they must be in position to convert their bonds, at least a part of them, into cash at any time.

But John Doe, who lives on the income of his bonds and buys with the expectation of holding to maturity, does not need to pay for a broad market. Yet many who do not need the broad market pay for it; just the same as the average individual will pay for fire insurance covering a variety of articles he does not own and, therefore, could not recover on if he had a fire.

With bonds, as with other commodities, you get what you pay for it (if you deal with reliable parties) and you pay for what you get.

It is entirely practical in these times to secure five per cent. with safety and reasonable, if narrow, market. Five per cent. and broad market indicates a lesser degree of safety, altho not necessarily to the danger point. There are safe bonds paying a higher rate, but of narrow market or none at all. For instance, among the various irrigation issues on or about a six per cent. basis which have been placed on the market within the past two years are a few of undoubted merit and which have been recommended by firms of the highest standing. There is no reliable resale market provided. One prominent Eastern firm some two years ago, in offering bonds of this type to their clients, said in substance: "While we have never dealt in irrigation bonds before, we do not hesitate to recommend the within-described issue, since we are fully assured as to its safety after analyzing the results of an exhaustive examination which we caused to be made. However, our usual policy of aiming to maintain a resale market on securities sold by us does not apply in this case. These bonds mature serially up to ten years. Clients are advised to select the maturity to which they can conveniently keep the funds employed and buy with the idea of holding to maturity." It is an interesting fact in this connection that the firm has never refused to bid for these irrigation bonds whenever clients have wished to sell, and they have paid over par for them too at times. The foregoing is intended to impress upon investors that they must not expect a dependable resale market on securities yielding much over five per cent., unless they are willing to take chances with the feature of safety.

There is no doubt but that the market for Public Utility bonds of assured value yielding five per cent. or more is rapidly expanding. This is partly due to increased cost of living, making a higher interest rate necessary with the man who lives on the income from his bonds, and partly due to the demonstrated safety of really good Public Utility issues.

There is but one safe way to buy these higher yield bonds. Buy of investment bankers who are honest and able, who specialize in such issues; who have expert machinery for their proper investigation and protection; who surround their offerings with every safeguard; and who consider their clients' protection and the integrity of their own reputation of more importance than any immediate profit.

There are such dealers and their recommendations are reliable. Such dealers are usually able to provide a prompt resale market on their specialties even tho they have a very narrow market. It is a part of the service these dealers conceive it their duty to render. And it is good business.

Loaning on City Property.

A correspondent inquires what rules there are, if any, governing conservative loans on city real estate. A leading New York mortgage company "rejects vacant land as security for mortgage loans." First, because, until a demand arises for its use, it lacks utility and hence intrinsic value, this being the result of net rent capitalized. Second, vacant land yields no income, necessitating payment of interest and taxes from other sources of revenue possessed by the owner.

Rejects Special Utilizations. By this term is meant churches, factories, theaters, clubs, coal-yards, etc. These lack the element of convertability or a quick and sure market, and they are difficult, sometimes impossible, to rent. Undoubtedly a foreclosed church could be sold, but the market for it would be severely restricted, to say the least.

Rejects Land Unsuitably Improved. By this is meant buildings out of proportion to the value of the land, or unsuited to the locality. For example, an expensive private residence on the Bowery, or a new tenement at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street.

The basis of all value in real estate is utility, which is evidenced by rent, the capitalization of which forms value. The most frequent error of inexperienced lenders is to be too strongly influenced by handsome external appearances and too little by the net income and capitalization rate.

The making of mortgage loans in a city like New York is a special business, requiring expert knowledge, experience and skill, as well as an expensive system of keeping up records of daily transactions affecting New York real estate. It is well, therefore, in buying city mortgages, to deal with a reliable firm or institution which possesses the necessary experience, skill and facilities.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, will publish this month a volume entitled *He Restores My Soul*, which is to appear anonymously. The book, which is being brought out in England under the imprint of Elliot Stock, is an attempt to strip Christianity of its formal element, to arrive at its essence, and to show its application to present-day life and existing conditions. The author shows how through the perversion of the instinct of self-preservation into the vice of selfishness much of the evil of the world has arisen. The author attacks many of the tendencies of the day both in America and in England.

One of the recent publications by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, is *Danbury Rodd, Aviator*, by Frederick Palmer (\$1.50). It is a great flying-machine story—a rapid, thrilling narrative of navigation in the air. In Rodd, the hero, is presented the ideal driver of the aeroplane—cool, resourceful, intrepid. Like the knights of the past he seeks adventure and the ideal woman—he finds both.

Kilmeny of the Orchard, by L. M. Montgomery (L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.25), is the newest volume from the pen of the author of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea." It is a love story, charming and novel. Kilmeny Gordon, the beautiful heroine, who is dumb, is one of those rare and unusual characters who wins the reader's attention and sympathy from the moment she enters the pages of the book. The book is illustrated in color by George Gibbs.

Marion Harland's Autobiography (Harper & Bros., New York). Marion Harland has been induced to write the story of her own life—a story more intimate and interesting than any novel. It might be called the story of a good woman, so full is it of all that makes life worth while to most of us. It has a wide range as well, for close friendships with famous people and intimate personal contact with important affairs for many years was Marion Harland's daily portion. This book is an inspiration toward better living.

Delightful pictures of the famous "blue-stockings" of the eighteenth century are given in *Famous Blue-Stockings*, by Ethel Rolt Wheeler (John Lane Co., New York). From them "we learn in minute detail the life of the times, find out what people thought, what they talked of,

what they wrote of; discover how they passed the day, surprise their occupations, their amusements, the hours of their meals, and of what those meals consisted; and all the while be in the company, sometimes delightful, sometimes soothing, but always pleasant, of women distinguished in their own age, the vigor of whose personality has survived down to the present day."

—♦—
A new volume of short stories from the pen of Sidney Porter, more familiarly known as O. Henry, is published under the title of *Strictly Business* (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York). The characters are taken from every stratum of society. There is the thug of the lower East Side, the Fifth Avenue millionaire, and those that are between, such as the vaudeville actor, the shop girl, the magazine editor, the lawyer, the confidence man and the restaurant cashier. Altogether these stories are very good reading.

—♦—
The Head Coach, by Ralph D. Paine (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50) is a great football story—the romantic story of a young clergyman and of his fight for clean sport and straight football in a small down-East college, where, with his record as former Yale center, he acts as Head Coach; of his equally absorbing fight against odds in winning the girl he loves.

—♦—
There are girls and girls, scores of them, and all interesting ones too, all through *Commencement Days*, by Virginia Church (L. C. Page & Co., Boston). This is a novelization of the play of the same name, which had a successful run a few seasons ago. There are three distinct love affairs in the plot, all in admirable contrast. The book is attractively illustrated with twelve full-page illustrations reproduced from scenes from the original production.

—♦—
Franklin Winslow Kane, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (The Century Co., New York; \$1.50). This new novel by the popular author is the story, exquisitely told, of two men and two women, and of the unraveling of their strangely tangled love affairs. The scenes, laid first in Paris, later in the English country, are drawn with rare skill.

—♦—
The Right Stuff, by Ian Hay (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.20 net). A novel of English life, with a Scottish hero and a humor all its own. The Right Stuff is the stuff real people

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Rex Beach



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This new story is all about a house-party on a Western ranch—they are a jolly group of young people. Trouble arises from the fact that the hero has led his friends to believe he is an athlete, when, as a matter of fact, he never did anything more athletic than lead the cheering for the others. His predicament and that of a fat man who is with him as his "trainer" form a humorous background for dashing love romance.

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The welcome to this new novel has been quick, sincere, admiring. The Chicago Record-Herald says: "His hero, Cavanagh, is a man of Gifford Pinchot's own mettle." The Philadelphia North American declares "this drama of the present day deals powerfully and realistically with important affairs and elemental passions. Its hero is a type of the new, law-abiding, hustling West." And the Chicago Examiner finds the novel "photographically perfect and atmospherically delightful."

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are made of, and the author knows them and writes about them in a fresh, amusing, and highly individual vein.

A recent publication by Thos Y. Crowell & Co., New York, is *The Winning of Immortality*, by Frederic Palmer (\$1.00 net, postpaid \$1.10). It is the sanest and most reasonable discussion of the problem of a future life that has appeared in several years.

An Approach to Walt Whitman, by Carleton Noyes (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.25 net, postpaid \$1.37). For any one desiring to get at the true spirit and meaning of Walt Whitman's poetry, there could be no better introduction than this compact and illuminating volume. Mr. Noyes, who has made a life-long study of Whitman, writes of him with peculiar insight and clarity.

The Life of Me, by Ethel Shackelford (Dodge Pub Co., New York; \$1.50), is the humorous hit of the year. A most amusing autobiography (supposedly by a baby) written cleverly by a most observing woman. There's wit on every page that calls forth a laugh for its fun and at the same time conveys a sermon that sticks to the memory like a burr. The book is cleverly illustrated.

The New Baedeker: Casual Notes of an Irresponsible Traveler, by Harry Thurston Peck (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York). This is an illustrated book, telling in humorous unconventional manner of places chosen at random—Berlin, Utica, Atlantic City, Brussels, Winnipeg, Trenton Falls, Liverpool and Havre.

A novel entitled *The Morning Star*, by H. Rider Haggard, is among the recent books published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York, in which Mr. Haggard describes some of the mysteries and black magic of the ancient Egyptians. Tua, or Morning Star, the daughter of Pharaoh, is the heroine. She is described as being a girl of great beauty, and the story of her love for Rames, and the perils she goes through for his sake furnish the plot of the novel.

Recollections of a Varied Life, by George Cary Eggleston (Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$2.75 net). This is a vivid book filled with good anecdotes of life in Indiana and Virginia before the war, of the Civil War, and of literary life in New York. "Jeb Stuart," "Fitz Lee," Beaufort, Grant, Frank R. Stockton, John Hay, Stedman, Bryant, Parke Godwin, "Mark Twain," Gossé, Pulitzer, Laffan, and Schurz are among the many who appear.

A search for a lost gold claim, beside a mysterious lake of the shadows, and a subsequent struggle for its control with a group of tricky

financiers, form the plot of *The Gold Trail*, by Harold Bindloss (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York; \$1.30 net, postpaid, \$1.42). It is a thrilling tale of a man who can fight and deserves to win.

The Girl Wanted, by Nixon Waterman (Forbes & Co., Chicago, \$1.25), shows the various ways in which a young girl can make herself "wanted" wherever she is known. It tells young women in cheerful, friendly, practical talks how they can mould their temperaments and shape their characters to sweetest and noblest influence.

The Education of Women, by Marion Talbot (University of Chicago Press, Chicago; \$1.37 postpaid). A book which treats of the increasing influence of women during the nineteenth century; their advent into industrial and commercial spheres; their admission to colleges and universities; their development along civic, philanthropic, domestic, and social lines; and aims to show how the educational system should be modified, extended, and developed to bring it into accord with the changed occupations, interests, and responsibilities of women.

The Daughters of Suffolk, by William Jasper Nicolls (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia). An absorbing romance of the Middle XVI. Century, in which the life stories of the Lady Jane Grey and her sister, Lady Katherine Grey, are appealingly interwoven. The book contains twenty-four illustrations from rare old prints.

Through Afro-America, An English Reading of the Race Problem, by William Archer (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, \$3.00 net). This is one of the first presentations of the negro problem in the South by one who has the prejudices of neither North nor South. Mr. Archer, well known as a critic, here presents the color problem from various points of view, and suggests a temper by which it is to be approached by men of both races.

A swiftly-moving novel of adventure is *The Sky Man*, by Henry Kitchell Webster (The Century Co., New York; \$1.20 net, postpaid, \$1.31). It is not a story of aviation, although incidentally the hero uses a flying machine, but a great love story in which the hero and the heroine are forced to live a Robinson Crusoe life during a long arctic night.

The Illustrious Prince, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50). The author is at his best here. The startling methods of the American Ambassador and an English Duke to circumvent an Oriental plot form the basis of this new Oppenheim story. The book is illustrated by Will Foster.



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PUBLICATION of "Chantecler"—the cleverest and most talked of drama of the century—will commence in HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE for June. The exclusive rights for publication in English have been secured by this magazine and the translation has been made by Miss Gertrude Hall—the genius who helped make "Cyrano" so fascinating. The June issue of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE will contain the first act of "Chantecler" complete. Subsequent acts will be published in the July, August and September issues. All acts will be most profusely and exquisitely illustrated in colors.

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Financial and industrial conditions vitally affect every phase of national life, as well as the material welfare of every individual. In this section we shall give each month not only the financial and industrial news essential to students of all national problems, but in addition such information as may serve to guide the individual investor and to safeguard him against "wild-cat investments."

A NOTICEABLE business development in recent years has been the constantly increasing popularity of real estate and securities based upon it as mediums for investment. The fundamental idea which is found the world round that land is the basis of all values, the one ascertainable and demonstrable value of eternally increasing demand and fixed supply is simply and logically reflected in this situation. Here is a great investment field which the fluctuations of the stock and bond market do not affect, which fashions do not change nor new inventions depreciate. Its value is fixed by the value of the use to which it can be put and that use can readily be determined by any intelligent man.

There is, moreover, a considerable sentiment attached to investment in real estate. Man finds in the earth the beginning and the ending of human wealth and into it he feels that human wealth may well be placed. It is most intimately associated with his living needs. Men may vary as they please in their tastes as to clothes and food and occupation, but they must all live on land and draw their sustenance directly or indirectly from the land. In spite of the American's desire and opportunity for individual land ownership and his appreciation of its value, as a nation we have been backward in the development of investments based on real estate as compared with the elder nations of Europe. Only as we move out of the more speculative stages of our tremendous industrial expansion and transportation developments, will we begin to appreciate, and then more and more, the value of real estate and its securities for the safe and profitable employment of money. The developments of the past few years in the business world have done much to hasten this day, and public attention is slowly being forced to the abiding, though not spectacular, facts of the real values that lie therein.

Industrial and financial exploitations and governmental regulations and impositions have combined to render the value of securities thus involved unstable and their earning power problematical. In real estate investment these conditions do not prevail. Within reasonable limits, both values and earning power can be fixed and the various quantities of the equation are for the most part known. It is logical that where a good many minds have grasped this great underlying truth in part there should be a great many different lines of approach to it and methods by which each seeks to profit by it.

The first and simplest sort of real estate investment is, of course, that of direct ownership as evidenced by a deed to real estate familiar to all. Next in popular understanding is the direct mortgage upon real estate, the mortgage being issued as collateral for a note or a bond covering the obligation of the real estate owner to the money loaner, which merely provides that in the event of default of payment of the note or bond the real estate shall become the property of the creditor. This has long been a favorite investment for conservative institutions and individuals, particularly savings banks, life insurance companies, trust companies and estates, but not until within recent years has it been popularized and put within the reach of the general investment public.

As a third type of investment in this line then logically come mortgage certificates or collateral trust notes or debentures, to the securing of which bonds and mortgages based upon real estate have been deposited and are held in trust. In this class of securities a large business has been built up by the mortgage bond companies, but it is still in its infancy and, compared with the volume of this business transacted by such an institution as the Credit Foncier of France, it is insignificant. A recent statement issued showed that three corporations in New York issuing such bonds have outstanding only about \$15,000,000 worth, whereas the last report of the Credit Foncier showed over \$800,000,000 then outstanding. In various other large cities of this country there are corporations issuing similar obligations, but the aggregate is still comparatively small, and the tremendous opportunity for development along this line obvious.

There is still another real estate mortgage bond which is in effect, however, a straight corporation bond representing direct ownership in the real estate and secured to the investor by a mortgage thereon placed in trust.

The amount of money that is placed directly and indirectly in these various types of real estate mortgages in this country is, of course, large. It is estimated that there is now outstanding in this country nearly three billion dollars' worth of mortgages. The three large mortgage companies in New York deal in over one hundred million dollars of mortgages a year. An examination of the financial statements of any of the large life insurance companies or savings banks will show how large a proportion of their accumulations are placed in this desirable security. The stability, tangibility

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and security behind this type of investment win it a deserved popularity among those seeking these qualities primarily.

The same plans and the same forms of securities above outlined as applicable to city property are found in connection with farm properties as well, and in the West particularly there has been a large field of investment in this class of securities both direct and indirect, and, in spite of some disastrous experiences in the early days of the West's development, these farm mortgages are today generally regarded as the best investments for those in position to look after them.

Moving out of the specific mortgage realm of real estate investment, we find various forms of securities issued and with increasing popularity. This form of institutional real estate investing, perhaps, finds its best examples in the large real estate corporations. Stock, certificates of indebtedness, contracts and debenture bonds, participating and non-participating, of various terms are found in this class of unsecured obligations, their value depending upon the credit of the issuing corporation and the quality of its supporting assets. These general obligations pay a somewhat higher rate of interest than the usual mortgage bond and often carry greater convertibility.

It is, after all, the business behind the bond that counts and the direct obligation of a sound institution with abundant good assets and established earning power often provides a better investment than a mortgage bond issued against property of uncertain value, in fluctuating demand and with problematical earning power.

The real estate business, and consequently securities based upon it, has some important safeguards thrown about it by law which are valuable to the investor, such as the enforced publicity of its operations. In New York, for instance, to buy, sell, mortgage, lease or improve a piece of real estate requires public record and consequent publication. This business already has the panacea of publicity.

Ill-informed critics frequently offering other forms of investment like to speak of real estate as "speculative," but as a matter of demonstrable fact well-located city real estate or good farm land are the least speculative commodities on earth. Their values are based upon fixed laws which operate with almost absolute certainty. Whatever industrial and social revolutions may upturn or alter, the land itself must be eternally useful, and its value must depend upon the worth of such use. Land is worth what it can be capitalized at. To that end, it may either be farm land, which produces crops, or city land occupied for business or residence purposes. In either case, its return to its owner measures its value. In good real estate are found in highest degree the two essential tests of the best investment—*inherent stability and profit earning power*. Securities properly based on such sound economic principles deserve the increasing popularity they are enjoying.

HOW I BECAME AN INVESTOR.

This article gives the actual experience of a young man who by his own efforts found a method of investing his savings advantageously.

I HAVE always known something of the value of money. When I was a child, my parents gave me no money that I did not earn, and, while I now see that they made easy opportunities for me to earn money, yet I grew up with the idea that there was no way to get money except by working for it. Naturally, I valued it more and respected it more than those boys who received allowances from their parents or who received sums of money outright as spending money.

Owing to the death of my parents, it became necessary early in life for me to support myself, and though I had succeeded in putting by, each year, a small sum in the savings bank, I found that it was necessary to draw on this in my early married life to meet the necessary expenses of house furnishing. Both my wife and I were, however, anxious to save something against a rainy day and we did without a number of small things that we wanted, in order to start the savings bank account again. We were considerably disappointed therefore when, shortly after the panic of 1907, the rather small interest of 4 per cent. that we were receiving from the savings bank was cut down to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

We occasionally heard stories from our neighbors of profits made by buying and selling stocks, but when we talked with different ones of these so-called investors about the final exact results of these speculations, we found that while some of them had made money for a time, it was an almost universal rule that at the end they were either just about even in their investments, or had lost the capital with which they had started.

As I talked to more people about Wall Street speculation, the reason for this became plain. Those who habitually deal in Wall Street securities make a life business of it. They take every possible opportunity to study all the news that may affect the stock market. They have at their disposal crop reports, railroad reports and the advice of others who are devoting all their time to that kind of business. It is not surprising that a man cannot make a success at stock speculation when he takes it up as a side issue, and when he has only such meager information as he can collect from talking to those who are on the outside and not on the inside of the great Wall Street business.

I became convinced that I did not want to operate in Wall Street either on margin or by actually buying and selling any of the ordinary active stocks that the stockbrokers seemed to trade in. In my perplexity I took my troubles to a prominent business man whose name I had noticed as trustee of the savings bank where I had been keeping my deposit. I told him frankly that $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was too small a return for my money and I asked him what I could do with my savings that would keep them safe but that would

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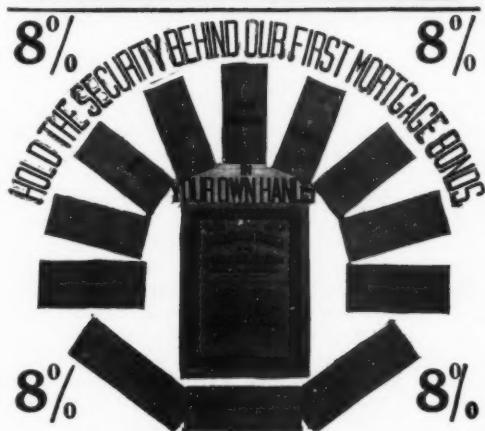
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also bring me a better return. He told me that the savings bank itself invested as much as it could in first mortgages on New York City real estate and the balance in what are known as high class bonds. He told me that there were numerous good railroad and city bonds where my money would be entirely safe, but they paid barely 4 per cent. and some of them not even that much. He told me that they were generally in denominations of \$500 or more and were an investment for a well-to-do man rather than a poor one.

New York City mortgages, said he, are even larger than the bonds, as people usually borrow from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. of the value of their property, so that it is very difficult to get a first mortgage of any kind for less than one or two thousand dollars. He explained to me that there were companies, strong enough to relieve the investor of all risk, that guaranteed the principal and interest of these mortgages and that these companies attended not only to the collection of interest, but payment of taxes, fire insurance and all of the details, and that they paid the interest on the date it was due whether or not they collected it.

He told me of a long established and well-known company in New York which had a plan for small investors based on these same guaranteed mortgages. It was devised to help people save money, and arranged so that I could invest as little as \$10 per month if I desired and receive in exchange for my money an interest in guaranteed first mortgages on New York City property. The repayment of the money invested was guaranteed absolutely, and I would receive 4½ per cent. interest on each \$10 from the time I turned it in until it came back to me.

I was a little puzzled to know why a company whose capital and surplus exceeded ten million dollars should be willing to offer an investment that allowed the payment of sums so small as \$10. I found that this company was engaged in the business of lending money on mortgages in New York City. When a property holder wanted a loan on his property he went to this company. The company had his property examined and appraised, and if he was willing to take a loan of the amount that the company was willing to lend, the company had the title searched and, if the title was good, loaned him the money, the borrower paying the charges therefor.

As the company made loans of this kind every day it would not take it very long to have all of its capital and surplus invested in good first mortgages on New York real estate. The company, therefore, must dispose of these mortgages in order to get its money back to make new loans to new borrowers and so make new fees.

The number of people who are financially able to invest in these large sums is small, and in order to find a way in which smaller investors could buy these mortgages and get just as good security as the large investors, the company hit

upon a plan of issuing mortgage certificates in amounts of \$200, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000. The mortgage certificates are really an assignment of a share in a number of mortgages that are grouped together into what is known as a series. I found that the payment of principal and interest was guaranteed by an associated company likewise having a large capital and surplus.

In order to make the investment even more popular and serve the small saver, the company was willing to sell \$200 certificates in twenty monthly payments of \$10 each. The interest was 4½ per cent. Some investigation on my part showed me that it was probably unwise for me to try to get over 4½ per cent. for my money. I found that the great mortgage investors in New York City, who spend a lifetime studying how to make the best use of their money were contented with 4½ and even 4 per cent. I became convinced that while there were investments paying higher rates there was more or less risk about them, and while there were people who could make 5 and 6 per cent. on their money, to do this safely it was necessary to invest it in some business enterprise where the owner of the money could watch it day and night. If a man is busy all day with something else and can not spend a great deal of time looking after his money he must find a place for it where he can be sure of its safety without any watching on his part, and I found that such investments did not pay over 4½ per cent., and that most of them did not pay that.

The company sent me a small book which contained a copy in miniature of the certificate that I would receive when I had paid for it in full. The book had in it, in addition to a form of contract, a page divided into twenty squares, into which I was to paste the receipt for each \$10 until the page was full. When the page was full I was to return the book and get for it in exchange my \$200 certificate, due in about five years from the date of my last payment. The statements contained in the pamphlet were so clear and convincing and the company's reputation so high that I decided to send in my \$10 per month. It took me a great deal less time to draw a check for \$10 and mail it to the company each month than it did to make a trip to the savings bank and stand in line until I could get a chance to put in my deposit. My receipts came back to me promptly, and at the end of the time I received my certificate in exchange for my book. With my first six months' interest I received the accumulated interest on the various \$10 payments that I had made. I was so well pleased with the plan that I bought several of the installment certificates and when these have expired and I get my money back I hope to buy one of the \$1,000 certificates or perhaps two of them.

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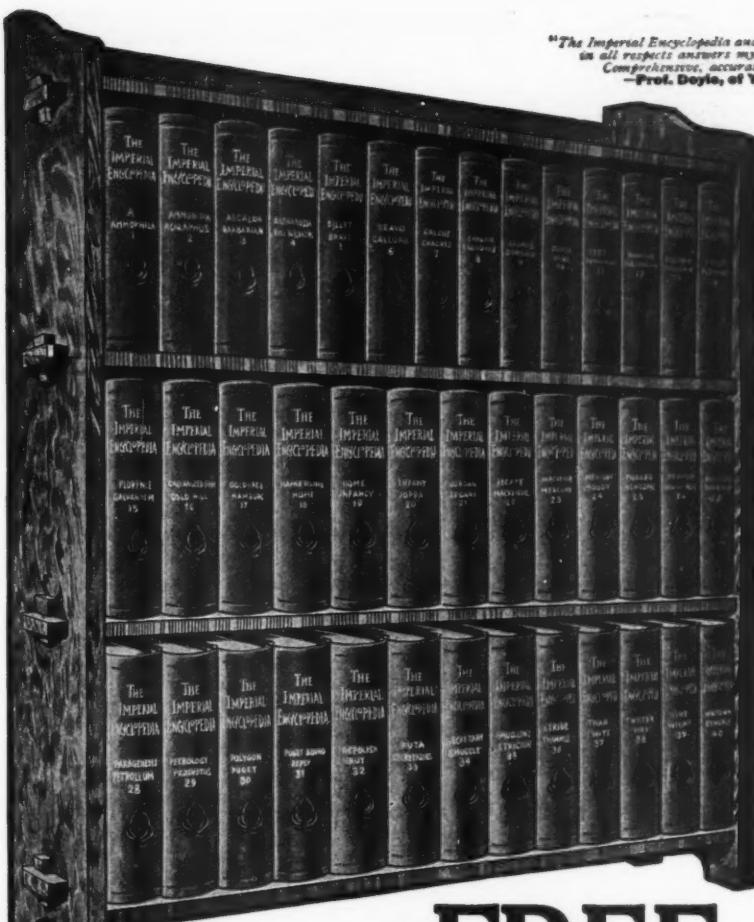
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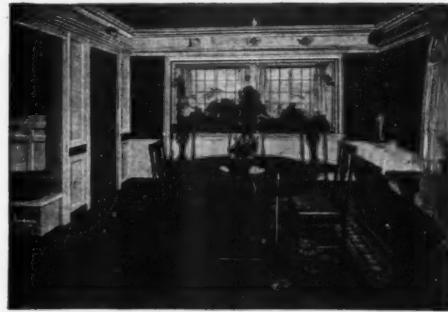
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Bank officials and other careful investors are doing so because there is no investment today that offers the money saver such large returns with positive security as the 7 per cent first

Mortgage Bonds of Peoples Portland Cement Co., which carry
a 50 per cent stock bonus to immediate buyers

In justice to yourself and those who depend upon you, read this article—it will prove profitable

Living expenses have doubled, wages have increased but little, while interest rates remain stationary or have receded. Thus money savers are obliged to find a way to make their funds earn better returns than formerly. This can be done by dealing directly with the big users of capital who are willing to sell their securities to the public upon the same liberal terms they usually concede to financial institutions. By doing this the investors receive THE FULL EARNING POWER OF THEIR MONEY instead of a fraction thereof, as heretofore.

Peoples Portland Cement Co. offers the money saver an opportunity to solve this problem of getting the "full earning power" of his money and the following facts and figures prove the claim.

Why We Invite Your Subscription

The great railways were built by direct and indirect public subscription.

Nearly every large enterprise requiring funds exceeding the personal ability of the organizers to supply, obtains same directly or indirectly from the public by the sale of bonds, stocks or other securities. The Pennsylvania Railroad sold many millions of bonds to the money-savers of Europe during 1907. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad sold \$50,000,000 worth of bonds the same year to the peasants (small farmers) of France.

The United States Steel Corporation 'tis said has over 200,000 stockholders, the majority of whom have invested small amounts of from \$100 to \$5,000. This ap-

plies to hundreds of big corporations and is an advantage. Like an individual, the more friends the better becomes a firm's position, but this is the least important reason why you are offered a special inducement to buy the Bonds of Peoples Portland Cement Co. We want quick action, because we can make an extra profit of about \$2,000 daily when our mill No. 2 is operating near Spokane, and every day's delay means the loss of just so much profit, which we wish to secure, hence the special and generous offer of a 50% stock bonus to those who immediately buy our bonds, which are secured by more than \$2,000,000 worth of property. (See statement of assets.)

This, and similar articles, are appearing in the prominent daily papers in the leading cities, and in the principal magazines for May and June, including McClure's, Cosmopolitan, Hampton's, System, The National, The Strand, Wide World, Pacific Monthly, Technical World, World To-day, Railroad Telegrapher, Pearson's, Current Literature, Human Life, and others. This offer direct to the investing public will quickly exhaust our bond issue.

Subscriptions are already coming in at a rate sufficient to justify a withdrawal of the stock bonus at an early date. It is therefore necessary, if you would participate in the earnings of this company, that you fill out the coupon in the lower left hand corner of the last page of this article, and send same with your remittance **IMMEDIATELY** to the Peoples Portland Cement Co.

The installment plan of 20% with your subscription and 20% in four monthly installments will be agree-

Trustees for bondholders: Chicago Title and Trust Company and William C. Niblack, Vice-President and Trust Officer, Chicago Title and Trust Co. An interim Bond Receipt will be issued, exchangeable for the Engraved Bonds when ready.

Over Three Hundred Thousand Dollars of this Issue has already been subscribed by the Directors and their friends and the balance is offered subject to withdrawal without further notice.

able to the company, but if convenient to pay your subscription in full, you will be credited with the interest on bonds from the date of your subscription.

How Money Will Be Used

The proceeds of this 7% bond issue will be devoted to the purchase and installation of new and modern machinery in our Mill No. 1 at Sandusky, Ohio, working capital, and the purchase, erection and installation of a new 2,000 barrel Mill No. 2 at Spokane, Washington, the center of the great Inland Empire of the Northwest.

The tremendous wave of concrete construction now sweeping this country and the consequent demand for Portland Cement is apparent to everyone, and no business to-day offers a more profitable field for prudent investors.

Our Sandusky mill, with its valuable clay, lime and coal lands, and its situation on rail and water, is assured of a permanent and profitable future, being able to meet any competition in the important ports of the Great Lakes.

Our Spokane mill will be in an even more fortunate position. This city is at present absolutely without any source of local supply.

Cement is selling there to-day for **two dollars and fifty cents a barrel and over**, the supply being hauled from Kansas, Canada and the Pacific Coast at a cost for freight ranging from **one dollar to two dollars and ten cents per barrel**.

Figuring on a cost of production of one dollar per barrel, a price higher than is known at any modern mill, and a selling price of only two dollars per barrel, which is less than cement has ever sold for in Spokane, our new mill will earn two thousand dollars per day, or more than sufficient to pay the entire bond interest ten times over.

Why You Should Buy Peoples Portland Cement Co.'s Securities

Compared with railroads (street and steam) and other great industrial enterprises, a failure of a cement company is rare indeed. The demand for Cement exceeds the supply and is constantly increasing with mills working night and day to keep up with their orders. The tremendous requirement for cement spells a cement famine soon. Prices are going up and orders for future delivery at present prices are being declined.

Special Advantages of the Peoples Portland Cement Co.

There is a limit to the well located, easily accessible deposits of high grade raw materials necessary to make the best quality of Portland cement and the well managed company controlling such deposits enjoys infinite advantages in addition to the fact that the demand for cement is so rapidly increasing, due to its many uses, that exceptional profits are practically insured for all time.

When completed, the two mills of Peoples Portland Cement Co. should earn about \$3,000 net profit each working day, or nearly \$1,000,000 each year, which after paying 7% interest on the bonds, and setting aside 10% for the redemption of same at maturity, should leave an annual balance of over \$800,000 to be paid in the form of dividends to stockholders, or, in other words, enough money should be earned annually in the way of surplus to pay a 40% dividend on the two millions of capital stock, thus making a market value for the stock of about \$400 per share.

After reading this announcement carefully if you realize, as some of the shrewdest investors do, that you will have difficulty in finding an opportunity to place your funds with greater safety and greater profit, fill out the coupon in the lower left hand corner of this announcement and attach your check, draft or money order and forward to us by return mail.

Double Security and More Back of Every Dollar You Invest.

Every investor wishes to know how his money is secured as well as what his probable profits may be. In reviewing our statement of profits, therefore, remember that our coal mine (we own free and clear the mineral rights to 500 acres of the best coal property in Ohio) can alone earn enough to pay the interest on our bonds for the full twenty years and redeem them at the end of that period entirely independent of the earnings to be derived from our cement plants.

It is intended, therefore, to increase the production of our mine and double or better the profits therefrom. This is another element of security and profit back of your money.

The Peoples Portland Cement Co.'s Mill No. 1 at Sandusky, Ohio (see illustration), which will be completed shortly, is estimated to have a net earning ability of \$800 per day, whereas in fact this will probably exceed \$1,000 per day. However, \$800 per day is sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds, redeem them and leave enough surplus for a 6% annual dividend upon the \$2,000,000 of capital stock. In other words, this mill earning only \$800 per day above operating costs will pay the 7% interest upon \$1,000,000 worth of bonds, redeem them and leave a large surplus for stock dividends. This is another element of security and profit back of your money.

Peoples Portland Cement Co.'s Mill No. 2 which is to be erected near Spokane, Washington, is estimated to have a net earning ability of \$2,000 per day or an annual net profit above operating cost of \$600,000 or \$12,000,000 in twenty years, sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds, redeem same and leave an enormous surplus to apply, during this period, as dividends on the capital stock.

The reader will readily appreciate the fact that in addition to the actual tangible assets of the company conservatively estimated at more than \$2,000,000 and which represent the immediate security back of the bonds, the earning power from these various sources is of such magnitude as to make it fair to conclude that in addition to absolute safety it would be difficult to find any investment which can compare with the securities of the Peoples Portland Cement Co. The properties scheduled under "statement of assets" will, according to the intention of the company be materially added to, thus further increasing the security back of the bonds. Considering these facts the stock bonus offered is generous in the extreme and the said stock should naturally become worth considerably more than par (\$100 per share), and the estimated worth of \$400 per share after both mills are operating is probably more nearly correct.

The history of stock given with the bonds of other cement companies, operating under less favorable circumstances, shows a profit incredible without examination. As an example of what bankers think of Cement securities, we quote a few of many opinions, all of which are excellent:

The Crocker National Bank

San Francisco, Cal. Dear Sir: Referring to your favor of the 20th inst. we have obtained the following information regarding the companies you inquired about:

Standard Portland Cement Company. 40,000 shares, par value \$100, \$4,000,000. Authorized bond issue \$500,000. Outstanding at the present time \$272,000. Bears 6%. Coupons mature May and November. Have paid in dividends \$515,000. Old stock bid as high as \$150. Yours truly, W. GREGG, Jr., Cashier. NOTE: The above stock value represents a clear gain to investors, as the plants were built on the bond issues and the stock was a bonus to investors given with the bonds.

This is one style of the famous Cement houses which

Thomas A. Edison invented—can be built in a half day. The use of Cement for these buildings will be enormous, as nearly all can own their own homes.

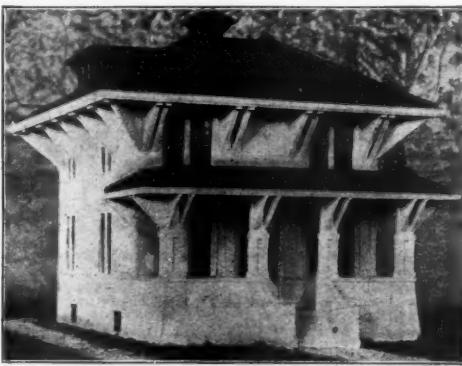


Illustration furnished by The Cement Wld.

"I will build this house for you next summer in twelve hours for \$1,000."—Thomas A. Edison.

First National Bank

Easton, Pa. Dear Sir: In reply to your favor of the 23rd, we beg to say that the Alpha Portland Cement Co. stock has been selling here for about \$135 per share, par \$100. While \$135 was recently offered for the stock the offer was refused. It is regarded here that the stock is worth at least \$150 per share. Very truly yours, C. H. S. T. SNYDER, Cashier.

What Your Money Should Earn

Two \$100 bonds will bring you 7% (\$14) annually, payable each six months. You will receive free \$100 worth of stock, the estimated dividend earning power of which is about 40% (\$40) annually, thus making the stock worth about \$400 per share, or \$600 for an investment of \$200.

A \$500 bond will bring you 7% (\$35) annually, payable each six months. You will receive free \$250 worth of fully paid, non-assessable stock, the estimated dividend earning power of which is about 40% (\$100) annually, thus giving your stock an estimated market value of \$1,000, or \$1,500 for an investment of \$500.

A \$1,000 bond will bring you 7% (\$70) annually, payable each six months. You will receive free \$500 worth of fully paid non-assessable stock, the estimated dividend earning power of which will be about 40% (\$400) annually, thus making your stock worth about \$2,000, or \$3,000 for an investment of \$1,000.

A \$2,000 bond will bring you 7% (\$140) annually, payable each six months. You will receive free \$1,000 worth of fully paid, non-assessable stock, the estimated dividend earning power of which is about 40% (\$400) annually, thus making the estimated market value of the stock about \$4,000, or \$6,000 for an investment of \$2,000.

A \$5,000 bond will bring you 7% (\$350) annually, payable each six months. You will receive \$2,500 worth of fully paid, non-assessable stock, with an estimated dividend earning power of 40% (\$1,000) annually, thus giving the stock an estimated market value of \$10,000, or \$15,000 for an investment of \$5,000.

Additional amounts invested can be figured, for results, according to above.

Statement of Assets

Building and Plant at Sandusky.....	\$ 70,767
Buildings and Machinery at Coal Mine.....	35,000
Mill Site and clay lands at Sandusky.....	15,000
Lime deposits at Sandusky, 310 acres, averaging 8.9 feet deep at a valuation of 3 cents a barrel.....	405,000
508 acres coal lands and mineral rights:	
Lower vein based on worth of 5¢ per ton.....	265,500
Upper vein based on worth of 10¢ per ton.....	474,500
Improvements to be completed, new machinery to be installed and working capital at Sandusky plant (represented by bonds in Treasury).....	220,000
New Mill No. 2, to be built at Spokane, Wash., including limestone and shale deposits, machinery, quarry equipment, railroad sidings, homes for employees and working capital (represented by bonds in Treasury).....	450,000
Land for mill site at Spokane, 20 acres donated to Company under agreement to deliver free title on erection of plant.....	12,000
Total value of property.....	\$1,947,767
Cash on hand and unpaid subs. options as per our books March 1st, 1910.....	66,786
Total Assets	\$2,014,553

Bills outstanding, as per our books March 1st,	
1910	874
Total net assets.....	\$2,013,679
Or over two dollars in assets for every dollar of bonded indebtedness.	

Estimated Profits

500 tons of lump coal per day at \$1.30.....	\$ 650
200 tons of nut, pea and slack per day at 50¢.....	100
Total	\$ 750
Cost of mining, etc.....	350
Net daily profit on coal.....	\$ 400
Net yearly profit on coal, 300 days.....	\$120,000

Profit on Mill No. 1

2,000 barrels of cement per day, averaging 40 cents net profit above fixed charges, per day.....	\$ 800
Net profit per annum, 300 days, 600,000 barrels.	\$240,000

Profit on Mill No. 2

2,000 barrels of cement per day, averaging \$1 per barrel net profit above fixed charges, per day.....	\$ 2,000
Net profit per annum, 300 days, 600,000 barrels.	\$600,000

Total net annual profits.....	\$960,000
-------------------------------	-----------

Fixed Interest Charges, Sinking Fund, etc.

Seven per cent per annum on bond issue,	
\$1,000,000	\$ 70,000
Sinking fund for redemption of bonds per year.	50,000
Ten per cent interest on \$2,000,000 common stock.	200,000

\$320,000

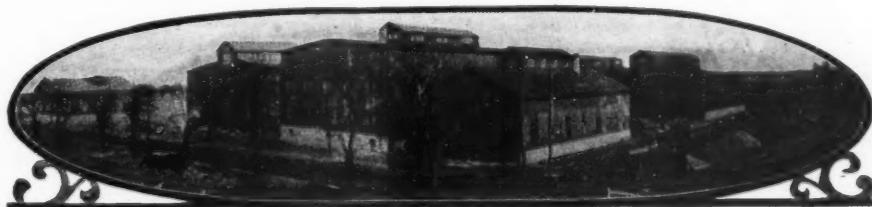
Net annual surplus over and above all charges. \$640,000

Did You Ever Hear of a Well Managed Cement Company Falling? Did You Ever Hear of a Well Managed Cement Company that did not earn enormous profits for its stockholders? PEOPLES PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY Will be no Exception.

The Americana, the encyclopedia published by the Scientific American, the foremost technical work of reference, speaks as follows regarding the cement industry of the United States:

"The growth of the industry is perhaps the most marvelous thing in the whole history of the industrial development of this country.

"In effectiveness of equipment, large output and cheapness of production, the leading Portland Cement plants of this country are models of the world. Not even in the development of our iron and steel industry have American energy, resourcefulness and mechanical skill been more strikingly displayed."



Actual photograph of Peoples Portland Cement Co.'s Mill No. 1. at Sandusky, Ohio. Capacity 2,000 bbls. per day. Earning ability to be from \$800 per day up. Mill No. 2, to be built at Spokane, Wash., will also have a capacity of 2,000 bbls. daily and an earning ability of \$2,000 or more daily.



The everlasting durability of Cement and its economy makes possible this and other great railroad engineering feats. The Florida East Coast R. R. is completing its line from Miami, Florida, to Key West, nearly 75 miles of which (from key to key) is solid Cement Concrete Arches, as per illustration.

WHY SPOKANE WANTS OUR MILL

From the Spokane Chronicle of December 14th, 1909

Extract of report in above paper concerning the Peoples Portland Cement activity in Spokane.—Endorsed by the Chamber of Commerce.

"The advent of the new company was hailed with delight by the members of the chamber of commerce at the noon luncheon today. Both Mr. Ford and Mr. Groth were present at the meeting, and they briefly outlined the plan of the company.

"The following resolution was adopted by the chamber of commerce:

"We, as citizens and business men of the city of Spokane, Washington, realize:

"First—That Spokane ranks second in building growth of all cities in the United States.

"Second—That over 500,000 barrels of Portland cement was used in Spokane and adjacent territory last year.

"Third—That there is no Portland cement mill within hundreds of miles of our city, the bulk of our supply being hauled from Kansas, Canada and the Pacific Coast, at a cost for freight ranging from \$1 to \$2.10 per barrel.

"Fourth—The cost per barrel is from \$2.75 to \$3.50 in carload lots, a price higher than in any other point in the United States where an equal demand exists.

"Fifth—The development of our city is being retarded therefore by this exorbitant price, as well as the difficulties in securing prompt delivery.

"Sixth—We are of the opinion that the speedy erection and operation of a Portland cement mill in our vicinity is of urgent importance to every citizen and is one of our most needed industries.

"Now, therefore, being informed that the Peoples Portland Cement Company will have a 2,000-barrel plant in active operation by August 1, 1910, we heartily welcome their enterprise and invite for it the cordial good will and co-operation of every citizen."

Our bonds are secured by more than \$2,000,000 worth of property we now own and all we may acquire in the

future, as well as by all profits which we will earn and which should be sufficient to pay 7% interest on the bonds, redeem them and pay about 40% annual dividends upon our \$2,000,000 of capital stock.

The stock you get free should be worth at least par (\$100 per share) the day our mills start, and probably very much more.

Don't put off sending your subscription. You much prefer to reap profits than regrets for lost opportunities.

You Can Buy on Installments

For the benefit of those who find it more convenient, and inasmuch as Peoples Portland Cement Company does not require immediately the total proceeds from the sale of bonds, purchasers may remit 20% with their subscription, and 20% in four consecutive monthly installments. The bonds, together with the stock bonus, will be delivered when the last payment is made. However, the last payment must include the accrued interest on the bonds.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Peoples Portland Cement Company

R. J. KELLOGG, President, Ex-Supt. of Construction, Cape Girardeau Portland Cement Co., Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Superior Portland Cement Co., Wash.

LOUIS DUENNISCH, First Vice Pres.; Ex-Vice Pres. American Banking Co., Sandusky, Ohio.

C. L. ENGLES, Second Vice-President; Capitalist, Sandusky, Ohio.

C. L. WAGNER, President Wagner Ice and Coal Co., Sandusky, Ohio; President Castalia Stone Co.

CHARLES P. LUND, Attorney at Law, Spokane, Wash.

G. A. HOGUE, Railway Contractor, Toledo, Ohio.

G. G. BENNETT, President Tontogany Bank, Sandusky, Ohio.

H. J. COLLIER, Railroad Contractor, Cleveland, Ohio.

ARTHUR S. FORD, Secretary and Treasurer, 1410-1411 Great Northern Building, Chicago, Ill.

BOND COUPON

DATE..... 1910.

TREASURER, PEOPLES PORTLAND CEMENT CO., 1373 Great Northern Building, Chicago.

Dear Sir: I hereby subscribe for \$..... worth of the Seven Per Cent First Mortgage Bonds of Peoples Portland Cement Co. and enclose herewith \$..... in full for same, it being understood and agreed that I am to receive, free of charge, fully paid, non-assessable stock of said Company to the extent of one-half the amount of the bonds I hereby purchase. Kindly issue both stock and bonds in the name of

NAME..... ADDRESS..... STATE.....

NOTE—If the subscriber wishes to purchase bonds upon the installment plan of 20 per cent down and 20 per cent monthly for four consecutive months, please fill in the following blanks in place of the preceding.

I herewith subscribe for \$..... worth of the Seven Per Cent Bonds of Peoples Portland Cement Co. and enclose \$..... the same being my first payment, or 20 per cent of the total amount of my subscription. I agree to pay the balance of \$..... in four equal installments of \$..... every thirty days hereafter until paid in full. I also agree to remit in my last payment the accrued bond interest. The bonds and the 50 per cent stock bonus to be delivered to me when I have paid the subscription in full.

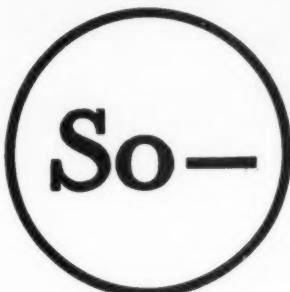


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I agree that in event of over subscription or for any other reason you have the right to decline to accept this subscription and return my remittance.

Current Literature NAME.....

Peoples Portland Cement Co. Sandusky, Ohio, Spokane, Washington, offers at par the unsold portion of \$1,000,000 first mortgage 7% gold bonds with a bonus of 50% in fully paid, non-assessable common stock. Bonds issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. These Bonds are subject to redemption at 105 upon any interest date. **Authorized Capital Stock, \$2,000,000—Bonds, \$1,000,000.**



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You *always* know

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Universal Service

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June
in the
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This department is for women and men who live away from the great shops in New York—"the metropolis of everything." For their accommodation we have secured the services of Mrs. S. D. Johnson, an experienced and thoroughly reliable buyer for out-of-town people. We are therefore prepared to purchase for our readers any article mentioned below, as well as all other articles advertised in "Current Literature" (or other magazines), upon receipt of the price.

In all orders, accompanied by letters, please have the order on a separate sheet of paper. Small articles will be sent by mail, if 15 cents is included for postage; or by express or freight collect.

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All orders must be accompanied by New York draft, or by post-office, or express, money order.

We advise you, of course, to try your local dealer first. If unsuccessful write us. **CURRENT LITERATURE SHOPPING BUREAU, 134-140 West 29th Street, New York City.**

WE feel that perhaps a few words about our Shopping Bureau are in order. So many letters come to us beginning, "I see such or such an article mentioned in your *advertisement*." We want to impress on our readers that in no sense is the Shopping Bureau or the New York Letter an advertisement. No money can pay for a mention in the letter. Whatever we see that we consider new and good and think the out-of-town, or for that matter in-town readers, would like to hear about is written up. Then the Shopping department has been opened to see if it will not fill a long-felt want. Our idea was that often people away from New York would like an experienced shopper to help them out. Knowing the standing of **CURRENT LITERATURE** they would not hesitate to send money, feeling sure that if the purchase could not be made the money would be refunded. Of course, the department stores do this, but we take the trouble to hunt for what is desired, and if there are articles from different stores, we send them all together and save express.

FOR THE WOMEN

Nothing could be smarter than the English Polo coats. They are soft beyond words, giv-

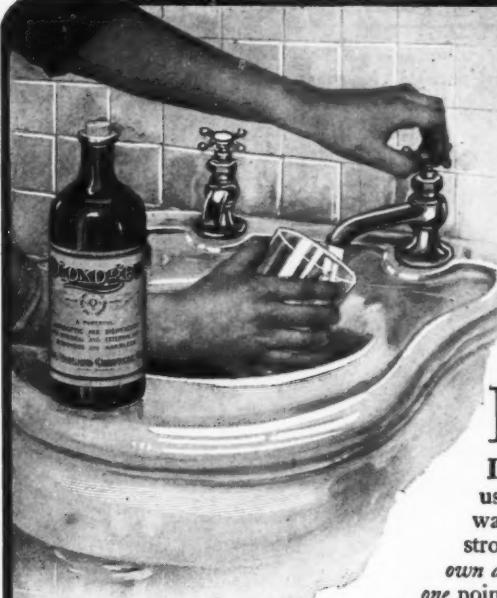
ing that look of luxurious warmth—are worn very loose and are made in a mannish style with large pockets and belted in. The young girls are especially enthusiastic over them—wearing them coaching, automobiling, on the steamer and to slip into after a game of golf. They come only in white and tan and sell for \$39.50, \$42.50, and \$45.00.

Another good steamer and traveling coat, when warmth is desired, is made of a steamer rug—the collar and cuffs being of the plaid lining. Altho the ones made altogether of the plaid are very effective. These sell for \$29.50.

The automobile veils that I spoke of in the April number, as coming only in white and gray, now come in a beautiful line of colors. They are the dust-proof ones, made of fine mesh silk net woven with sheer chiffon. Price, \$5.50.

For the woman with a pretty, fluffy parasol comes a new cover that can be used without crushing the parasol. It is a bag of fancy flowered muslin and has a ring at the bottom to slip the ferule through. The top draws together with ribbon—all of this for 50c.

Such a pretty white dress for children from six to fourteen years of age can be had for \$2.25. The collar and sleeves are finished



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DIOXOGEN is from 25% to 50% stronger than *ordinary* peroxide. This means that when you dilute Dioxogen (as you generally do in use) you use less Dioxogen and add that much more water; the diluted Dioxogen will still be as strong as the ordinary peroxide *and you do your own diluting; you don't pay for the water.* That's one point for Dioxogen economy.

Dioxogen is sold in three sizes, small (5½ oz.), medium (10½ oz.), large (20 oz.). The small and medium sizes contain $\frac{2}{3}$ more, and the large size $\frac{4}{3}$ more than the corresponding sizes of ordinary peroxide. That's another point for Dioxogen economy.

This Size Bottle FREE

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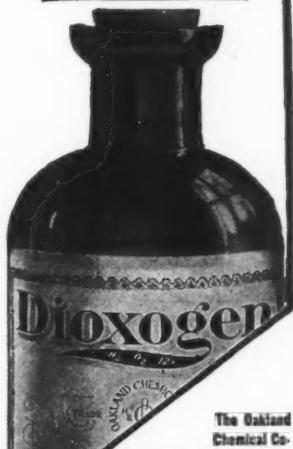
Dioxogen is much purer than ordinary peroxide and is free from the disagreeable taste and odor characteristic of "acetanilid-preserved" kinds. Dioxogen purity, Dioxogen strength and Dioxogen quality combine to produce an efficiency *not attained* by ordinary peroxide. Therefore, when you buy Dioxogen in preference to the ordinary peroxide, you practice *true economy*, because you get more, and what you get is stronger, purer, will last longer, go further, do more things and do them all better.

Try Dioxogen and Prove It Yourself

Dioxogen has many important uses in every day home life. For example it is exceedingly effective as a Mouth Wash and Gargle. It destroys the germs that cause decay of the teeth; it destroys the infectious bacteria that cause sore throat, tonsilitis, etc.; it destroys the cause of bad breath; it produces a real hygienic cleanliness of the mouth and teeth, impossible to attain simply by the use of dentifrices. Dioxogen is a *toilet and hygienic necessity*, always working for personal attractiveness through the medium of cleanliness and health.

A Free Trial Bottle and Booklet will be sent upon request to convince you of the usefulness and true economy of Dioxogen; or you can buy a regular bottle from any one of over 36,000 druggists who handle it—but be sure and get *real* Dioxogen. If you want the trial bottle—a full 2-oz. size, free—use the attached coupon or give the same information on a postal.

The Oakland Chemical Co., 90 Front St., New York



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I have never used Dioxogen or any peroxide of hydrogen.
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JUNE IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS

with a Russian embroidered effect in blues and reds. One style has a Dutch neck and another a turnover collar.

Another pretty dress that is unusually becoming and reasonable in price, is a pleated Russian blouse effect with sailor collar and belt at \$1.95. This dress comes in white with blue collar and scarlet tie, or in a very pretty blue with white collar and scarlet tie.

One of the most effective little \$1.95 dresses comes in black and white check gingham with scarlet tie and belt and a white shield.

The fancy socks for children are prettier than ever. They range in price from 25c. to 50c.

A most useful article is called the automobile fan. It is on the order of and about the size of the little driving parasol that folds over. The handle is about 18 inches long and the fan, when unfolded, is about 18 inches across. They come in all colors in silk and sell for \$3.75.

Such a pretty fan can be bought for only 50c.—either in gauze or paper. The sticks are slender, carved and highly colored and the fan comes in flowered Watteau or brilliant Spanish designs.

The Chantecler hat pin is on the market. I cannot say much for the roosters, but one style is really lovely. It is a long slender bird in a soft green. The birds are about an inch long. They sell for 50c.

It is hard to believe that one can get a stylish, well-cut, well-tailored long linen coat for \$4.50. Of course it only comes in one shade, the natural linen color.

An extra riding skirt is always nice to have, especially when one is roughing it in the country and does not want to ruin a good habit. Khaki riding skirts are \$6.50. Also there are khaki walking skirts for \$3.50. The skirt is beautifully tailored—with an outside pocket. It makes an ideal tramping skirt, as it is too heavy to be easily torn in going through rough places and still does not gather leaves and underbrush as a skirt of woolen would. It is plain gored. A white wash poplin skirt is good for tennis or golfing, as it does not wrinkle as easily as linen. A pretty one which buttons down the front sells for \$4.00. This also has the convenient side pocket.

FOR THE MEN

Any one driving an open car will at once recognize what a practical and much needed article is a new automobile patent. It is to wipe moisture and dust from the glass wind-

shield. A rubber band as long as the upper part of the glass is attached to a metal band that fits over the top of the glass, and with one sweep of the hand it slides along the top, carrying the rubber band and leaving the wind-shield perfectly clear. This sells for \$2.00 and is well worth it.

Very comfortable for golfing or tennis is the short-sleeved shirt. It comes only in white cheviot and has a soft collar attached. The sleeves are only about eight inches long—just about as long as the sleeve usually is when rolled up, and think how much more comfortable. It sells for \$1.50. Then comes the shirt with the detachable sleeve. That sounds extremely foolish but is very practicable. It is taking tremendously here with the men and boys working in down town offices where only men come and they can work with their coats off. The lower part of the sleeve unbuttons from the upper part, detaching the cuff and sleeve to well above the elbow. On a hot day you do not have to roll up your sleeve and muss your cuff, but simply take it off and it is fresh and ready to put on again. The shirts come in cheviot at \$3.00, madras at \$3.50, or silk and linen at \$4.00 and \$4.50. They come with and without the soft collar.

A wonderfully smart rain coat comes for \$18.75. It is so well cut that it gives a man a well set up air instead of making him look dreary as most rain coats do. It is rubberized mohair and is especially good in gray.

FOR THE HOUSE

Very attractive wicker furniture is now displayed for the house and veranda. The Bar Harbor chair is always inviting and comfortable, and can be had in willow with Turkey red or printed chintz cushions for \$4.75. A delightful deep chair in willow, with a magazine basket on one side and wide arm on the other, is \$7.50. A comfortable willow rocking chair with wide arms is \$7.50. Then the chairs painted in wood-brown for \$7.50, or in green or red for \$9.25. Morris chairs in any color can be had for \$16.75.

Nothing is more useful than a tea wagon. With two shelves and in different colored wicker they are \$6.25. With glass tray top they are \$11.75. Muffin stands that are light and easily carried are \$3.00 and \$5.00.

The wicker swings to hang from the porch ceiling are both comfortable and attractive. Four feet long they are \$12.50—five feet, \$15.00 and six feet \$24.50.

A stunning round wicker bag for golf sticks is \$8.25.



The **PLEASURES of HEALTH**

can only be realized when supported by physical strength. Physical strength can only be attained through proper nourishment and physical exercise.

ANHEUSER BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine

is not only a liquid food of itself but, when taken with meals, produces the fermentation necessary for the digestion of other foods.

Declared by U. S. Revenue Department **A PURE
MALT PRODUCT and not an alcoholic beverage**
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS

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JUNE IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS

A very practicable garden table comes in sheet iron with weighted feet and painted green. The price with the green and white canvas umbrella which fits onto the table is \$40.00.

The candle stands are most useful and charming. They are light enough to be carried easily and are not so hot as lamps. They come in brass and in wood painted red. The candle is shielded from the wind by lovely long glass shades. These stands come for one candle, three or five candles. In red wood, one light, they are \$7.00—three lights, \$14.00—five lights, \$19.00.

No table is prettier than the hour-glass table, and in soft wood-brown wicker 18 inches high it can be had for \$4.25—27 inches high, \$11.75.

Couch hammocks are all the rage. They are made of heavy brown drilling for \$11.00, \$12.50 and \$14.75. They have box springs and are suspended from the ceiling by a chain. The hammocks are comfortable enough to sleep in all night if one has the out-of-door habit. The mattress can be upholstered in red, brown or green.

In brass a charming little basket for flowers comes for 95c—a serviceable fern dish for \$1.00—brass bonbon trays with glass lining, \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.60. A stunning brass candle stick has a 7½-inch base and costs \$2.00 with a 9-inch chimney—with 6-inch chimney it is \$1.50. They are lovely for the country house. The broad base with the handle makes it easy to carry and the chimney prevents the candle from flaring.

A stylish candle stick has a straight mahogany stick—13 inches high with a 9-inch chimney they are \$4.50—8 inches high with 9-inch chimney they are \$3.50.

Wicker lamp shades are pretty for the summer house. They come in brown open-work wicker lined with different colored silks; 18 inches they are \$2.00; 22 inches, \$3.00, 26 inches, \$4.00.

Such pretty cretonnes are on the market and at such reasonable prices that every one can have a fresh, attractive house for the summer. They are as cheap as 18c., 20c., 28c., 30c. and 35c., and are often copies of the most expensive cretonnes and will give the same effect. They are being more used all the time for living and dining rooms. It is very English and gives a comfortable lived-in air to a room. In making curtains for downstairs a

cotton braid can be made to order, carrying out any color effect, for 8c. a yard. For bedrooms the ball fringe is pretty, and it comes at 5c. a yard. Lovely dotted and fancy muslin for curtains comes at 15c. and 18c. a yard.

The British art rugs are very good. They are heavy woolen rugs and come in lovely shades of soft olive-green with border of pink roses, or in soft gray or blue with yellow, red or pink roses; 9 x 12 they sell for \$33.50, 7½ x 10½ for \$24.50, and 4½ x 7½ for \$10.50. There is a new round rug for the porch. As most porches have a round tea table, the round mat will be welcome. It is made of fibre, but much more closely woven and of finer texture than the Crex rug. It is called the Trouville and comes in two sizes, 9 and 7 ft. in diameter. One style is soft green center with a border in two shades of green. Another has a wood-brown center with a border of green or plum. Between the center and border is a black line about two inches wide giving a stylish effect and bringing out the colors as only a little touch of black can do. The 9 ft. rugs are \$26.50, and the 7 ft. rugs \$16.50.

Nothing could be more tempting for the housekeeper than the oblong glass butter jar with top which fastens securely, making the box air-tight and keeping the butter sweet and free from contamination. The shape is about the same as the shape of most cakes of butter. Sells for 85c.

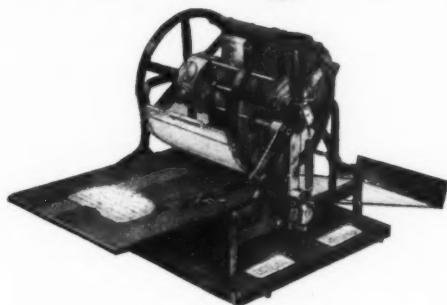
A wire basket for washing lettuce is a very convenient thing. It opens in the middle and is held together by two handles, by which the basket can be shaken when held under water. Price, 85c.

The wire baskets for making the potato nests, which are so attractive for serving other vegetables, come in sets of two and cost 75c.

So much interest has been shown in the old white and blue Chelsea ware spoken of last month that I thought it would be well to give some prices of the Chelsea as sold in open stock. 10-in. plates, \$11.00; 8-in. plates, \$6.00; 7-in. plates, \$4.00; 6-in. plates, \$3.50; soup plates, 8-in., \$6.00; 9-in. soup plates, \$11.00; tea cups, \$3.50; breakfast cups, \$5.00; after dinner cups, \$3.50; 10-in. meat dish, \$1.50; 12-in. meat dish, \$1.75; 14-in. meat dish, \$3.00; 16-in. meat dish, \$5.00; 18-in. meat dish, \$7.50; covered vegetable dish, \$4.00; uncovered, \$1.75. There are many more pieces which we cannot give prices on here, but these are the most used ones.

MARGARETTA JOHNSON.

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Is Always Ready and Gives Quick Action

Time and ink saved by it will soon pay for the new machine.

You don't have to wait on a printer's promises nor submit to his charges.

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¶ Furthermore, any kind of finish may be secured with pure white lead paint by changing the liquid constituents (oil, turpentine or varnish), giving dull, glossy or enamel surfaces.

¶ For all painting, interior or exterior, specify pure white lead ("Dutch Boy Painter" trade mark). The "Dutch Boy Painter" is the guaranty of white lead purity and reliability.

¶ Send for our "Dutch Boy Paint Adviser No. K," and learn why pure white lead paint, mixed fresh with pure linseed oil at the time of painting, is the most satisfactory and most economical paint to use. Booklets on home decoration and landscape gardening included. All free.

Our Pure White Lead ("Dutch Boy Painter" trade mark) is now packed in steel kegs, dark gun-metal finish, instead of in oak kegs as heretofore.

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(National Lead and Oil Company, Pittsburgh)

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Nero Fiddled While Rome Was Burning.

"Criminal indifference" you say. And you are right. But how much worse is it than what you are doing every day? You have read these advertisements of the HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY for a year or more, telling you that you ought to know all about the company that carries your fire insurance, but have you done anything about it? Many have, but the majority of policy holders have done nothing about the selection of a company. They are still "fiddling."

In the history of fire insurance in America, a large majority of the fire insurance companies organized have failed or retired from business. To be insured in a company like the HARTFORD, that has been in business a hundred years and will be in business a hundred years from now, costs no more than to be insured in one that may go out of business next week.

It's your property which is to be insured. It's your money that pays the premium. You are to get the indemnity in case of fire. In short, it's your business and this matter is up to you. Why then, don't you DO something? And here's what to do. At the bottom of this advertisement is a coupon. Cut it out, write in the name of your insurance agent or broker, sign your name and mail it to him.

Any agent or broker can get you a policy in the HARTFORD if you tell him to do so. Don't be a "fiddler" in the face of fire. Cut out, fill in and mail the coupon. DO IT NOW.



1910.

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Liabilities,	14,321,953.11
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It's only an act of wisdom to take measures against the Liquor Habit.

Hundreds of men who think have come to recognize that the constant desire for stimulant is a *physical weakness*.

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(No Hypodermic Injection)

A splendid feature of this famous treatment is its absolute simplicity.

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Kindly send me, in strictest confidence, and under plain cover, details of the Oppenheimer Treatment.

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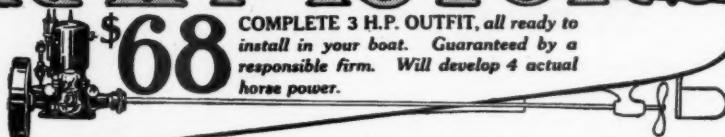
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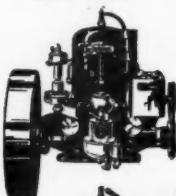
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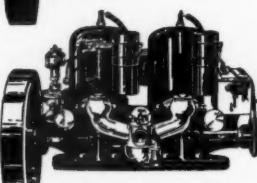
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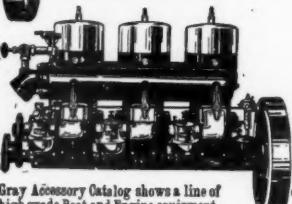
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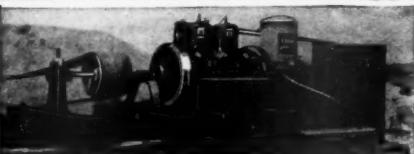
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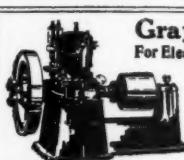
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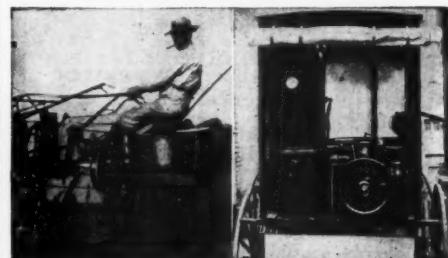
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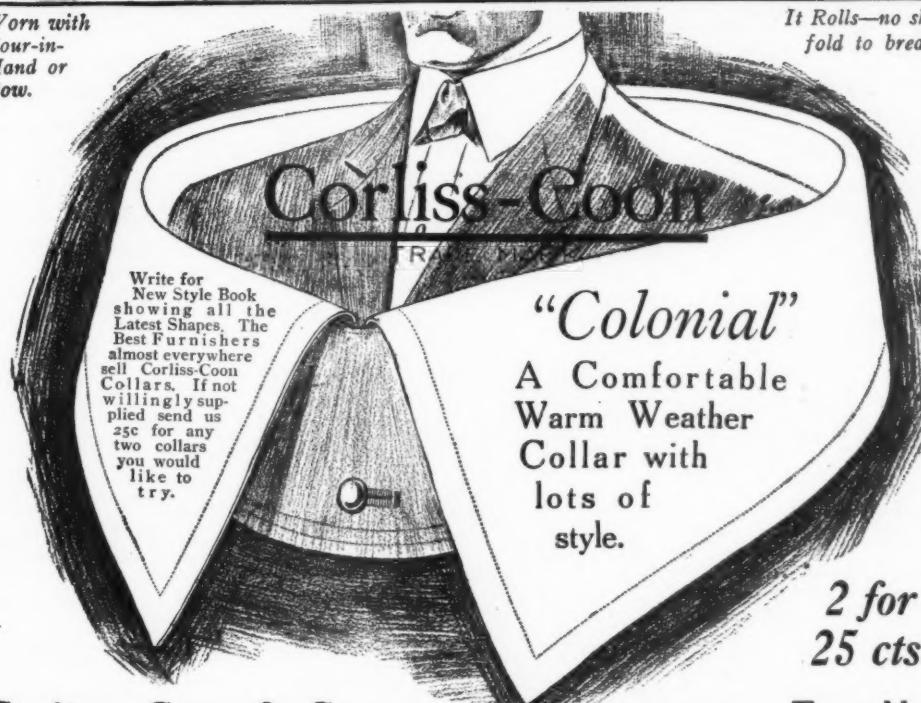
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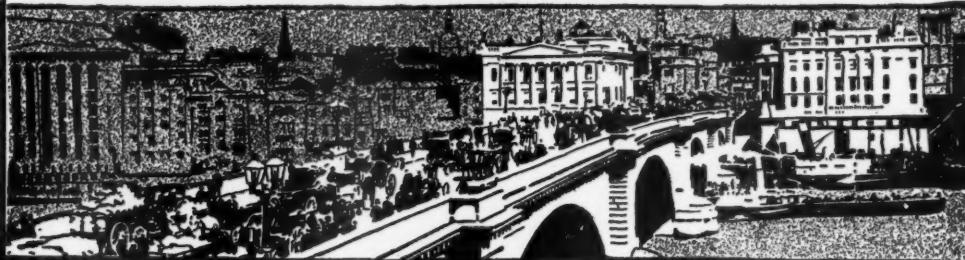
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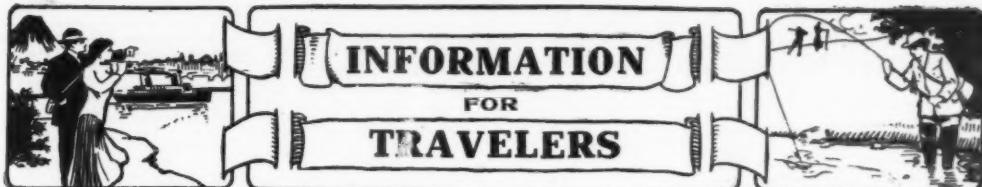
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SSs. New York, St. Paul, St. Louis and Philadelphia.	\$92.50	\$50.00	\$57.50
Philadelphia Liverpool Steamers		45.00	
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE			
SSs. Minneapolis, Minnehaha, Minnesota and Minnewaska	82.50		
ANCHOR LINE			
SSs. Columbia and Caledonia	72.50	47.50	
SS. California	67.50	47.50	
SS. Furnessia		50.00	
CUNARD LINE			
SSs. Lusitania and Mauretania	125.00	62.50	
SS. Campania	107.50	59.50	
SSs. Carmania and Caronia	97.50	55.00	
Boston-Liverpool Service. All Steamers	82.50	47.50	
Mediterranean Service			
SS. Lusitania	80.00		65.00
SS. Mauretania	72.50		65.00
FRENCH LINE			
SS. La Provence	107.50		62.50
SSs. La Savoie and La Lorraine	92.50		60.00
SS. La Touraine	87.50		57.50
SS. La Bretagne	77.50		50.00
SSs. Chicago and La Gascogne			57.50
SS. Floride			52.50
FABRE LINE			
SS. Madonne	80.00		
All other steamers	75.00		
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SSs. America and Kaiserin Aug. Vic.	112.50	57.50	62.50
Cleveland and Cincinnati	55.00	52.50	52.50
SSs. Moltke and Blucher	92.50	52.50	57.50
SSs. President Lincoln, President Grant and Hamburg	87.50	52.50	57.50
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SS. Moltke	92.50		65.00
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SSs. Liguria and Lazio	70.00		50.00
Philadelphia-Mediterranean Service			60.00
All steamers	72.00		
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George Washington	120.00	62.50	67.50
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1 Anconia	Palermo-Naples-Genoa
1 Adriatic	Plymouth-Chebourg-Southampton
1 Mauretania	Queenstown-Fishguard-Liverpool
1 President Lincoln	Plymouth-Chebourg-Hamburg
2 La Lorraine	Havre
2 Pannonia	Gibraltar-Naples-Trieste-Flume
2 Oceania	Plymouth-Chebourg-Hamburg
2 Prinzess Alice	Plymouth-Chebourg-Bremen
4 Arabic	Queenstown-Holyhead-Liverpool
4 Finland	Dover-Antwerp
4 Minnehaha	London
4 Caledonia	Londonderry-Glasgow
4 Philadelphia	Plymouth-Chebourg-Southampton
4 America	Plymouth-Chebourg-Hamburg
4 Berlin (New)	Gibraltar-Naples-Genoa
4 Madonna	Plymouth-Chebourg-Bremen
7 Kaiser Wm. II.	Boulogne-Rotterdam
7 Potsdam	Naples-Genoa
7 Europa	Plymouth-Chebourg-Hamburg
8 President Grant	Queenstown-Fishguard-Liverpool
8 Lusitania	Plymouth-Chebourg-Southampton
8 Teutonic	Gibraltar-Naples-Genoa
9 La Savoie	Queenstown-Holyhead-Liverpool
9 Ocean II.	Dover-Antwerp
9 George Washington	London
11 Friedrich der Grosse	Londonderry-Glasgow
11 Baltic	Plymouth-Chebourg-Southampton
11 Duca Di Genova	Plymouth-Chebourg-Hamburg
11 Floride	Gibraltar-Naples-Genoa
11 La Gascogne	Plymouth-Chebourg-Bremen
11 Vaterland	Boulogne-Rotterdam
11 Nippon Maru	Naples-Genoa
11 California	Havre
11 St. Louis	Havre
11 Caronia	Dover-Antwerp
11 Cincinnati (New)	Londonderry-Glasgow
14 New Amsterdam	Plymouth-Chebourg-Southampton
14 Batavia	Plymouth-Chebourg-Hamburg
14 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse	Queenstown-Fishguard-Liverpool
15 Pennsylvania	Plymouth-Chebourg-Southampton
15 Oceanic	Plymouth-Chebourg-Hamburg
15 Campania	Gibraltar-Naples-Genoa
16 Taormina	Plymouth-Chebourg-Bremen
16 La Provence	Queenstown-Holyhead-Liverpool
16 C. F. Tietgen	Naples-Genoa
16 Ultonia	Havre
16 Bremen	Havre
18 Celtic	Dover-Antwerp
18 Koenig Albert	Christiansand-Christiania-Copenhagen
18 (land (New)	Naples-Trieste-Flume
18 Minneapolis	Plymouth-Chebourg-Bremen
18 Roma	Queenstown-Holyhead-Liverpool
18 Furnessia	Gibraltar-Naples-Genoa
18 New York	Havre
18 Cleveland (New)	Dover-Antwerp
18 Kronprinzessin Cecilie	Naples-Marseilles
21 Hamburg	Londonderry-Glasgow
21 Noordam	Plymouth-Chebourg-Southampton
21 Mauretania	Plymouth-Chebourg-Hamburg
22 Majestic	Gibraltar-Naples-Genoa
22 Graf Waldersee	Boulogne-Rotterdam
22 La Lorraine	Naples-Genoa
23 Main	Havre
23 United States	Christiansand-Christiania-Copenhagen
23 Carmania	Queenstown-Fishguard-Liverpool
23 Caroline	Plymouth-Chebourg-Southampton
23 Chicago	Plymouth-Chebourg-Hamburg
23 Cedric	Gibraltar-Naples-Genoa
23 Duca Degli Abruzzi	Boulogne-Rotterdam
23 Venezia	Naples-Genoa
23 Kroonland	Havre
23 Minnetonka	Queenstown-Holyhead-Liverpool
23 Columbia	Gibraltar-Naples
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28 Rotterdam (New)	Plymouth-Chebourg-Hamburg
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Pennsylvania Railway trains will soon be running through the new tunnel under the Hudson River, Manhattan Island and the East River, a distance of four miles.

The Grand Canyon of Colorado is traversed by the Denver & Rio Grande Railway. (S. K. Hooper, G. P. A., Denver, Colo.)

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The Fall River Line has steamers from New York to Fall River, Mass., connecting with trains to Boston.

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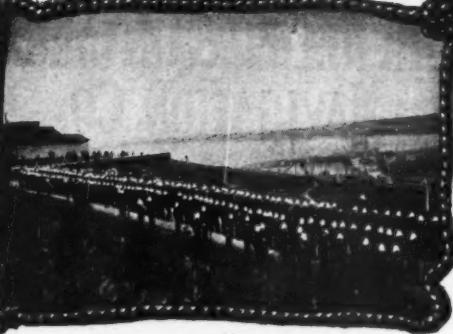
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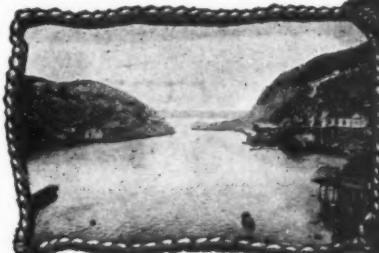
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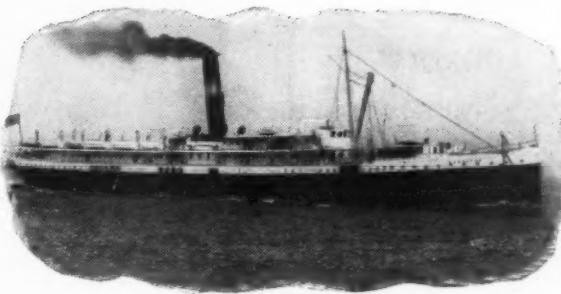
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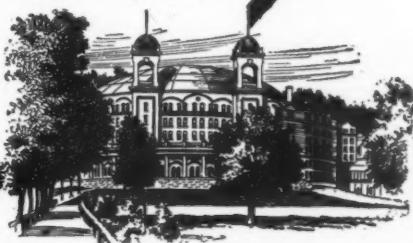
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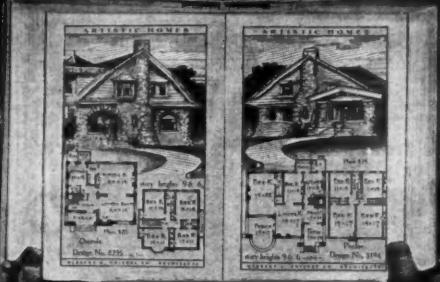
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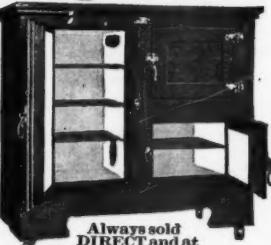
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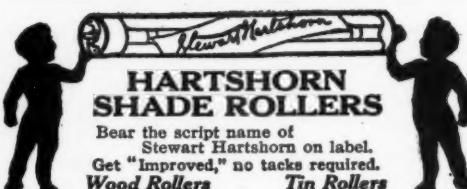
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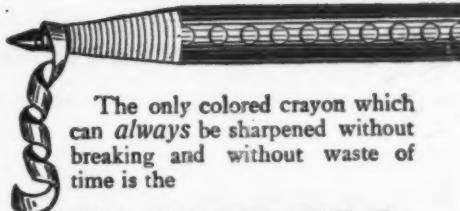
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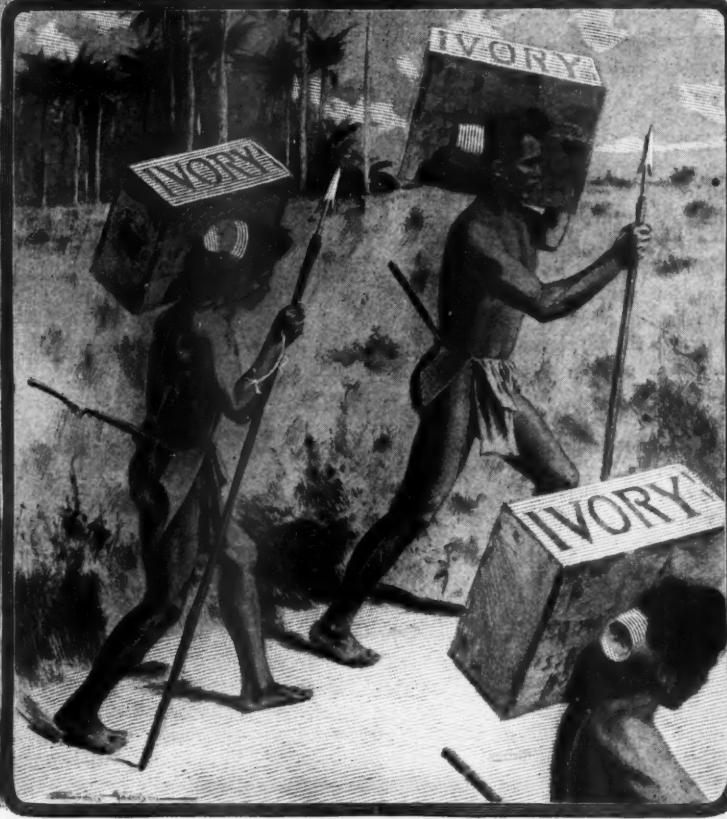
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Here is a very interesting letter from the Philippines. It shows that some people like Ivory Soap so much that they have it brought *nearly half way 'round the globe for them.*

"Enclosed is a photograph which I have recently taken in the town of Bontoc, in north central Luzon, with the idea that you may be able to use it as an advertisement of Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap is furnished by the Philippine Government for each of the seven Igorote Industrial Schools under my supervision. At first the pupils did not like it but now, if the teachers do not keep it under lock and key, the boys carry it home.

The soap, after being landed at Manila, is put on board a little coasting vessel and in a couple of days reaches the town of Vigan, 300 miles north. At Vigan, begins a one hundred mile journey into the extremely wild and mountainous country, which is the home of the Igorotes. As it is impossible for

wagons to make this trip over the mountains, the cases are carried on the backs of pack animals for the first three days, at the end of which time they reach the town of Cervantes, the capital of the province of Lepanto-Bontoc. From Cervantes to Bontoc, Igorote carriers are used, as the mountain trails are very steep.

The photograph represents an actual, bona fide occurrence. The men are taken in their every-day costume. The little basket hats on their heads serve as pockets. The axes in their belts are used as implements of peace, or as weapons of war. The spears are their constant companions, and the hats, axes, spears, and the "Gee-strings" round their waists are all of home manufacture."

It is not necessary for *you* to send eleven thousand miles for a cake of Ivory Soap. It is on sale in nearly every one of the three hundred thousand grocery stores in the United States.

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with the distinct understanding that the ties I furnish will not show pinholes or wrinkles up like ordinary silk or satin ties.

If they do, back goes your money.

I have been studying the tie question for a long time and have solved the problem.

My ties are made of Silk Poplin; are 2 inches wide and 46 inches long; are reversible (double wear), and I guarantee them to outwear any of the high-priced silk or satins made.

Made in the following shades: Black, Green, Red, White, Gray, Brown, Heliotrope, Old Rose, Cerise, Medium and Dark Blue, and Light Blue.

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My business is done direct with the consumer. I employ no salesmen nor agents. I manufacture myself or buy in large quantities at the manufacturer's price.

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